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GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE;
OR, THE
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM:

DONE INTO
ENGLISH HEROICAL VERSE,
FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO,
BY
EDWARD FAIRFAX.

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THE SEVENTH EDITION,  
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL FOLIO OF 1600.  
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TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
A GLOSSARY,
AND
THE LIVES OF TASSO AND FAIRFAX.
BY THE EDITOR.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.  
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LONDON:
G. COX, 18, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1853.



" We do not know a translation in any language that is to be preferred to this, in all the essentials of poetry."—*Quarterly Review*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the year 1818 the Editor of this series published an edition of Fairfax's *Tasso*, in two volumes. This noble translation of one of the few great epic poems which ancient and modern times have produced, had not been reprinted for seventy years. In the present edition the *Lives of Fairfax and Tasso* have been revised. The Editor subjoins his original advertisement, which bears the date of October, 1817 :—

“ Dr. Johnson, with somewhat of his characteristic temerity, ventured to predict that the ‘*Tasso*’ of Fairfax would never be reprinted. If the national taste in poetry had not mended since the days of that critic, his prophetic flattery of Hoole would not yet have been disproved. We have fortunately learnt to associate our ideas of French versifiers and Dutch gardeners—have quitted the formal parterres and dull vistas of our geometrical ancestors, for the luxuriant irregularity that nature loves; and have abandoned the monotonous sweetness, sententious precision, and laboured antithesis, of the school of Pope—for the harmonious variety, enchanting simplicity, and eloquent outpourings, of our early poets. The pretensions of Fairfax to take his station with the most exalted of these glorious spirits are fairly discussed in his accompanying *Life*. To these testimonies, and,

what is far better, to this his great work, the reader is referred for the motives which suggested this reprint.

“ The previous editions of Fairfax’s ‘ Tasso ’ have been four. The first, published by the author himself, is unquestionably the most correct. It has furnished the copy of the present edition, the emendations being solely confined to the *orthography*. The 2nd and 3rd editions are represented as being deformed with many ridiculous interpolations. The 4th, published in 1749, is tolerably accurate; but the editor occasionally ventured to modernise his original in a way which shews he neither understood his sweetness nor his simplicity.*

“ The Lives of Tasso and Fairfax have been newly written. The Italian authorities have been carefully consulted for the former; the air of romance which generally attaches itself to the unhappy poet of Italy is consequently somewhat tempered. The biography of Fairfax is necessarily imperfect, from the very obscure notices of his actions and character.

“ The Glossary will, it is hoped, be adequate to the explanation of any difficulty which an intelligent reader may meet with.

“ CHARLES KNIGHT.”

* Our edition of 1817 was the fifth. In the same year Mr. Singer published a beautiful reprint of the original, retaining the old *orthography*. The present edition is therefore the seventh.

THE LIFE
OF
TORQUATO TASSO.



[Tasso. From a cast after death.]

THE author of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' was too remarkable for his genius, his acquirements, his honours, and his misfortunes, not to have left very clear and satisfactory memorials of the vicissitudes of his life. He lived too in an age when eminent literary merit received its

full tribute of contemporary admiration ; and amongst governments which, however tyrannical, understood the advantage and splendour of patronising, and of exhibiting, the great examples which the time afforded of uncommon excellence in philosophy, poetry, and the elegant arts. Tasso had therefore his full portion of fame, if not of content ; and the minuteness of his biographers has thus left to the world an adequate picture of his temper, his feelings, and his habits ; whilst they have supplied a melancholy memorial of the insufficiency of talent, and learning, and even piety, to obtain a corresponding reward of present tranquillity and happiness. As Tasso was in his outward circumstances amongst the most afflicted, his history commands a proportionate interest. The traces of felicity are light, fleeting, and unfruitful ; the records of adversity are strong, indelible, and full of wisdom.*

Torquato was the son of Bernardo Tasso, and of Porzia de Rossi. He was born on the 11th of March, 1544. The same distinction which the cities of Greece sought to acquire in claiming Homer for their denizen, has been suggested to the towns of Italy by the fame of Tasso. Sorrento demands him because she was his birth-place ;

* The commonly-received notions of the events of Tasso's life have been adopted upon the authority of Giovanni Battista Manso, a Neapolitan nobleman. His acquaintance with the unfortunate poet appears to have commenced in 1588 : the miseries and honours of the Homer of Italy terminated in 1595. Of the wandering and unsettled habits of Tasso's middle age, and of the mysterious transactions of the court of Ferrara, his testimony must necessarily be imperfect. Succeeding biographers have devoted themselves with more diligence and accuracy to substantiate facts, by Tasso's own correspondence, and other unimpeachable records.

Naples calls him her own for his maternal descent and his education ; Ferrara would participate in his honours as his favoured abode for twenty years ; and Bergamo on account of his paternal origin. This question has been warmly debated by the partizans of these various pretensions. It is enough for us to know that he was born at Sorrento, where his mother, being far advanced in her pregnancy, had gone to visit her sister Hippolyta.

His parents speedily returned to Naples with their infant son. The first two or three years of his existence were, without question, passed in the heedless delights, the sudden griefs, the ardent curiosity, and the gradual acquirements of common childhood. The Italian historians, who, in imitation of the ancients, delighted to invest genius with a character of the marvellous, inform us that his powers were so rapidly developed, that he reasoned and spoke at six months old, with no characteristic of infancy but the tone of his voice ; and that he gave equally precocious indications of an unusual serenity of temper ! To keep pace with these prodigies, his friend and biographer, Manso, sends him to a college of Jesuits at four years old, and makes him publicly declaim and compose poetry, without any puerility of style, at seven ! His more judicious historian, Scrassi, and his commentator, Tiraboschi, have, on the contrary, ascertained that he went to the college at seven, and publicly distinguished himself at ten ; a sufficient indication of the force of his ability, without attempting to render him superior to the common laws of the human faculties. A fervent feeling of religion seems even at this early period to have chastened his genius. In a letter to a friend, he describes, with unaffected zeal, the devotional fear with which he

first received the holy sacrament. This sentiment never forsook him; and in the affliction of his latter years, like the piety of our own Collins, threw a gleam of hope and consolation over the darkness of a wandering mind.

In his tenth year Torquato quitted Naples. His father had seven years before attached himself to the interest of Ferrante, the Prince of Salerno, accompanying him on a mission to the court of Charles V., to remonstrate, in the name of the people of Naples, against the establishment of the Inquisition in that city. This liberal undertaking was in a high degree successful; but the approbation of their fellow-citizens was of little avail to the Prince of Salerno, and to his follower Bernardo Tasso; for Don Pedro of Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, conceived such an implacable hatred against the opposers of his intolerant projects, that he contrived to exasperate the Emperor against Ferrante. That nobleman, having in vain endeavoured to procure an audience of Charles V., retired to Rome, and renounced his allegiance to the Imperial Court. Bernardo Tasso resolved to associate his fortune with that of his friend and patron. His son Torquato followed him thither in the year 1554. The separation from his mother, and from the scenes of his earliest remembrances, was not likely to be treated by the enthusiastic boy as a common event. It was his first unhappiness; and he chose to express his feelings in the language of truth and nature, which gives to poetry its sweetest charm. The following lines are equally creditable to the taste and affection of the youthful bard:—

“ Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse: oh di que' baci

Ch'ello bagnò di lagrime dolenti,
 Con sospir mi rimembra, e degli ardenti
 Pregghi che se'n portar l' aure fugaci.
 Ch'io non dovea più giunger volto a volto,
 Fra quelle braccia accolto
 Con nodi così stretti e sì tenaci:
 Lasso! e seguì con mal sicure piante,
 Qual Ascanio o Camilla, il padre errante.”*

Torquato arrived at Rome in October, 1554. Here for two years he followed his studies, devoting himself principally to Greek and Latin, under skilful masters. In February, 1556, Bernardo received the afflicting intelligence of the death of his wife. He sought to comfort himself under this misfortune by the presence of his only daughter; but she was detained at Naples, against her will, by some intrigues of her father's relations. A rupture having taken place, in August, 1556, between the courts of Philip II. and the pontiff, Paul IV., Bernardo, considering himself insecure at Rome, sought the protection of the Duke d'Urbino, renowned for his patronage of men of letters. He sent Torquato to Bergamo. The promising student was then twelve years and a half old, distinguished for the symmetry of his person, the elegance of his address, and the graces of his understanding. The merit of Bernardo procured for him such a favourable re-

- * Forth from a mother's fostering breast
 Fate plucks me in my helpless years:
 With sighs I look back on her tears
 Bathing the lips her kisses prest;
 Alas! her pure and ardent prayers
 The fugitive breeze now idly bears;
 No longer breathe we face to face,
 Our arms entwined as knots in close embrace;
 Ascanius or Camillus like, my feet
 Unstable seek a wandering sire's retreat.

ception in the court of Urbino, that his son in a few months joined him there. The Duke became so impressed with the brilliancy of his talents, that he assigned him to his own son as a companion of his studies. His first honours were thus derived from the favours of a prince. The splendours of a palace left a lasting and fatal impression upon his ardent mind, and prepared him to seek for a happiness in courtly favours and dignities which they had not the power of bestowing upon his high and sensitive spirit.

Under this protection he abode for two years, partly in Urbino, and partly in Pesaro. In 1559 he followed his father to Venice, where his application to literature continued unremitted. Bernardo, himself a man of elegant taste, felt a natural pride and delight in the genius of his son. But his knowledge of the world, and perhaps his experience of the misery of a dependence in the Italian courts, determined him to urge Torquato to the exercise of his talents in a liberal profession. Even in that age the character of a poet in Italy retained too much of the servility and the dissoluteness of the ancient Troubadours. The services of a man of letters were generally claimed by some petty prince who aspired to the honour of being a patron of genius. The possessor of talent was thus too often kept about a palace in an unhappy state of undefined and undignified familiarity; harassed by the dependence, without receiving the certain rewards of a servant; exhibited for the amusement of noble guests, like a jester or a musician; or toyed with by the courtly dames, till his heated feelings were dashed back by some artifice of contemptuous scorn. To save his son from these miseries, the prudent father of Tor-

quato proposed to him the study of jurisprudence in the university of Padua, as the certain road to riches and eminence. The youth set out upon his undertaking; but this pursuit was to him a harsh and crabbed task. The Institutes of Justinian were soon cast aside for more congenial studies, and he devoted himself to poetry as the mistress of his affections. The first fruit of his determination was the poem of 'Rinaldo;' this was composed in ten months, and published in his eighteenth year. It manifested the force and elegance of his genius, and excited a reasonable expectation of what might be accomplished by the addition of a ripened judgment to his other powers. His father, who had at first evinced displeasure at what he considered a neglect of profitable studies, no longer resisted the determined bent of Torquato's mind, but left him to the uncontrolled direction of his own irresistible inclinations. The counsels of experience may guide those level faculties, in which good sense preponderates, to profitable employments; but there never was a youth of decided genius who wholly surrendered his inexplicable impulse towards a particular excellence, through any fears of impending distress, any prospect of future riches, or even to the strong monitions of paternal regard. Young Tasso is no solitary example of this force of nature.

About this period Torquato was invited to the university of Bologna by Pietro Donato Cesi. He was received with kindness and attention, continuing his studies with his accustomed assiduity. It was here that he conceived the thought of writing the great poem upon which his fame is principally founded. He applied himself to his happy scheme in his 19th year. Some remains of

his first attempt indicate the superior elegance and correctness of his versification in the complete copy of the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*.' In this city happened the first of those untoward events which had so powerful an influence upon his character and conduct. A suspicion arose that he was the author of a satire which had given considerable offence. An order was issued for his imprisonment. The poet not being found at his common abode, his books and papers were rudely seized, and delivered over to the criminal judge. They were afterwards returned to him; but he became so disgusted by this affront that he hastily quitted Bologna; and being invited by his friend Scipio Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His father having entered into the service of the Duke of Mantua, Torquato, straitened in his circumstances, was obliged to seek the patronage of Cardinal Luigi d'Este, the brother of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, to whom he had dedicated his poem of '*Rinaldo*.' Under the protection of this noble ecclesiastic he first visited the court of Ferrara, and commenced that attachment to the House of Este which was so intimately allied with all the real and imaginary misfortunes of his future life.

Torquato arrived at the court of Ferrara in 1565. In this splendid abode he was surrounded by objects equally dangerous to his philosophy and his peace. His reception was pleasing to his youthful ambition. The Duke Alfonso entered into a friendly competition with his brother in the patronage of Tasso's ripening talents; and he was occasionally honoured and delighted by the kindness and approbation of two accomplished and beautiful princesses, sisters of the House of Este. To this dangerous friendship may be attributed the great misfortunes of his life. The

biographers of Tasso, till within a very recent period, have considered that there was no evidence of the misplaced affection which the youthful poet was supposed to have entertained towards one of these princesses. But in a very able essay upon 'The Love of Tasso,' &c. published at Pisa in 1832, Professor Rosini has proved, with sufficient clearness, that the Princess Eleonora was really the object of the young poet's ambitious passion. The question is succinctly discussed by Mr. Vieusseux, in a masterly article in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' He says, "Tasso was young and amorous; he had been for some time passionately in love with Laura Peperara, a lady of Mantua, to whom he addressed many sonnets and other verses after the manner of Petrarch, styling her his Laura. This lady, with whom he had probably become acquainted during a visit which he paid to his father at Mantua in 1564, came some years after to Ferrara as a lady of honour of the duchess, and was married to Count Turchi of Ferrara. But in the mean time Tasso appears to have been struck with the personal attractions and mental accomplishments of the Princess Eleonora, the duke's sister, and already in 1566 there is a sonnet by him, beginning 'Nel tuo petto real da voci sparte,' which is evidently addressed to a princess of a sovereign house. From that time he continued to write amatory verses evidently addressed to the same person, whom he styles his 'donna,' or mistress. In some of them he mentions the name of Eleonora, but as there were several ladies of that name at different times at the court of Ferrara, this has given rise to various surmises about the person meant. At last Tasso avowed in several ways his love for the princess, though, from the then existing usages of society,

it was impossible that he could ever have obtained her hand. Most of the sonnets and other lyrics, which are evidently intended for this object of his second love, are conceived in a respectful and somewhat melancholy strain, as if the writer felt the hopelessness of his passion. The disparity of rank was in those times an insurmountable obstacle to any legitimate result of such an attachment, and the house of Este was one of the proudest in Italy. Like Petrarch, Tasso seems to have obtained friendship only in return for his love. But there are some of Tasso's compositions written between 1567 and 1570, in which he assumes the tone of a favoured lover. Such are the two sonnets 'Donna di me doppia vittoria aveste' and 'Prima colla beltà voi mi vinceste,' the dialogue between love and a lover, beginning 'Tu ch' i più chiusi affeti,' and the madrigal which begins 'Soavissimo bacio.' From the context, although no name is mentioned, they all evidently allude to the same object as the other amatory verses addressed to his 'donna.' There are also some autograph lines of Tasso discovered by Mai among the Falconieri MSS., and published by Betti at Rome (*Giornale Arcadico*, October, 1827), in which Eleonora is mentioned by name."

At the persuasion of Duke Alfonso, Tasso resumed his poem on the 'Recovery of Jerusalem,' which had been laid aside, like most of the brilliant conceptions of the greatest poets, for two years. Occupied by this interesting labour, he passed some time at Ferrara in much tranquillity. The death of his father soon disturbed his repose. He performed the last offices of piety to his parent at Ostia. On his return to Ferrara he lost a protectress by the marriage of the Princess Lucrezia with

the Duke d'Urbino. On this occasion he recited an oration at the opening of the academy of Ferrara, which is described as a splendid and noble composition.

Tasso continued in the court of Ferrara, employed in the composition of his 'Jerusalem,' till 1571. In that year Cardinal Luigi, having resolved to visit France, prevailed on Torquato, then rising into celebrity, to accompany him. In the first interview of this noble ecclesiastic with his cousin, Charles IX. king of France, Tasso was presented as the poet of Godfrey, and of the French heroes who signalized themselves at the conquest of Jerusalem. This sovereign bestowed upon him the most marked respect; and several anecdotes are related to show the influence which his character had obtained over the mind of that cruel and treacherous tyrant. The poet refused all the honours and advancement which were offered to him, remaining only a year at Paris, which he passed in the society of the poet Ronsard and other men of literary eminence. It is amongst the few blessings of Tasso's career, that he was spared the misery of witnessing those infamous scenes of superstitious massacre which, till the end of time, will be the ineffacable shame of the altar and throne of France.

After his return to Ferrara Tasso composed his 'Aminta.' It was represented at Ferrara in 1573. Its success was proportioned to the beauty of an attempt in an almost untrodden path of poetical composition. It was translated into most of the languages of Europe; and had the still higher applause of becoming the model of the exquisite 'Pastor Fido.' On the appearance of this beautiful imitation of his own pastoral, Tasso said of Guarini, with a rare and unaffected liberality united to a

proper sense of his own claims—"If he had not seen the 'Aminta' he would not have excelled it."

In 1574 Tasso had reached the 18th canto of the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*.' In the progress of this great work he is reported to have availed himself of the military knowledge of the Duke Alfonso, to add a grace and spirit to his descriptions of skirmishes and battles. The whole poem indeed evinces an union of the most technical warlike knowledge, with the clearest perception in applying such an acquirement to the purposes of poetry. The '*Gerusalemme Liberata*,' not only in this particular, but in every other propriety of character, scenery, and costume, combines the actual with the ideal in that tasteful alliance which none but the possessor of true genius can effect. This poem, which was destined to last as long as the language in which it is written, was at length completely published in 1575. The suddenness and extent of its popularity throughout Europe were perhaps never excelled even in periods when literary communication became more rapid; but its success excited a bitterness of criticism which mediocrity always escapes. The mind of Tasso was unable to bear up against these attacks; and they seem to have contributed, more than any other cause, to root in him that impatience of censure or suspicion which embittered the remaining portion of his life.

Indignant at the malevolence with which he was assailed, and wanting fortitude to trust his fame to that solemn award of time which malice and envy cannot impeach, he sought to relieve his anxiety by visiting some of the principal Italian cities. He accordingly passed a year in Padua, Bologna, Sienna, and Firenza, returning to

Ferrara in 1576. He was received with much attention by his patrons, and was appointed historiographer of the house of Este. But heavier mortifications than he had yet felt were reserved for him. He had numerous and powerful enemies at Ferrara, and his suspicions seem to have gone beyond his actual wrongs. He imagined that his letters had been intercepted, and his papers purloined, by the agency of a powerful conspiracy formed against his happiness and reputation. His imprudent love for the princess had probably become known to false friends and jealous rivals. On one occasion, arising out of these intrigues, he evinced that his personal courage partook of the spirit which he had infused into his heroes of the Holy War. One Maddalo having grossly insulted him, Tasso struck him: the revengeful Italian with his three brothers attacked the poet; he defended himself with such ability that they all fled. This remarkable instance of his prowess became renowned through Italy, and was associated with his literary eminence in a proverbial expression, that Tasso was equally superior to other men with the pen and the sword.

Amidst such contentions the morbid irritability of his mind seems to have fatally increased. He became alarmed with the apprehension that he should be cited before the dreadful tribunal of the Inquisition for misbelief; and that if he escaped this danger he should lose his life by poison or the sword. His noble patrons are stated to have attempted to quiet his perturbation by unremitted kindness; but his malady seems to have very nearly approached that delirium with which he was afterwards declared to be afflicted. His rashness at length tempted him to draw his sword on one of the domestics

of the Duchess d'Urbino in her own chamber. This event happened in 1577. He was immediately arrested. Mr. Vieusseux thus notices the events which immediately followed this arrest:—"From the place of his imprisonment Tasso wrote a submissive letter to the duke, begging his pardon; and the duke, appearing to forgive him, released him after a few days, and took him with him to his country-seat of Bel Riguardo about the end of June. What happened there between the duke and Tasso is not ascertained; but from some expressions of the poet, it appears that he was there closely and sternly examined by the duke, who had probably by this time in his possession Tasso's papers, 'in order to get from him an acknowledgment of what, if allowed, would incense him against him.' On the 11th of July the duke sent Tasso back to Ferrara under an escort, and shut him up in the convent of St. Francis, his secretary having written to the monks that he was mad, and must be treated as a madman. Tasso's love adventures, his real or pretended madness, and the causes of his long imprisonment, made much noise about Italy at the time; and they have been so much discussed and commented upon since, that they have acquired an historical importance, especially as they serve to illustrate the manners of the times. Duke Alfonso has been much abused, and, we think, without discrimination, for his treatment of the poet. There is a mystery about the whole story resembling that which hangs over Ovid's banishment. Professor Rosini has collected with the greatest patience and care the discordant opinions, as well as the evidence resulting from Tasso's own writings, published and unpublished, and from those of his contemporaries; and the conclusion

which he arrives at by the help of sound criticism is, that the duke, having in his hands several loose compositions of Tasso, which joined to his other compositions addressed to the same person, and his other strange sayings and doings, furnished full evidence that his sister Eleonora was the person alluded to in them, was naturally enough incensed against the poet, and thought that the only reparation that he could make to her injured honour was to cause it to be supposed that Tasso was mad. This gives the clue to his subsequent treatment of the poet. He must also have been confident that his sister was guiltless, otherwise, as Rosini observes, he would have taken a different sort of vengeance, according to the manners of the age. From the convent of St. Francis, Tasso wrote to the duke, saying, 'that the clemency of his highness had forgiven him his faults, and that thenceforth if he spoke to any one, he should acknowledge to all that which he clearly knew, that he was under a sanitary treatment.' He adds, that he had resolved, when the treatment was over, to turn monk; and in a postscript he says that he earnestly wishes that the duke may know all the truth, that he may not think him more mad than he is. In a long letter which he afterwards wrote to the Duke of Urbino, he says, that 'in order to please Duke Alfonso, he thought it no disgrace to imitate the example of Brutus and Solon.' Both those personages, according to Livy and Plutarch, feigned madness. Receiving no answer from either Duke Alfonso or the Duke of Urbino, Tasso, about the 20th of July, ran away from the convent and quitted Ferrara."

The unhappy poet, disguised as a shepherd, set out for Sorrento. His only sister had married into a noble

family, and was here living in ease and competence. Torquato, after a separation of so many years, was not likely to be known to the companion of his infant pleasures. He approached her in his disguise, feigning to be the bearer of a message from her brother, that he was in extreme danger of his life from the triumph of his enemies. He wore the mask so successfully, and depicted the imaginary danger in such powerful terms, that his sister was overpowered by her affection, and fainted at his feet. Satisfied of her love, he then discovered himself, and for some time found in her house those unostentatious comforts and endearing sincerities of which he had been long deprived. But his nature seems to have been incompatible with the enjoyment of tranquil happiness. He soon began to cherish the wish of returning to Ferrara. Mr. Vieusseux says:—"Having by kind treatment recovered his health and his spirits, he went to Rome, where he applied through some agent of the Duke to be allowed to return to Ferrara. Duke Alfonso wrote in reply, that he was willing to receive Tasso again into his service, if he would allow himself to be treated by the physicians; but that if he continued his subterfuges, and to talk as he had done before, he would immediately turn him out of his territories, and never allow him to return. Tasso, upon this, returned to Ferrara in the spring of 1578, with the Cavaliere Gualengo. He was civilly but coldly received by the Duke, who gave him to understand that he ought now to try to compose himself and to lead a quiet life, and to avoid all excitement. He attempted to get an interview with the Princess Eleonora and the Duchess of Urbino, but was prevented." His papers, too, had

been handed about with a freedom which went far beyond his notions of what was due to his own dignity ; and in the apprehension that they would be published in a mutilated and incorrect form, he repeatedly desired to have them restored. His requests and his complaints were treated with equal neglect ; and the result was, that Torquato again left the court of Ferrara in indignation, protesting that he would rather serve any rival prince, than endure indignities from the hands of those by whom he had been once loaded with courtesy and honour.

With these excited feelings he departed for Mantua. The sovereign of that state had bestowed upon Bernardo Tasso the favour of his patronage ; and Torquato naturally expected that his own reputation would procure for him a benignant and dignified reception. He was disappointed. Neglect and poverty still awaited him ; and, as a last resource, he was obliged to sell a ruby ring and a necklace of gold, remembrances of honour or of love, to enable him to set out for Padua and Venice. Maffeo Veniero, compassionating the misery of the unfortunate poet, wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany to receive him at his court ; but whether the answer were delayed, or his inconstant humour again prevailed, he set out for the territories of the Duke d'Urbino. On his way thither he composed a simple and affecting canzonet, addressed to the river Metauro, in which he deplored the misfortunes which had followed him from his birth, and anticipated the peace which that country might present to him. His hopes were not altogether vain ; he enjoyed a temporary tranquillity ; but suspicions and fears again clouded his mind, and he decided to place himself under the pro-

tection of the Duke of Savoy. He left Urbino, and having endured many of the miseries of fatigue and poverty, arrived at Torino in a pitiable condition. The great poet of Italy was reduced to the appearance of a wretched and degraded itinerant; and such was the garb of this favourite of the rich, the proud, and the beautiful, that he was driven from the gate of that city as a miserable and offensive vagabond. From this disgrace he was rescued by Angelo Ingegneri, a Venetian man of letters, who, casually passing by, recognised in the persecuted wanderer the renowned but unhappy Tasso. He was conducted to Philip, Marquis of Este, then residing at Torino, by whom he was kindly received, and his wants supplied. He was here introduced to Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont, who offered him the most liberal provision at his court. But his affections were at Ferrara; and to that abode of his honours and his afflictions he determined to return for the third time.

This resolution became to him a source of desperate and unassuaged misfortune. He arrived at Ferrara in February, 1579. Unhappily for Tasso this court was too much occupied by gorgeous preparations for the marriage of the reigning Prince, to find leisure or inclination to listen to the claims, or reward the worth, of the faithful though capricious poet. Torquato could neither procure an interview with the Prince or Princess; he was neglected by his former patrons and insulted by his ancient enemies. He became infuriated by this unexpected treatment, and publicly proclaimed his injuries with the bitter contempt which unguarded genius directs against the oppressors of the great; retracting the praise which he had once bestowed upon the House of Este, and tak-

ing up the tone of severe and indignant contempt. The consequences were as fatal as might have been expected from the absolute power of an enraged Italian prince. The Duke ordered Tasso to be treated as a lunatic, and to be confined in the hospital of St. Anne.

In this abode of human wretchedness in its most ghastly forms was the persecuted poet detained for more than seven years. Of the miseries which he here endured Tasso is himself the best evidence. In a letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga, he describes himself as having abandoned every thought of glory and honour, resolving to think himself happy, "if, like common men, he might pass the remaining portion of his life in the liberty of some obscure hamlet; if not in health, at least not thus mournfully sick; if not honoured, at least not despised."—"My melancholy," he says, "increases through the fear of continual imprisonment, and the indignities which I suffer increase: the squalidness and dirt of my beard, of my hair, and of my dress, greatly annoy me; and above all, solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, afflicts me." What a picture is this of the torments inflicted upon the exquisitely sensible mind of the impassioned poet and the high-spirited gentleman! However clouded might be that mind by the gloom of suspicion or the irritability of despair, it retained in all its force and brilliancy the fervour of affection, the glow of fancy, the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice. In the dungeon of madness, it was still the same aspiring, proud, keen, and cultivated spirit, as in the saloon of luxury. The manner in which Tasso employed the long period of his dreary confinement is a proof of the soundness of his understanding. He restrained the flow of his imagination, which,

if too much indulged, might have been deadened and bewildered by the appalling contemplation of the wreck of the human mind ; but he applied himself to the composition of dialogues, which should demand the exercise of sober and dispassionate inquiry, and inculcate useful and practical truth. The titles of these performances composed under such an extraordinary affliction are, ‘ *Il Messaggero*,’ ‘ *Del Piacere Onesto*,’ ‘ *Il Gonzaga*,’ and ‘ *Il Padre di Famiglia*.’ These proofs of his sanity were repeatedly exhibited at the court of his oppressor, as the strongest reason for his liberation. The Duke was still remorseless ; and to the supplication of various princes for the freedom of this glory of Italy, he constantly answered that he would not give Tasso his liberty, but medicines enough for his restoration to health. The poet himself addressed canzonets to his powerful persecutors, setting forth his miseries, and imploring a relief from them. The Duke was inexorable. In a letter addressed to Alfonso, the afflicted and subdued prisoner says, “ I throw myself at the feet of your clemency, merciful lord, and I entreat that you will pardon the false, and mad, and rash words for which I am imprisoned.” If the confinement of Tasso was intended to repress his ambitious love, the restraint was carried to a criminal and unnecessary excess ; for the Princess Eleonora died in 1581, and the poet was secluded from the world till 1596. During the latter years of his confinement its severities were mitigated. He was allowed to see his friends, and had the common comforts of life around him. It has even been maintained that a wretched cell at Ferrara, which used to be shown as the place of his original imprisonment, is not the identical place. The

evidence is not clear; but it will be difficult even for tolerable proof to shake a long traditionary belief. The late Mr. Shelley, in his *Posthumous Essays and Letters*, has left the following beautiful description of a visit to 'Tasso's Cell' at Ferrara:—

"There is here [Ferrara] a manuscript of the entire 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems, written in prison, to the Duke Alfonso; and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand; and the 'Pastor Fido' of Guarini. The 'Gerusalemme,' though it had evidently been copied and re-copied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object; and as we do not agree in physiognomy, so we may not agree now. But my business is to relate my own sensations, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS. of Tasso were sonnets to his persecutor, which contain a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises now, I wonder what he would say. But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in these

entreaties and praises of Tasso. Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day ; for, from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor. But then there was no hope. There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and, such is the alliance between virtue and genius, which unoffending genius could not escape.

“ We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands. The dungeon is low and dark ; and, when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the Doge's palace of Venice. But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies. It is low, and has a grated window ; and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps. In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall where the chains were rivetted, which bound him hand and foot. After some time, at the instance of some Cardinal, his friend, the Duke allowed his victim a fire-place ; the mark where it was walled up yet remains.”

During the confinement of Tasso many of his poems

crept into publication in a mutilated and deformed state. To the misery of his prison was added the difficulty which it imposed upon him in the protection of his interest and his fame. His friend and admirer, Angelo Ingegneri, subsequently printed two editions more correct than the former ; but they still retained errors and omissions which disquieted the refined taste of their author. The celebrated Aldus published his lyrical and prose works, in 1581. The world was prodigal of its applause, but Tasso heard only the voice of lamentation.

Amidst the indescribable miseries of his unhappy condition the poet languished till 1586. At that period Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, applied so strenuously for his liberation, that in July of that year, after a confinement of seven years, two months, and some days, the pride of Italy was freed from his wretched and degrading imprisonment. How he deported himself to his persecutors is not known ; but he determined to build no longer upon the favours of the court of Ferrara. In the autumn of 1586 he went with his liberator to Mantua, where the reigning Duke received him with a munificence and attention which were well calculated to obliterate the remembrance of his recent indignities.

The long confinement of Tasso had seriously impaired his health ; and had in some degree weakened the powers of his mind, by exciting gloomy and distempered images and visionary notions, which haunted him for the remainder of his life. Soon after his arrival at Mantua he thus wrote to a friend :—" I am sick of some infirmity sufficiently wearisome, which I have brought to Mantua, of which liberty is the only alleviation, and of which I cannot expect to find any other solace. But

the greatest of all my other evils, and which appears to me something like a frenzy, is caused by the many troublesome thoughts and dreams and fantasies by which I am disturbed." The unhappy passions of the disappointed enthusiast had been too long left to prey upon themselves; and the gloomy severities which were inhumanly and ignorantly applied to the supposed wanderings of his mind, had nourished some faint portion of that malady which they were intended to eradicate.

But the powers of Tasso's mind, when looking out of himself, still retained all the soundness and brilliancy of his more happy years. He was invited to Genoa to lecture on the Ethics and Poetics of Aristotle, with an adequate reward; and he appears to have determined on embracing this course of honourable usefulness. To recover his strength he went to Bergamo, where the endearing kindness of his friends, and the pleasing recollections of his youth, appear to have restored him to health and tranquillity. On his return to Mantua he was still undecided as to the offers of the republic of Genoa. Duke Vincenzo having succeeded to the government of Mantua, Tasso found himself neglected amidst the more serious duties of his patrón and liberator. He therefore resolved to go to Rome, whither he departed in 1587. His means of travel were very confined; and although he was received on his journey with abundant honours, we may judge of the unhappiness of his condition by a letter which is extant, addressed to Don Ferrante Gonzaga, dated the last day of October 1587, in which he begs his Excellency to give him ten crowns for alms! His wants were liberally supplied, and he was provided with a good beast, which relieved him from the fatigue of a journey

on foot. He arrived at Rome ; but his stay was short ; he departed for Naples. The enchanting beauties of this delightful city, the pleasure which he felt in revisiting the scenes of his first literary associations, the hospitable treatment which he received from many noble and learned inhabitants, and the spontaneous honours which were bestowed upon him, were unspeakable gratifications to his feeling heart ; and led him to anticipate a lasting asylum for his agitated spirit—a retreat where he might devote himself to his poetical impulses, and accomplish the triumphs which his country expected from the maturity of his genius.

At the seat of his friend Batista Manso, Marquis of Villa, his future biographer, he passed the autumn of 1588. The sports of the field engrossed much of his attention ; and he otherwise relieved his mind by the delights which he found in an elegant and accomplished society. But his soul had become deeply tinged with a belief in supernatural appearances, and he came habitually to affirm that a familiar spirit appeared to him, of the nature of that which is declared to have attended Socrates. In the supposed presence of this being he often sank into a profound abstraction ; and, even in the company of his friend Manso, once maintained an animated conversation with this imaginary inhabitant of an immaterial world—

“ Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate ;”

with an earnestness and power which left no doubt of his own belief in the reality of his impressions. This may have been madness ; but it was the madness of an ardent and philosophical spirit, which felt that there was other evidence of the beauty and wisdom of the Supreme In-

telligence, beyond that of the senses ; and which went to the extremes which such a belief may produce in a fervid and undisciplined imagination.

On his return to Naples he abode at the house of the Count of Paleno : but the father of this nobleman being displeased at his son receiving a descendant of a follower of the exiled Prince of Salerno, Torquato resolved to return to Rome. Travelling without money, and in tattered garments, a fever attacked him on his way to the 'eternal city,' and he was constrained to take refuge in the hospital of Bergamasca. Here he slowly recovered, and proceeded on his way. The Grand Duke Ferdinand de Medici, hearing of the distresses of so great a man, generously invited him to his court. He arrived at Firenze in 1590. But his inconstancy and melancholy still attended him ; for he resolved to return to Rome, whither he set out in September of the same year, loaded with benefits and honours by Ferdinand, whose kindness might have won him to tranquillity, had not his own unconquerable gloom infused a bitter into every cup of happiness which fortune presented to him.

The remaining years of his life were passed either at Rome or Naples. They were not distinguished by any particular incidents, or greatly differed from the former course of his weary and afflicting pilgrimage. Sick in body, disturbed in mind, full of fears and suspicions, yet affectionate to his friends and grateful to his benefactors, illustrious in his honours, but miserable in his poverty, in no place did he find repose or content. The extent and the imperishable character of his fame were perhaps amongst his secret but most refreshing consolations. About this period of his life a circumstance occurred

which must have afforded him a singular satisfaction. In his last journey to Rome, the party with which he travelled were fearfully alarmed by the depredations of a troop of banditti which infested a road through which they must pass. Marco di Sciarra, the captain of this troop, having heard that the great poet of Italy was of the company, full of reverence for so celebrated a name, sent to Torquato his assurances that he and all his friends should pass in safety.

He arrived at Rome for the last time in November 1594. He was here introduced to Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini. This ecclesiastic was so impressed with the majesty of Tasso's genius, that he interested himself to procure for him the triumph of being solemnly crowned in the capitol with the laurel crown, as Petrarch and others had been crowned. This glory was decreed to him by the Pope and the Senate. On his introduction to the Head of the church, the Holy Father, with a grace of compliment seldom excelled, observed, 'That the merit of Torquato Tasso would confer as much honour on the laurel he was about to receive, as the laurel had formerly conferred upon others.' His good fortune delighted and astonished him. But he was not destined to wear the wreath which Petrarch had dignified. He fell sick, and he instantly felt assured that his malady would interpose a final barrier between his honours and his calamities.

On the approach of his illness, Tasso desired that he might be conveyed to the monastery of Saint Onofrio. He had always retained a vivid impression of religious obligation, and he felt a delight in the contemplation of being surrounded by pious men in his final moments.

From this last abode he wrote a beautifully pathetic letter to his friend Antonio Costantini, full of piety and charity, with an unfeigned resignation to what he considered as the certain indication of his approaching dissolution. His predictions were not vain. A fever seized him on the 10th of April; the malady was increased by the improper use of milk. He became in imminent danger. Remedies were prescribed to him; but he was convinced of their futility, and resisted their application with a mild but constant perseverance. The Pope's physician, who had attended him, announced that his last moments were approaching. He received the annunciation with firmness; and, lifting his eyes to heaven, thanked his God that he had conducted him, through so many tempests, to a safe and tranquil port. With such sentiments of fervent piety he awaited the hour of his death. He desired all the copies of his works that might be collected by his friends, to be transmitted to the flames. The invention of printing would have rendered the request of no avail, had his admirers even wished to commit this injustice upon his reputation. On the arrival of his patron, Cardinal Cinzio, with the Pope's benediction, he exclaimed—'This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned—not as a poet in the Capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in Heaven.'—He died in the arms of Cardinal Cinzio.

Thus closed the eventful and unhappy career of Torquato Tasso, on the 25th of April, 1595. Although he desired that no pomp might be lavished on his remains, the last honours were paid to him in a manner that denoted the respect of his contemporaries. He was interred in the church of Saint Onofrio. A plain slab was

placed over his remains, with a simple Latin inscription expressing—

“ HERE LIE THE BONES OF TORQUATO TASSO.”

Cardinal Bonifazio Bevilacqua, some years after, erected a tomb to his memory.

Batista Manso has left us a very minute description of the person and mental qualities of his immortal friend. Tasso was tall and well-proportioned; his skin fair; his hair of a pleasing brown; his head large, and his forehead high; his eyebrows finely arched; his eyes powerful, and of a lively blue; his nose large, lips thin, teeth white and regular; his neck long and well-proportioned; his head elevated; his breast and shoulders full and broad; his arms and legs long and muscular. He was formed for athletic exercises, in which he excelled. His voice was clear and harmonious; his action graceful. Altogether nature had been as lavish in the completion of his body as his mind. The beauty of his person, and the nobleness of his spirit, gave him all the attributes of a knight of romance; and, like the heroes he described, he was equally fitted to obtain the triumphs of camps or courts—an enemy's submission, or a mistress's love.

Of the graces of his mind Manso has presented us a still more favourable report. He was decidedly a man of supereminent genius; of ardent feelings, of rapid imagination. He was, besides, a profound and accomplished scholar. The extensive knowledge which the ‘*Gerusalemme Liberata*’ alone displays, and the great number of his other works, composed during a life of travel, of poverty, of sickness, of imprisonment, and of much other earthly vicissitude, prove that his industry was almost

unequalled. But he was not a sour or abstracted man of letters. His temper was ardent, his ambition was towering, his passions were resistless. He was therefore neither formed for the cloister nor the closet; he did not look for his rewards in the applause of academies, or the decrees of learned associations. He was the poet of "fierce wars and faithful loves;" he delighted to be surrounded with the descendants of the Tancreds and the Rinaldos, and to find the portraits of his Erminias and his Armidas in the saloons of the Italian courts. He was not for the dry contests of academical disputations, or the sober dignities of the professor's chair—but he aspired to receive the dazzling meed of renown from the lips of nobility and beauty; to take his envied station, as the first poet of Italy and of the world,

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize."

In this pursuit there must have been occasional disappointment; and disappointment to Tasso was misery. In an age when the pride of birth was all-commanding, he thought to stand upon an equal elevation by the pride of genius; in an age when the distinctions of rank were inflexible, he perhaps also believed that they would yield to the beauty of person, to the elevation of heart, to the splendour of talent, and to the strength of love. There can be little doubt that one master-spring of disappointed affection swayed his whole destiny, and made him the wayward, restless, self-abandoned, and most unhappy slave of presumptuous hopes, of bitter regrets, of agonizing remembrances, of superstitious paroxysms. But for

this, his industry might have secured him independence ; his noble and amiable spirit might have won him true and unshaken friends, and the especial blessing of equal and mutual affection ; his piety might have regulated his passions and sublimed his hopes ; and the world might have rejoiced to behold how the heavenly gifts of a feeling and elevated heart, and a rich and glowing imagination, may be converted by man to happiness for himself, and blessings for his fellows.

Of the character of Tasso's poetical genius it is unnecessary here to say much. The '*Gerusalemme Liberata*' is the mine where we must principally search for the rich gems of his powerful and vigorous understanding. We shall not indeed often find those wonderful creations which belong to a Dante or a Shakspeare ; but we shall discover, in an eminent degree, some of the highest attributes of the highest poetry. The minuteness and consistency of his delineations of character are unrivalled by any epic poet : the interest of the story is kept alive by the happiest art, sometimes going straight-forward with the main business, and sometimes diversified by the most beautiful and affecting episodes. His descriptions of natural appearances are wonderfully varied and original : the many charming delineations of morning are a sufficient proof that Tasso had looked with a poet's eye upon the ever-changing, fresh, and beautiful face of nature. Tasso is the poet for young and ardent minds : there is nothing grovelling in his conceptions : his heroes, though somewhat exaggerated in their physical powers, are men of high and impassioned thoughts, of generous and dignified feelings ; they disgust us with no brutalities, such as Homer presents ; they are brave enthusiasts, and w-

therefore forget the political injustice of the quarrel in which they are engaged. Tasso may truly be called an heroic poet ; he painted from his own noble mind, and he has left us portraits of Christian warriors which may be the lights of the military character in all ages : his Godfrey, his Tancred, his Rinaldo, each stand a model,

“ Whom every man in arms should wish to be.”

THE LIFE

OF

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

NEVER were the histories of two men more opposed to each other than those of Tasso and his English translator. The one, for thirty years, lingering with excited feelings and severe disappointments in the anti-chambers or banqueting-rooms of glittering courts, or travelling with a restless and unsatisfied spirit from one province to another, in purple or in rags—sometimes driven back as a vagabond, and sometimes hailed as the glory and pride of Italy—seems never from his childhood to have tasted the slightest portion of domestic tranquillity, or felt that charm of independence which his proud and ardent temper so impatiently desired. He was held down by a chain which he could never shake off. The vicissitudes of his fortune were remarkable ; and the narrative of his weary pilgrimage is therefore correspondently lively and interesting. Fairfax, on the contrary, as if solemnly impressed by the example of the Italian poet with whose fame he had associated his own, seems to have devoted himself to the duties of a peaceful and dignified retirement. The rewards of courts had no temptations for his chastened spirit ; and after the publication of his ‘ *God-*

frey of Bulloigne, even the applause of the world appears to have been to him a vain and worthless object of ambition. Contented with his paternal inheritance, happy in his domestic relations, and occupied with the education of his children and his nephews, he indeed cultivated his philosophical and poetical genius; but his modest diffidence prevented him proposing an end for his labours beyond the instruction and amusement of himself and his family. He was surrounded by no dependants who noted his habits or his opinions; and in that age literary fame in England seldom entailed a curious and observant regard upon its possessor. The life of Tasso was agitated, miserable, and brilliant; that of Fairfax was serene, happy, and useful.*

Edward Fairfax was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. Douglas† distinctly states, that he was born to Sir Thomas “by Dorothy his wife, daughter of George Gale, of Ascham Grainge, Esq., Treasurer to the Mint at York.” Brian Fairfax, in his account to Atterbury,‡ does not hint, of himself, at any supposition of Edward being an illegitimate son; and his mention of the friendship in which he lived with

* The materials for the life of Fairfax are slight, and in some matters contradictory. They are principally comprised in a communication from Mr. Brian Fairfax, a descendant of the poet, to Bishop Atterbury; in a notice by Dodsworth the antiquary, in his manuscript work, ‘Sancti et Scriptores Ebor.’ in a short biographical account by Mrs. Cooper, in her ‘Muses’ Library,’ which she states to have been furnished to her by Fairfax’s family; and in the Peerages of the times of Elizabeth and James I.

† Author of the ‘Peerage.’

‡ Atterbury’s Epistolary Correspondence, &c. by Nichols, vol. i. p. 374.

his elder brother, Sir Thomas the first Lord Fairfax, almost precludes the probability of the correctness of such an opinion. Added to this, Edward appears to have been received in his own family and in society with the same respect as his elder and younger brothers: their superior honours were bestowed upon them as a recompense for public services; distinctions which the quiet and unpretending merit of a student could not challenge. On the contrary, Dodsworth, a contemporary, who is quoted by Brian Fairfax, mentions him as "Edward Fairfax, of Fuyistone, Esq., in the forest of Knaresborough, *natural* son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire, and brother to Sir Thomas Fairfax, the first that was created Baron of Cameron, 3 Car. I." It is a material corroboration of this assertion, that Brian Fairfax, who had access to the family papers, should pass it over without contradiction. Mrs. Cooper mentions his descent in nearly the same words. The circumstance in itself is of little importance. Whether Edward were not the child of Dorothy, wife of Sir Thomas Fairfax, or whether this lady herself were not bound to her partner by the rites of the church, we are assured that our poet was liberally educated by his father, inherited an ample patrimony, and was greatly esteemed by his successful and ennobled brother.

The inclinations of Edward Fairfax led him to cultivate his genius in the retirement of his father's abode. His writings evidently bespeak that his application to books must have been early and unremitted; and the beauty and great variety of his descriptions of natural scenery showed that he had pursued the best study for the formation of a poet, with an enthusiastic feeling.

His brothers devoted themselves to the career of arms. Thomas, who in 1591 was knighted before Rouen for his brave conduct in the army sent to the assistance of Henry IV. of France, distinguished himself in Germany against the ambitious House of Austria; he was created Baron of Cameron, May 4, 1627; and died in his 80th year. Charles was a Captain, under Sir Francis Verc, at the battle of Neuport, in 1600; and commanded the English in the famous siege of Ostend, for some time before its surrender. He was there killed in 1604, having been previously wounded by a piece of the skull of a Marshal of France, who was slain near him by a cannon-ball.

Edward, having married, settled at Fuyistone as a private gentleman. The epochs of his life are so uncertain, that it is impossible to trace his literary progress in connection with his domestic circumstances. As an author he appeared at once before the world, with the great work upon which his fame has been established. His translation of 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' was first published in 1600. A previous attempt had been made to clothe the heroic Italian in an English dress. 'Godfrey of Bulloigne, or the Recoverie of Hierusalem, an heroical poeme, written in Italian by Seig. Torquato Tasso, and translated into English by R. C., Esq.,' was printed for Christopher Hunt, of Exeter, in 1594. R. C. is held to have been Richard Carew. Five Cantos only appeared of this translation. A writer in the 'Retrospective Review,' vol. iii., says, "In Fairfax's translation, though, when compared with more modern attempts, it is abundantly faithful, we frequently find him varying from the strict sense of the original, while at the same time we feel loth to blame him for wandering, when his aberrations

tions lead us along such beautiful ways. Carew seems to have had more strict and confined notions of the boundaries beyond which it does not become a translator to show himself. He follows his prototype step by step, carefully placing his foot in the very print of Tasso's, which necessarily gives him an appearance of constraint and difficulty. He adheres as much too religiously to his great original as Pope and the translators of his school have been too free."

The translation of Fairfax, in all probability, received every encouragement which the somewhat scanty poetical readers of that age had in their power to bestow. It must have become very rapidly popular to have found a place in the specimens of celebrated poets in Allot's 'England's Parnassus,' printed in 1600. His descendant, Brian, states, that "King James valued it above all other English poetry; and King Charles, in the time of his confinement, used to divert himself by reading it." The critics of a later period have not been sparing of their commendations. Edward Philips, the nephew of Milton, describes him, in his 'Theatrum Poetarum,' as "one of the most judicious, elegant, and haply in his time most approved, of English translators, both for his choice of so worthily extolled an heroic poet as Torquato Tasso, as for the exactness of his version, in which he is judged by some to have approved himself no less a poet than in what he hath written of his own genius." Winstanley describes him nearly in the same terms. Mrs. Cooper, after reprobating the neglect with which his memory had been treated by poetical biographers, says—"This gentleman is the only writer down to D'Avenant, that needs no apology to be made for him on account of the age he

lived in ; his diction being, generally speaking, so pure, so elegant, and full of graces, and the turn of his lines so perfectly melodious, that I hardly believe the original Italian has greatly the advantage in either ; nor could any author, in my opinion, be justified for attempting Tasso anew, as long as his translation can be read.”—

But applause of a much higher character has been bestowed upon Fairfax. The testimony of Waller and Dryden to his success in the harmony of verse would have been sufficient (had not the popular taste been too long corrupted by a languid monotony of numbers) to have repressed such pretences as those of Hoole to supersede Fairfax, by a versification “better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times when our verse, if not our language, was in its rudiments !” * The decisive commendation of Fairfax, which the readers of English poetry now begin to understand, is contained in Dryden’s Preface to his Fables. It runs thus :—“Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth : great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax ; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original ; and

* Preface to Hoole’s Tasso.

many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from ‘Godfrey of Bulloigne,’ which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.”—The approbation of Hume is of value to Fairfax, when we look at the historian’s prejudices, in common with others of his school, on the subject of our old English poets:—“Fairfax,” he says, “has translated Tasso with an elegance and ease, and at the same time with an exactness which for that age are surprising.”*—Lastly, we have the testimony of a congenial spirit to Fairfax’s excellence; of one who led the way in that revolution of taste which has restored our *national* poetry to its deserved importance. The learnedly-beautiful Collins has the following spirited praise of Tasso and his translator:—

“In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
 From sober truth, are still to nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to Fancy’s view,
 Th’ heroic muse employ’d her TASSO’S art.
 How have I trembled, when, at Tancred’s stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour’d!
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
 And the wild blast upheav’d the vanish’d sword!
 How have I sat, when pip’d the pensive wind,
 To hear his harp by British FAIRFAX strung!
 Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
 Believ’d the magic wonders which he sung!
 Hence, at each sound, imagination glows;
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here;
 Hence, his warm lay with softest sweetness flows;
 Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
 And fills th’ impassion’d heart, and wins th’ harmonious
 ear!”†

* History of England, vol. v. 4to.

† Ode on the Highland Superstitions.

The poetical industry of Fairfax was not exhausted in his 'Godfrey of Bulloigne.' He appears, upon the authority of Dodsworth, to have written a metrical history of Edward the Black Prince. This subject, which once presented itself to the judgment of Dryden as a worthy foundation for a British Epic, may have been heroically executed by Fairfax. He also wrote twelve Eclogues, which he presented to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, of which William, the son of the Duke, states in 1736, that they were written in the 1st year of James I., but had lain ten years neglected in his father's study, until Lodowic, the former Duke, desired a sight of them. The author then transcribed them for his Grace's use. That copy was seen and approved by many learned men; and Dr. Theophilus Field, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, wrote commendatory verses upon them. The encomium and the MS. perished in the fire of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, but the rough copies of the Eclogues were recovered. Mrs. Cooper states, that these productions were on important subjects, relating to the manners, characters, and incidents of the times in which Fairfax lived.—"They are pointed," she says, "with many fine strokes of satire; dignified with wholesome lessons of morality and policy to those of the highest rank, and some modest hints even to Majesty itself. . . . The learning they contain is so various and extensive, that, according to the evidence of his son, who has written large annotations on each, no man's reading besides his own was sufficient to explain his references effectually." In the 'Muses' Library,' the fourth of these Eclogues is printed, by the permission of the family granted to Mrs. Cooper. It is evidently expressive of

Fairfax's religious opinions; and constitutes a masterly, and in some parts eminently beautiful allegory, of the corruption of sin, and the redemption of Christianity.

The secluded and studious habits of Fairfax's life naturally led to religious and metaphysical speculations. His zeal for the reformed faith, and his conviction, derived from unwearied inquiry and accurate reasoning, that the Church of England deduced its doctrines and discipline from apostolical institutions, provoked him to a controversy with Dorrell, a papist. His letters on this occasion have never been published; but they are described as being written with great ability and learning, and distinguished by a moderation which has rarely characterised such controversies. The fervour of his imagination, added to the abstruseness of his researches, gave a wild and mystical character to many of his opinions. Falling in with the prevailing notions of his age, he yielded his assent to the influence of spiritual agents in the affairs of the world; and perhaps, as Collins has elegantly said of him,

“Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung.”

It was natural that his “undoubting mind” would desire to make converts to its own credence. He accordingly wrote a treatise on Dæmonology, a MS. copy of which was formerly in the possession of Mr. Reed. It was entitled ‘A Discourse of Witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the county of York, in the year 1621. From the original copy, written with his own hands.’ Of the tenour of this singular narrative we have no description. From a passage which has been extracted from it, we have the

author's own account of his religious opinions ; these bespeak the same liberal, contented, and moderate mind which he displayed in the practice of his tranquil life. He says—"For myself, I am in religion neither a fantastic puritan nor a superstitious papist ; but so settled in conscience that I have the sure ground of God's word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English Church to approve all I practise ; in which course I live a faithful Christian and an obedient subject, and so teach my family."

Edward Fairfax had several children, sons and daughters. The eldest, William, became, under the instruction of his father, a man of considerable learning. He greatly assisted the celebrated Mr. Stanley in the compilation of the '*Lives of the Philosophers*,' and also in his valuable commentary on *Æschylus*. Our poet also filled up the usefulness of his life by the education of his nephews. The elder of these, Ferdinand, the second Lord Fairfax, was the father of the celebrated parliamentary general ; the second, Thomas, was a distinguished Jesuit ; the third, William, was a lawyer of eminence, and father of Bryan, the correspondent of Atterbury ; the fourth and fifth, William and John, were in the English army, and both fell at the same time in the service of their country, in 1641. The pupils of Edward Fairfax were doubtless fitted for the duties of life by sound learning ; and excited to an honourable course of industry by that emulation which an instructor of genius knows how to inspire.

In the performance of such pleasing duties our poet lived till 1632. The precise period of his death is somewhat uncertain, but his biographers agree in fixing it

about this time. He was buried at Newhall, between Denton and Knaresborough; a plain marble stone was erected to his memory.

After the praises which have been so liberally bestowed on the poetical powers of Fairfax, it will be unnecessary here to enter into a description of his merits. His best eulogium will suggest itself to the reader of taste in the perusal of these volumes. He will there find such a union of energy and sweetness, of grace and fidelity, as have rendered the 'Recovery of Jerusalem' indisputably the best translation in the English language. The few obsolete words and quaint turns of expression which sometimes occur can never justify any neglect which would overlook the unequalled spirit and harmony of the general performance. If the slight defects, not of the poet, but of the age, are to consign Fairfax to oblivion, while the insipidities of Hoole are to be slept over and quoted, Spenser, and Fletcher, and even Shakspere, might be delivered up to the black-letter critics; while Addison, and Tickell, and Lansdowne, and all the tribe of French imitators, should be acknowledged as the masters of English verse. Happily such tastes have lost their empire among us; and we may venture to predict that the knowledge and admiration of Fairfax will be added to the triumphs of our old noble school of pure and genuine poetry.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Abrayed—awaked.
Affray—affright.
Algates—nevertheless.
Amating—terrifying.
Appaid—rewarded, paid.

B.

Band—bound.
Bases—stockings.
Battaile—battle, battalion.
Batten—fat.
Beild—shelter.
Bewraied—discovered.
Blaised—published.
Bourgeon—shoot forth.
Brand—sword.
Brast—burst.
Brust—broken.
Busk'd—prepared.

C.

Cade—domesticated.
Cantle—a piece, a fragment.
Carknet—a necklace.
Chevisance—achievement.
Churle—a rustic.

Cobles—stones used in sling-
 ing.
Cog—a boat.
Conge—leave to depart.
Copes—covering for the head.
Cornet—company of horse.
Cumbers—embarrassments.

D.

Desave—deceive.
Dictamnium—the plant dit-
 tany.
Dight—clothed.
Doft—put off.
Don'd—put on.
Dormant—a large beam.
Dripile—weak.

E.

Eame—uncle.
Eath—easy.
Eft—soon.
Eftsoons—quickly.
Eild—age, period of life.
Emprise—enterprise.
Enorme—enormous.

F.

Fand—found.
Filed—smooth.
Foin—thrust.
Fone—foes.
Forenenst—opposite.
Foreslowed—slackened.
Forray'd—foraged.
Froarie—frothy.
Frushed—bruised, crushed.

G.

Giglet-wise—wantonly.
Gite—a vest.
Glaive—sword.
Gnarring—growling.
Greaves—groves.
Gree—favour, good-will.

H.

Hags—brambles.
Heban—ebon, of ebony.
Hent—taken, put on, seized upon.
Hest—command.
Hight—is called.
Hings—hangs.
Hoult—a wood.
Hurtle—jostle, rush against.

K.

Kest—cast.

L.

Lear'd—learned.
Leasing—falsehood.
Leden—language.
Legier—craftily.
Liefer—dearer, better, rather.
Lite—little.

M.

Mavors—Mars.
Mew—cage, enclosed place.
Mister—sort, or manner of.
Mo—more.
Mote—might, may.

N.

Nar—near.
Nathless—nevertheless.
Nil—will not.
Nould—would not.

P.

Pardie—a mincing oath, used familiarly.
Peece—a fortress.
Pheer—companion.
Pight—fixed.
Pine—pain.
Prease—press.
Prest—ready.
Pricked—spurred.

Q.

Quarel—an arrow.
Quarry—an arrow.

R.

Raught—reached.
Remew—remove.
Rew—to pity.
Rockets—surplices.
Ruth—compassion.
In rew—in row.

S.

Scaldred—parched.
Scath—mischief.

Scissed—cut.
Seld—seldom.
Seely—foolish.
Sell—saddle.
Semblant—figure, appearance.
Sendal—fine linen.
Shaw—thicket.
Sheen—bright.
Shend—injure, spoil.
Sight—sighed.
Sleeveless—useless.
Smook—smoke.
Sown—sound.
Spiall—spy.
Spright, or *Sprite*—spirit,
 mind.
Spring—a grove.
Stallworth—brave, stout.
Sterve—perish.
Stound—space of time.
Stour—fight.
Stowers—battles.

T.

Teen—grief.
Thorpe—a village.
Tofore—before.
Tooting—peeping.
Tout—to look upon.
Trachmen—interpreters.

U.

Ugly—terrific.
Uncoath—scarcely, with diffi-
 culty.
Unwroken—unrevenged.
Ure—a wild ox.

V.

Vamure—advanced wall.
Ventail—the fore part of a
 helmet, which lifts up.

W.

Wannish—somewhat wan.
Warray'd—made war upon.
Ween—imagine.
Weet—to know.
Wend—go.
Whilere—some time before.
Whilome—formerly, of old.
Windlays—windings.
Wist—knew.
Won—dwell.
Wond—inhabited.
Wood—furious, savage.

Y.

Ycleped—called.
Yode—went.
Yood—went.
Ypight—fixed.



[Queen Elizabeth.]

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY.

Wit's rich triumph, wisdom's glory
Art's chronicle, learning's story,
Tower of goodness, virtue, beauty ;
Forgive me, that presume to lay
My labours in your clear eye's ray ;
This boldness springs from faith, zeal, duty.

Her hand, her lap, her vesture's hem,
Muse, touch not for polluting them ;
All that is her's is pure, clear, holy ;
Before her footstool humble lie,
So may she bless thee with her eye ;
The sun shines not on good things solely.

Olive of peace, angel of pleasure,
What line of praise can your worth measure ?
Calm sea of bliss which no shore boundeth ;
Fame fills the world no more with lies,
But, busied in your histories,
Her trumpet those true wonders soundeth.

O, Fame ! say all the good thou may'st,
Too little is that all thou say'st.
What if herself herself commended ?
Should we then know, ne'er known before,
Whether her wit or worth were more ?
Ah ! no ; that book would ne'er be ended.

Your Majesty's humble Subject,

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

THE
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sends his Angel to Tortosa down,	
Godfrey unites the Christian peers and knights,	19
And all the Lords and Princes of renown	
Choose him their Duke, to rule the wars and fights;	32
He mustereth all his host, whose number known,	34
He sends them to the fort that Sion heights;	65
The aged Tyrant Judah's land that guides	
In fear and trouble to resist provides.	81

I.

THE sacred armies and the godly knight
That the great sepulchre of Christ did free
I sing; much wrought his valour and foresight,
And in that glorious war much suffer'd he;
In vain 'gainst him did hell oppose her might,
In vain the Turks and Morians armed be;
His soldiers wild, to brawls and mutines prest,
Reduced he to peace; so heaven him blest.

II.

O heavenly muse, that not with fading bays
Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring,
But sittest, crown'd with stars' immortal rays,
In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
My verse ennoble, and forgive the thing,
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with others' praise than thine.

III.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclined
Where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,
And truth convey'd in verse of gentle kind,
To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts ;
So we, if children young diseas'd we find,
Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,
To make them taste the potions sharp we give ;
They drink deceived ; and so deceiv'd they live.

IV.

Ye noble princes, that protect and save
The pilgrim muses, and their ship defend
From rock of ignorance, and error's wave,
Your gracious eyes upon this labour bend ;
To you these tales of love and conquests brave
I dedicate, to you this work I send,
My muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold
Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold.

V.

For if the Christian princes ever strive
To win fair Greece out of the tyrant's hands,
And those usurping Ismaelites deprive
Of woeful Thrace, which now captived stands,
You must from realms and seas the Turks forth drive,
As Godfrey chased them from Judah's lands,
And in this legend, all that glorious deed
Read, whilst you arm you : arm you, whilst you read.

VI.

Six years were run, since first, in martial guise,
The Christian lords warray'd the eastern land,
Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprise,
Both fair, both rich, both won, both conquer'd stand,
And this defended they, in noblest wise,
'Gainst Persian knights and many a valiant band ;
Tortosa won, lest winter might them shend,
They drew to holds, and coming spring attend.

VII.

The sullen season now was come and gone,
That forc'd them, late, cease from their noble war,
When God Almighty from his lofty throne,
Set in those parts of heaven that purest are,
As far above the clear stars every one,
As it is hence up to the highest star,
Look'd down, and all at once this world beheld,
Each land, each city, country, town and field.

VIII.

All things he view'd, at last in Syria stay'd,
Upon the Christian lords, his gracious eye ;
That wondrous look wherewith he oft survey'd
Men's secret thoughts that most concealed lie,
He cast on puissant Godfrey, that assay'd
To drive the Turks from Sion's bulwarks high,
And, full of zeal and faith, esteemed light
All worldly honour, empire, treasure, might.

IX.

In Baldwin next he spied another thought,
Whom spirits proud to vain ambition move :
Tancred he saw his life's joy set at nought,
So woe-begone was he with pains of love :
Boemond the conquer'd folk of Antioch brought
The gentle yoke of Christian rule to prove,
He taught them laws, statutes, and customs new,
Arts, crafts, obedience, and religion true ;

X.

And with such care his busy work he plied,
That to nought else his acting thoughts he bent.
In young Rinaldo fierce desires he spied,
And noble heart, of rest impatient,
To wealth or sovereign power he nought applied
His wits, but all to virtue excellent,
Patterns and rules of skill and courage bold
He took from Guelpho, and his fathers old.

XI.

Thus, when the Lord discover'd had and seen
The hidden secrets of each worthy's breast,
Out of the hierarchies of angels sheen
The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest ;
'Twixt God and souls of men that righteous been
Ambassador is he, for ever blest,
The just commands of heaven's eternal King,
'Twixt skies and earth, he up and down doth bring.

XII.

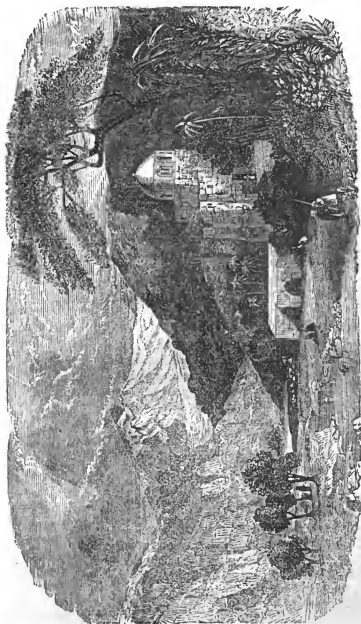
To whom the Lord thus spake, Godfredo find,
And in my name ask him, why doth he rest ?
Why be his arms to ease and peace resign'd ?
Why frees he not Jerusalem distress'd ?
His peers to counsel call, each baser mind
Let him stir up ; for, chieftain of the rest
I choose him here, the earth shall him allow,
His fellows late shall be his subjects now.

XIII.

This said, the angel swift himself prepar'd
To execute the charge impos'd aright :
In form of airy members fair embar'd,
His spirits pure were subject to our sight ;
Like to a man in show and shape he far'd,
But full of heav'nly majesty and might,
A stripling seem'd he thrice five winters old,
And radiant beams adorn'd his locks of gold.

XIV.

Of silver wings he took a shining pair,
Fringed with gold, unwearied, nimble, swift,
With these he parts the winds, the clouds, the air,
And over seas and earth himself doth lift ;
Thus clad, he cut the spheres and circles fair,
And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift,
On Libanon at first his foot he set,
And shook his wings with rory May-dews wet.



[Lebanon.]

XV.

Then to Tortosa's confines swiftly sped
The sacred messenger, with headlong flight ;
Above the eastern wave appeared red
The rising sun, yet scanty half in sight ;
Godfrey e'en then his morn devotions said,
As was his custom, when, with Titan bright,
Appear'd the angel, in his shape divine,
Whose glory far obscured Phœbus' shine.

XVI.

Godfrey (quoth he), behold the season fit
To war, for which thou waited hast so long,
Now serves the time, if thou o'erslip not it,
To free Jerusalem from thrall and wrong :
Thou with thy lords in counsel quickly sit,
Comfort the feeble, and confirm the strong,
The Lord of Hosts their general doth make thee,
And for their chieftain they shall gladly take thee.

XVII.

I, messenger from everlasting love,
In his great name thus his behests do tell,
Oh ! what sure hope of conquest ought thee move !
What zeal, what love, should in thy bosom dwell !
This said, he vanish'd to those seats above,
In height and clearness which the rest excel ;
Down fell the Duke, his joints dissolv'd asunder,
Blind with the light, and stricken dead with wonder.

XVIII.

But, when recover'd, he consider'd more
The man, his manner, and his message said ;
If erst he wished, now he longed sore
To end that war, whereof he lord was made :
Nor swell'd his breast with uncouth pride therefore,
That heav'n on him above this charge had laid,
But, for his great Creator would the same,
His will increas'd ; so fire augmenteth flame.

XIX.

The captains call'd forthwith from every tent,
Unto the rendezvous he them invites,
Letter on letter, post on post he sent,
Entreatance fair with counsel he unites ;
All, what a noble courage could augment,
The sleeping spark of valour what incites,
He us'd, that all their thoughts to honour rais'd,
Some prais'd, some pray'd, some counselled, all pleased:

XX.

The captains, soldiers, all (save Boemond) came,
And pitch'd their tents, some in the fields without,
Some of green boughs their slender cabins frame,
Some lodged were Tortosa's streets about ;
Of all the host the chief of worth and name
Assembled been, a senate grave and stout,
Then Godfrey, after silence kept a space,
Lift up his voice, and spake with princely grace.

XXI.

Warriors, whom God himself elected hath
His worship true in Sion to restore,
And still preserved from danger, harm, and scath,
By many a sea and many an unknown shore,
You have subjected lately to his faith
Some provinces rebellious long before ;
And, after conquests great, have in the same
Erected trophies to his cross and name.

XXII.

But not for this our homes we first forsook,
And from our native soil have march'd so far :
Nor us to dangerous seas have we betook,
Expos'd to hazard of so far-sought war,
Of glory vain to gain an idle smook,
And lands possess'd that wild and barbarous are :
That for our conquests were too mean a prey,
To shed our bloods, to work our souls' decay.

XXIII.

But this the scope was of our former thought,
Of Sion's fort to scale the noble wall,
The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,
Wherein, alas, they long have lived thrall,
In Palestine an empire to have wrought
Where godliness might reign perpetual,
And none be left, that pilgrims might denay
To see Christ's tomb, and promis'd vows to pay.

XXIV.

What to this hour successively is done
Was full of peril, to our honour small ;
Nought to our first designment, if we shun
The purpos'd end, or here lie fixed all :
What boots it us these wars to have begun
Or Europe rais'd to make proud Asia thrall,
If our beginnings have this ending known,
Not kingdoms rais'd, but armies overthrown ?

XXV.

Not as we list erect we empires new
On frail foundations, laid in earthly mould,
Whereof our faith and country be but few,
Among the thousands stout of pagans bold,
Where nought behoves us trust to Greece untrue,
And western aid we far remov'd behold ;
Who buildeth thus, methinks, so buildeth he,
As if his work should his sepulchre be.

XXVI.

Turks, Persians, conquer'd, Antiochia won,
Be glorious acts, and full of glorious praise,
By heav'n's mere grace, not by our prowess, done,
Those conquests were achiev'd by wondrous ways :
If now from that directed course we run
The God of battles thus before us lays,
His loving kindness shall we lose, I doubt,
And be a by-word to the lands about.

XXVII.

Let not these blessings then, sent from above,
Abused be, or spilt in profane wise,
But let the issue correspondent prove
To good beginnings of each enterprise;
The gentle season might our courage move,
Now every passage plain and open lies:
What lets us then the great Jerusalem
With valiant squadrons round about to hem?

XXVIII.

Lords, I protest; and hearken all to it,
Ye times and ages, future, present, past;
Hear all ye blessed in the heavens that sit,
The time for this achievement hasteneth fast:
The longer rest worse will the season fit,
Our surety shall with doubts be overcast,
If we foreslow the siege, I well foresee
From Egypt will the pagans succour'd be.

XXIX.

This said, the hermit Peter rose and spake
(Who sat in counsel those great lords among),
At my request this war was undertake,
In private cell who erst liv'd closed long;
What Godfrey wills, of that no question make,
There cast no doubts where truth is plain and strong,
Your acts I trust will correspond his speech,
Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach.

XXX.

These strifes, unless I far mistake the thing,
And discords rais'd, oft in disorder'd sort,
Your disobedience, and ill managing
Of actions, lost for want of due support,
Refer I justly to a further spring,
Spring of sedition, strife, oppression, tort,
I mean commanding power to sundry given,
In thought, opinion, worth, estate, uneven.

XXXI.

Where divers Lords divided empire hold,
Where causes be by gifts, not justice, tried,
Where offices be falscly bought and sold,
Needs must the lordship there from virtue slide.
Of friendly parts one body then uphold,
Create one head the rest to rule and guide,
To one the regal power and sceptre give,
That henceforth may your king and sovereign live.

XXXII.

And therewith staid his speech. O gracious muse,
What kindling motions in their breasts do fry !
With grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,
That in their hearts his words may fructifie ;
By this a virtuous concord they did choose,
And all contentions then began to die ;
The princes with the multitude agreee,
That Godfrey ruler of those wars should be.

XXXIII.

This power they gave him, by his princely right
All to command, to judge all, good and ill,
Laws to impose to lands subdued by might,
To maken war both when and where he will,
To hold in due subjection every wight,
Their valours to be guided by his skill ;
This done, report displays her tell-tale wings,
And to each ear the news and tidings brings.

XXXIV.

She told the soldiers, who allow'd him meet
And well deserving of that sovereign place ;
Their first salutes and acclamations sweet
Reccived he, with love and gentle grace ;
After, their reverence done, with kind regret
Requited was : with mild and cheerful face,
He bids his armies should, the following day,
On those fair plains, their standards proud display.

XXXV.

The golden sun rose from the silver wave,
And with his beams enamel'd every green,
When up arose each warrior bold and brave,
Glist'ring in filed steel and armours sheen,
With jolly plumes their crests adorn'd they have,
And all tofore their chieftain muster'd been :
He, from a mountain, cast his curious sight
On every footman, and on every knight.

XXXVI.

My mind, time's enemy, oblivion's foe,
Disposer true of each note-worthy thing,
O let thy virtuous might avail me so,
That I each troop and captain great may sing,
That in this glorious war did famous grow,
Forgot till now, by time's evil handling :
This work, derived from thy treasures dear,
Let all times hearken, never age out-wear.

XXXVII.

The French came foremost battailous and bold,
Late led by Hugo, brother to their king,
From France the isle that rivers four enfold
With rolling streams descending from their spring ;
But Hugo dead, the lilly fair of gold,
Their wonted ensign, they tofore them bring
Under Clotharius great, a captain good,
And hardy knight, ysprung of princes' blood.

XXXVIII.

A thousand were they in strong armours clad ;
Next whom there marched forth another band,
That number, nature, and instruction had,
Like them, to fight far off, or charge at hand,
All valiant Normans, by Lord Robert lad,
The native Duke of that renowned land ;
Two Bishops next their standards proud upbear,
Call'd reverend William, and good Ademare.

XXXIX.

Their jolly notes they chanted loud and clear,
On merry mornings, at the mass divine,
And horrid helms high on their heads they bear,
When their fierce courage they to war incline ;
The first four hundred horsemen gathered near
To Orange town, and lands that it confine :
But Ademare the Poggian youth brought out,
In number like, in hard assays as stout.

XL.

Baldwin his ensign fair did next despread
Among his Boulougniers of noble fame,
His brother gave him all his troops to lead
When he commander of the field became.
The Count Carinto did him straight succeed,
Grave in advice, well skill'd in Mars his game,
Four hundred brought he ; but so many thrice
Led Baldwin, clad in gilden arms of price.

XLI.

Guelpho next them the land and place possess'd,
Whose fortunes good with his great acts agree,
By his Italian sire, from th' house of Est
Well could he bring his noble pedigree,
A German born, with rich possessions blest,
A worthy branch sprung from the Guelphian tree ;
'Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contain'd
He rul'd, where Suaves and Rhetians whilom reign'd.

XLII.

His mother's heritage was this and right,
To which he added more by conquest got,
From thence approved men of passing might,
He brought, that death or danger feared not ;
It was their wont in feasts to spend the night,
And pass cold days in baths and houses hot,
Five thousand late, of which now scantily are
The third part left, such is the chance of war.

XLIII.

The nation then with crisped locks and fair,
That dwell between the seas and Ardenne wood,
Where Moselle streams and Rhene the meadows wear,
A batten soil, for grain, for pasture good,
Their islanders with them, who oft repair
Their earthen bulwarks 'gainst the ocean flood,
The flood, elsewhere that ships and barks devours,
But there drowns cities, countries, towns, and towers.

XLIV.

Both in one troop, and but a thousand all,
Under another Robert fierce they run ;
Then th' English squadron, soldiers stout and tall,
By William led, their sovereign's younger son,
These archers be, and with them come withal,
A people near the northern pole that won,
Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests hoar,
Divided far by sea from Europe's shore.

XLV.

Tancredie next, nor 'mongst them all was one,
Rinald except, a prince of greater might ;
With majesty his noble count'nance shone,
High were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,
No shameful vice his worth had overgone,
His fault was love, by unadvised sight,
Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms,
And nurs'd with griefs, with sorrows, woes, and harms.

XLVI.

Fame tells, that on that ever-blessed day,
When Christian swords with Persian blood were died,
The furious prince Tancredie from that fray
His coward foes chaced through forests wide,
Till tired with the fight, the heat, the way,
He sought some place to rest his weary side,
And drew him near a silver stream, that play'd
Among wild herbs, under the greenwood shade.

XLVII.

A Pagan damsel there unwares he met,
In shining steel, all save her visage fair,
Her hair unbound she made a wanton net
To catch sweet breathing from the cooling air.
On her at gaze his longing looks he set,
Sight, wonder; wonder, love; love bred his care;
O love, O wonder; love new born, new bred,
Now grown, now arm'd, this champion captive led.

XLVIII.

Her helm the virgin don'd, and but some wight
She fear'd might come to aid him as they fought,
Her courage yearn'd to have assail'd the knight,
Yet thence she fled, unaccompanied, unsought,
And left her image in his heart ypight,
Her sweet idea wander'd through his thought;
Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind
He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind.

XLIX.

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes,
Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,
His help far off, his hurt within him lies,
His hopes unsprung, his cares were fit to mow.
Eight hundred horse, from Champaign came, he guies,
Champaign, a land where wealth, ease, pleasure grow,
Rich nature's pomp and pride, the Tirrhene main
There woos the hills, hills woo the vallies plain.

L.

Two hundred Grecks came next, in fight well tried,
Not surely arm'd in steel or iron strong,
But each a glave had pendant by his side,
Their bows and quivers at their shoulders hung,
Their horses well inured to chace and ride,
In diet spare, untir'd with labour long,
Ready to charge and to retire at will,
Though broken, scatter'd, fled, they skirmish still.

LI.

Tatine their guide, and except Tatine, none
Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host :
O sin, O shame, O Greece accurs'd alone !
Did not this fatal war affront thy coast ?
Yet sattest thou an idle looker-on,
And glad attendest which side won or lost :
Now if thou be a bond slave vile become
No wrong is that, but God's most righteous doom.

LII.

In order last, but first in worth and fame,
Unfear'd in fight, untir'd with hurt or wound,
The noble squadron of adventurers came,
Terrors to all that tread on Asian ground ;
Cease Orpheus of thy Minois, Arthur shame
To boast of Launcelot, or thy table round,
For these whom antique times with laurel drest,
These far exceed, them, thee, and all the rest.

LIII.

Dudon of Consa was their guide and lord,
And for of worth and birth alike they been,
They chose him captain, by their free accord,
For he most acts had done, most battles seen ;
Grave was the man in years, in looks, in word,
His locks were gray, yet was his courage green,
Of worth and might the noble badge he bore,
Old scars of grievous wounds receiv'd of yore.

LIV.

After, came Eustace, well esteemed man
For Godfrey's sake his brother, and his own ;
The king of Norway's heir, Gernando, then,
Proud of his father's titles, sceptre, crown ;
Roger of Balnavill, and Engerlan
For hardy knights approved were and known ;
Besides were number'd, in that warlike train,
Rambald, Gentonio, and the Gerards twain.

LV.

Ubaldo then, and puissant Rosimond
Of Lancaster the heir, in rank succeed ;
Let none forget Obizo of Tuscan lond,
Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed,
Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce, and yond,
Achilles, Sforza, and stern Palameed ;
Nor Otton's shield he conquer'd in those stowers,
In which a snake a naked child devours.

LVI.

Guascher and Raiphe in valour like there was,
The one and other Guido, famous both ;
Gernier and Eberard to overpass
In foul oblivion would my muse be loth ;
With his Gildippes dear, Edward, alas,
A loving pair, to war among them go'th,
In bond of virtuous love together tied,
Together serv'd they, and together died.

LVII.

In school of love are all things taught we see,
There learn'd this maid of arms the ireful guise,
Still by his side a faithful guard went she,
One truelove knot their lives together ties,
No wound to one alone could dang'rous be,
But each the smart of other's anguish tries,
If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,
She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore.

LVIII.

But these and all Rinaldo far exceeds,
Star of this sphere, the diamond of this ring,
The nest, where courage with sweet mercy breeds ;
A comet, worthy each eye's wondering ;
His years are fewer than his noble deeds,
His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,
Armed, a Mars might coyest Venus move,
And if disarm'd, then God himself of Love.

LIX.

Soph'ia by Adige flowery bank him bore,
Sophia the fair, spouse to Bertolda great,
Fit mother for that pearle, and before
The tender imp was weaned from the teat,
The Princess Maud him took; in virtue's lore
She brought him up, fit for each worthy feat.
Till of these wars the golden trump he hears,
That soundeth glory, fame, praise in his ears.

LX.

And then, though scantly three times five years old,
He fled alone, by many an unknown coast,
O'er Ægean seas, by many a Greekish hold,
Till he arrived at the Christian host;
A noble flight, adventurous, brave, and bold,
Whereon a valiant prince might justly boast,
Three years he serv'd in field, when scant begin
Few golden hairs to deck his ivory chin.

LXI.

The horsemen past, their void-left stations fill
The bands on foot, and Reymond them beforne,
Of Toulouse lord; from lands near Piræne hill,
By Garonne streams and salt sea billows worn,
Four thousand foot he brought, well arm'd, and skill
Had they all pains and travel to have born,
Stout men of arms, and with their guide of power
Like Troy's old town, defenc'd with Ilion's tower.

LXII.

Next Stephen of Amboise did five thousand lead,
The men he press'd from Tours and Blois but late,
To hard assays unfit, unsure at need,
Yet arm'd to point in well attemper'd plate,
The land did like itself the people breed,
The soil is gentle, smooth, soft, delicate;
Boldly they charge, but soon retire for doubt,
Like fire of straw soon kindled, soon burnt out.

LXIII.

The third Alcasto marched, and with him
The boaster brought six thousand Switzers bold ;
Audacious were their looks, their faces grim,
Strong castles on the Alpine cliffs they hold ;
Their shares and culters broke, to armours trim
They change that metal, cast in warlike mould ;
And with this band late herds and flocks that guide,
Now kings and realms he threat'ned and defied.

LXIV.

The glorious standard last to heav'n they sprad,
With Peter's keys ennobled, and his crown,
With it seven thousand stout Camillo had,
Embattailed in walls of iron brown ;
In this adventure and occasion, glad
So to revive the Romans' old renown,
Or prove at least to all of wiser thought
Their hearts were fertile land, although unwrought.

LXV.

But now was passed every regiment,
Each band, each troop, each person, worth regard,
When Godfrey with his lords to counsel went,
And thus the Duke his princely will declar'd :
I will, when day next clears the firmament,
Our ready host in haste be all prepar'd
Closely to march to Sion's noble wall,
Unseen, unheard, or undescried at all.

LXVI.

Prepare you then, for travail strong and light,
Fierce to the combat, glad to victory :
And with that word and warning soon was dight
Each soldier, longing for near coming glory ;
Impatient be they of the morning bright,
Of honour so them prick'd the memory.
But yet their chieftain had conceiv'd a fear
Within his heart, but kept it secret there.

LXVII.

For he by faithful spiall was assur'd,
That Égypt's king was forward on his way,
And to arrive at Gaza old procur'd
A fort, that on the Syrian frontiers lay;
Nor thinks he that a man to wars enur'd
Will ought forslow, or in his journey stay,
For well he knew him for a dang'rous foe;
An herald call'd he then, and spake him so:

LXVIII.

A pinnace take thee, swift as shaft from bow,
And speed thee, Henry, to the Greekish main,
There should arrive, as I by letters know
From one that never aught reports in vain,
A valiant youth, in whom all virtues flow,
To help us this great conquest to obtain,
The Prince of Danes he is, and brings to war
A troop with him from under th' Arctic star.

LXIX.

And, for I doubt the Greekish monarch sly,
Will use with him some of his wonted craft,
To stay his passage, or divert awry
Elsewhere his forces, his first journey laft,
My herald good, and messenger well try,
See that these succours be not us beraft,
But send him thence with such convenient speed,
As with his honour stands, and with our need.

LXX.

Return not thou, but legier stay behind,
And move the Greekish prince to send us aid,
Tell him his kingly promise doth him bind
To give us succours, by his covenant made.
This said, and thus instruct, his letters sign'd
The trusty herald took, nor longer staid,
But sped him thence to done his lord's behest,
And thus the Duke reduc'd his thoughts to rest.

LXXI.

Aurora bright her chrystal gates unbarr'd,
And bridegroom-like forth-step'd the glorious sun,
When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,
And every one to rouse him fierce begun,
Sweet music to each heart for war prepar'd,
The soldiers glad by heaps to harness run ;
So, if with drought endanger'd be their grain,
Poor ploughmen joy, when thunders promise rain.

LXXII.

Some shirts of mail, some coats of plate put on,
Some don'd a cuirass, some a corslet bright,
An hawberk some, and some a habergeon,
So every one in arms was quickly dight,
His wonted guide each soldier tends upon,
Loose in the wind waved their banners light,
Their standard royal towards heaven they spread,
The cross triumphant on the Pagans dead.

LXXIII.

Meanwhile the car that bears the light'ning brand,
Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,
And smote the glist'ring armies as they stand,
With quiv'ring beams which daz'd the wond'ring eye,
That Phaeton-like it fired sea and land,
The sparkles seem'd up to the skies to fly ;
The horses neigh, and clatt'ring armours sowne,
Pursue the echo over dale and down.

LXXIV.

Their general did with due care provide
To save his men from ambush and from train ;
Some troops of horse that lightly armed ride,
He sent to scour the woods and forests main,
His pioneers their busy work applied,
To even the paths and make the highways plain,
They fill'd the pits, and smooth'd the rougher ground,
And open'd every strait they closed found.

LXXV.

They meet no forces gathered by their foe,
No towers, defenc'd with rampire, mote, or wall,
No stream, no wood, no mountain could forslow
Their hasty pace, or stop their march at all :
So when his banks the prince of rivers, Po,
Doth overswell, he breaks, with hideous fall,
The mossy rocks and trees o'ergrown with age,
Nor aught withstands his fury and his rage.

LXXVI.

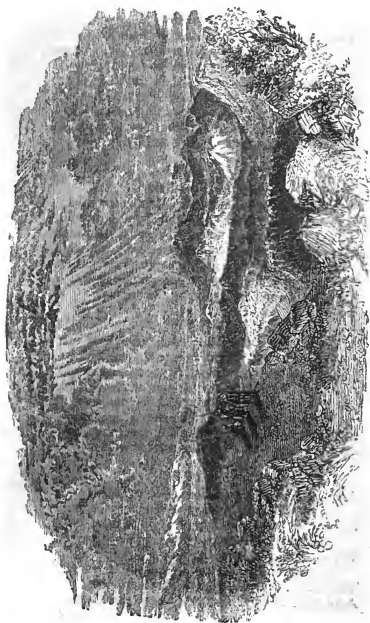
The king of Tripoli in every hold
Shut up his men, munition, and his treasure,
The straggling troops sometimes assail he would,
Save that he durst not move them to displeasure,
He staid their rage with presents, gifts, and gold,
And led them through his land at ease and leisure ;
To keep his realm in peace and rest he chose,
With what conditions Godfrey list impose.

LXXVII.

Those of Mount Seir, that neighboureth by east
The holy city, faithful folk each one,
Down from the hill descended most and least,
And to the Christian Duke by heaps they gone,
And welcome him and his, with joy and feast,
On him they smile, on him they gaze alone,
And were his guides, as faithful, from that day,
As Hesperus, that leads the sun his way.

LXXVIII.

Along the sands his armies safe they guide,
By ways secure, to them well known before ;
Upon the tumbling billows fraughted ride
The armed ships, coasting along the shore,
Which for the camp might every day provide
To bring munition good, and victuals' store,
The Isles of Greece sent in provision meet,
And store of wine from Scios came and Crete.



[Mount Seir.]

LXXIX.

Great Neptune grieved underneath the load
Of ships, hulks, gallies, barks, and brigantines,
In all the mid-earth seas was left no road,
Wherein the Pagan his bold sails untwines,
Spread was the huge Armado wide and broad,
From Venice, Genes, and towns which them confines,
From Holland, England, France, and Sicill sent,
And all for Judah ready bound and bent ;

LXXX.

All these together were combin'd, and knit
With surest bonds of love and friendship strong,
Together sail'd they, fraught with all things fit
To service done by land that might belong,
And when occasion serv'd disembark'd it ;
Then sail'd the Asian coasts and isles along ;
Thither with speed their hasty course they plied,
Where Christ the Lord for our offences died.

LXXXI.

The brazen trump of iron-winged fame,
That minglcth faithful troth with forged lies,
Foretold the Heathen how the Christians came,
How thitherward the conquering army hies,
Of every knight it sounds the worth and name,
Each troop, each band, each squadron it describes,
And threat'neth death to those, fire, sword, and slaughter,
Who held captiv'd Israel's fairest daughter.

LXXXII.

The fear of ill exceeds the evil we fear,
For so our present harms still most annoy us,
Each mind is press'd, and open every ear
To hear new tidings, though they no way joy us.
This secret rumour whisper'd every where
About the town, these Christians will destroy us ;
The aged king his coming evil that knew,
Did cursed thoughts in his false heart renew.

LXXXIII.

This aged prince, ycleped Aladine,
Ruled in care, new sovereign of this state ;
A tyrant erst, but now his fell engine
His graver age did somewhat mitigate ;
He heard the western lords would undermine
His city's wall, and lay his towers prostrate.
To former fear he adds a new-come doubt,
'Treason he fears within, and force without.

LXXXIV.

For nations twain inhabit there and dwell,
Of sundry faith, together in that town,
The lesser part on Christ believed well,
On Termagant the more, and on Mahowne :
But when this king had made his conquest fell,
And brought that region subject to his crown,
Of burdens all he set the Paynims large,
And on poor Christians laid the double charge.

LXXXV.

His native wrath reviv'd with this new thought,
With age and years that weaken'd was of yore ;
Such madness in his cruel bosom wrought,
That now, than ever, blood he thirsteth more ;
So stings a snake that to the fire is brought,
Which harmless lay benumb'd with cold before ;
A lion, so, his rage renewed hath,
Though tame before, if he be mov'd to wrath.

LXXXVI.

I see, quoth he, some expectation vain,
In these false Christians, and some new content ;
Our common loss they trust will be their gain,
They laugh, we weep ; they joy, while we lament ;
And more, perchance by treason or by train,
To murder us they secretly consent,
Or otherwise to work us harm and woe,
To ope the gates, and so let in our foe.

LXXXVII.

But, lest they should effect their cursed will,
Let us destroy this serpent on his nest ;
Both young and old, let us this people kill,
The tender infants at their mothers' breast ;
Their houses burn, their holy temples fill
With bodies slain, of those that lov'd them best ;
And on that tomb they hold so much in price,
Let's offer up their priests in sacrifice.

LXXXVIII.

Thus thought the tyrant in his trait'rous mind,
But durst not follow what he had decreed ;
Yet, if the innocents some mercy find,
From cowardice, not ruth, did that proceed.
His noble foes durst not his craven kind
Exasperate, by such a bloody deed ;
For if he need, what grace could then be got,
If thus of peace he broke, or loos'd the knot ?

LXXXIX.

His villain heart his cursed rage restrain'd,
To other thoughts he bent his fierce desire :
The suburbs, first, flat with the earth he plain'd,
And burnt their buildings with devouring fire ;
Loth was the wretch the Frenchmen should have gain'd
Or help, or ease, by finding aught intire ;
Cedron, Bethsaida, and each wat'ring els,
Empoison'd he, both fountains, springs, and wells.

XC.

So wary-wise this child of darkness was,
The city's self he strongly fortifies ;
Three sides by scite it well defended has,
That's only weak that to the northward lies ;
With mighty bars of long enduring brass,
The steel-bound doors, and iron gates he ties,
And lastly, legions armed well provides,
Of subjects born, and hired aid besides.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

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I.

WHILE thus the tyrant bends his thoughts to arms,
 Ismeno 'gan tofore his sight appear,
 Ismen, dead bones laid in cold graves that warms,
 And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see, and hear ;
 Ismen, with terror of his mighty charms,
 That makes great Dis in deepest hell to fear,
 That binds and looseth souls condemn'd to woe,
 And sends the devils on errands to and fro'.

II.

A Christian once, Macon he now adores,
 Nor could he quite his wonted faith forsake,
 But in his wicked arts both oft implores
 Help from the Lord, and aid from Pluto blake ;
 He, from deep caves by Acheron's dark shore,
 Where circles vain and spells he us'd to make,
 T' advise his king in these extremes is come ;
 Architophell so counsell'd Absalom.

III.

My liege, he says, the camp fast hither moves,
The axe is laid unto this cedar's root ;
But let us work as valiant men bchoves,
For boldest hearts good fortune helpeth out :
Your princely care your kingly wisdom proves,
Well have yon labour'd, well foreseen about,
If each perform his charge and duty so,
Nought but his grave here conquer shall your foe.

IV.

From surest castle of my secret cell
I come, partaker of your good and ill ;
What counsel sage or magic's sacred spell
May profit us, all that perform I will :
The sprites impure, from bliss that whilom fell,
Shall to your service bow, constrain'd by skill :
But how we must begin this enterprise,
I will your highness thus in brief advise.

V.

Within the Christians' church, from light of skies,
An hidden altar stands, far out of sight,
On which the image consecrated lies
Of Christ's dear mother, call'd a virgin bright ;
An hundred lamps aye burn before her eyes ;
She, in a slender veil of tinsel dight,
On every side great plenty doth behold
Of offerings brought, myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

VI.

This idol would I have remov'd away
From thence, and by your princely hand transport,
In Macon's sacred temple safe it lay,
Which then I will enchant in wond'rous sort,
That while the image in that church doth stay,
No strength of arms shall win this noble fort,
Or shake this puissant wall ; such passing might
Have spells and charms, if they be said aright.

VII.

Advised thus, the king impatient
Flew in his fury to the house of God,
The image took, with words unreverent
Abus'd the prelates, who that deed forbod ;
Swift with his prey away the tyrant went,
Of God's sharp justice nought he fear'd the rod,
But in his chapel vile the image laid,
On which th' enchanter charms and witchcrafts said.

VIII.

When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,
Uprose the sexton of that place prophane,
And miss'd the image where it us'd to lie ;
Each-where he sought in grief, in fear, in vain ;
Then to the king his loss he 'gan descrie,
Who sore enraged kill'd him for his pain,
And straight conceiv'd, in his malicious wit,
Some Christian badc this great offence commit.

IX.

But whether this were act of mortal hand,
Or else the Prince of Heav'n's eternal pleasure,
That of his mercy would this wretch withstand,
Nor let so vile a chest hold such a treasure,
As yet conjecture hath not fully scann'd ;
By godliness let us this action measure,
And truth of purest faith will fitly prove,
That this rare grace came down from heav'n above.

X.

With busy search the tyrant 'gan invade
Each house, each hold, each temple, and each tent.
To them the fault or faulty one bewrai'd,
Or hid, he promis'd gifts or punishment ;
His idle charms the false enchanter said,
But in this maze still wander'd and mis-went,
For heaven decreed to conceal the same,
To make the miscreant more to feel his shame.

XI.

But when the angry king discover'd not
What guilty hand this sacrilege had wrought,
His ireful courage boil'd in vengeance hot
Against the Christians, whom he faulters thought ;
All ruth, compassion, mercy, he forgot,
A staff to beat that dog he long had sought :
Let them all die, quoth he, both great and small,
So shall the offender perish sure withall.

XII.

To spill the wine with poison mix'd who spares ?
Slay then the righteous with the faulty-one,
Destroy this field, that yieldeth nought but tares,
With thorns this vineyard all is overgone ;
Among these wretches is not one that cares
For us, our laws, or our religion,
Up, up, dear subjects, fire and weapon take,
Burn, murder, kill, these traitors, for my sake.

XIII.

This Herod thus would Bethlem's infants kill ;
The Christians soon these direful news receive,
The trump of death sounds in their hearing shrill,
Their weapon, faith ; their fortress was the grave,
They had no courage, time, devise, or will,
To fight, to flee, excuse, or pardon crave,
But stood prepar'd to die, yet help they find
Whence least they hope, such knots can heav'n unbind.

XIV.

Among them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,
A maid, whose fruit was ripe, not over-year'd,
Her beauty was her not-esteemed treasure ;
The field of love, with plough of virtue ear'd.
Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure ;
Her house the heav'n by this full moon aye clear'd,
For there, from lover's eyes withdrawn, alone
With virgin beams this spotless Cinthia shone.

XV.

But what avail'd her resolution chaste,
Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire ?
Nor love consents that beauty's field lie waste ;
Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire :
O subtile love ! a thousand wiles thou hast,
By humble suit, by service, or by hire,
To win a maiden's hold, a thing soon done,
For nature fram'd all women to be won.

XVI.

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,
Both of one town, both in one faith were taught,
She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,
Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought ;
He durst not speak, by suit to purchase ruth,
She saw not, mark'd not, wist not what he sought ;
Thus lov'd, thus serv'd he long, but not regarded,
Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, unrewarded.

XVII.

To her came message of the murderment,
Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless sterve,
She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,
Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve ;
Zeal was the spring whence flow'd her hardiment,
From maiden's shame yet was she loth to swerve :
Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,
That boldness, shamefast ; shame had made her bold.

XVIII.

And forth she went, a shop for merchandize,
Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed,
A veil obscur'd the sun-shine of her eyes,
The rose within herself her sweetness closed,
Each ornament about her seemly lies,
By curious chance, or careless art, composed ;
For what the most neglects, most curious prove,
So beauty's help'd by nature, heaven, and love.

XIX.

Admir'd of all on went this noble maid
Until the presence of the king she gained,
Nor, for he swell'd with ire, was she afraid,
But his fierce wrath with fearless grace sustained ;
I come, quoth she (but be thine anger staid,
And causeless rage 'gainst faultless souls restrained),
I come to show thee and to bring thee both
The wight, whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth.

XX.

Her modest boldness, and that light'ning ray
Which her sweet beauty streamed on his face,
Had strook the prince with wonder and dismay,
Changed his cheer and clear'd his moody grace,
That had her eyes dispos'd their looks to play,
The king had snared been in love's strong lace ;
But wayward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a smile engendereth love.

XXI.

It was amazement, wonder and delight,
Although not love, that moved his cruel sense,
Tell on, quoth he, unfold the chance aright,
Thy people's lives I grant for recompense.
Then she, Behold the faultier here in sight,
This hand committed that suppos'd offence,
I took the image, mine that fault, that fact,
Mine be the glory of that virtuous act.

XXII.

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood
To save the rest of Christ's selected fold ;
O noble lie ! was ever truth so good ?
Blest be the lips that such a leasing told :
Thoughtful awhile remain'd the tyrant wood,
His native wrath he 'gan a space withhold,
And said, That thou discover soon I will,
What aid ? what counsel hadst thou in that ill ?

XXIII.

My lofty thoughts, she answer'd him, envied
Another's hand should work my high desire,
The thirst of glory can no partner bide,
With mine own self I did alone conspire.
On thee alone, the tyrant then replied,
Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire.
'Tis just and right, quoth she, I yield consent,
Mine be the honour, mine the punishment.

XXIV.

The wretch of new enraged at the same,
Ask'd where she hid the image so convey'd :
Not hid, quoth she, but quite consum'd with flame,
The idol is of that eternal maid,
For so at least I have preserv'd the same
With hands profane from being eft betray'd.
My lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more ;
Here see the thief, that scorneth death therefore.

XXV.

And yet no theft was this, yours was the sin,
I brought again what you unjustly took ;
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look ;
No pity, youth ; fairness, no grace could win ;
Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook ;
Wrath kill'd remorse, vengeance stopt mercy's breath,
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty slave to death.

XXVI.

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse,
The king condemn'd her, guiltless, to the fire ;
Her veil and mantle pluck'd they off by force,
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire :
Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse
These hungry kites pluck'd off her rich attire,
And for some-deal perplexed was her sprite,
Her damask late now chang'd to purest white.

XXVII.

The news of this mishap spread far and near,
The people ran, both young and old, to gase ;
Olindo also ran, and 'gan to fear
His lady was some partner in this case :
But when he found her bound, strip'd from her gear,
And vile tormentors ready saw in place,
He broke the throng, and into present brast,
And thus bespake the king in rage and haste :

XXVIII.

Not so, not so this girl shall bear away
From me the honour of so noble feat,
She duret not, did not, could not, so convey
The massy substance of that idol great ;
What sleight had she the wardens to betray ?
What strength to heave the goddess from her seat ?
No, no, my lord, she sails but with my wind ;
(Ah thus he lov'd, yet was his love unkind.)

XXIX.

He added further, Where the shining glass
Lets in the light amid your temple's side,
By broken by-ways did I inward pass,
And in that window made a postern wide,
Nor shall therefore this ill-advised lass
Usurp the glory should this fact betide,
Mine be these bonds, mine be these flames so pure,
O glorious death, more glorious sepulture.

XXX.

Sophronia rais'd her modest looks from ground,
And on her lover bent her eye-sight mild ;
Tell me what fury, what conceit unsound,
Presenteth here to death so sweet a child ?
Is not in me sufficient courage found
To bear the anger of this tyrant wild ?
Or hath fond love thy heart so overgone ?
Wouldst thou not live, nor let me die alone ?

XXXI.

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind,
She could not alter his well-settled thought :
O miracle ! O strife of wondrous kind !
Where love and virtue such contention wrought,
Where death the victor had for meed assign'd,
Their own neglect each other's safety sought ;
But thus the king was more provok'd to ire,
Their strife for bellows serv'd to anger's fire.

XXXII.

He thinks (such thoughts self-guiltiness finds out)
They scorn'd his power, and therefore scorn'd the pain :
Nay, nay, quoth he, let be your strife and doubt,
You both shall win, and fit reward obtain.
With that the serjeant bent the young man stout,
And bound him likewise in a worthless chain,
Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,
Two harmless turtles, dight for sacrifice.

XXXIII.

About the pile of fagots, sticks and hay,
The bellows rais'd the newly-kindled flame,
When thus Olindo, in a doleful lay,
Begun too late his bootless plaints to frame :
Be these the bonds ? Is this the hop'd-for day
Should join me to this long-desired dame ?
Is this, the fire alike should burn our hearts ?
Ah ! hard reward for lovers' kind desarts !

XXXIV.

Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,
But thus our fortune casts the hapless die ;
Death hath exchang'd again his shafts with love,
And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly.
O Hymen say, what fury doth thee move
To lend thy lamps to light a tragedy ?
Yet this contents me that I die for thee,
Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be

XXXV.

Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,
My torments easy, full of sweet delight,
If this I could obtain, that breast to breast
Thy bosom might receive my yielded sprite ;
And thine with it, in heav'n's pure clothing drest,
Through clearest skies might take united flight.
Thus he complain'd, whom gently she reprov'd,
And sweetly spake him thus, that so her lov'd :

XXXVI.

Far other complaints, dear friend, tears and laments,
The time, the place, and our estates require ;
Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents
Before that judge that quites each soul his hire ;
For his name suffer, for no pain torments
Him, whose just prayers to his throne aspire :
Behold the heavens, thither thine eyesight bend,
Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send.

XXXVII.

The pagans loud cried out to God and man,
The Christians mourn'd in silent lamentation ;
The tyrant's self, a thing unus'd, began
To feel his heart relent, with mere compassion,
But not dispos'd to ruth or mercy than,
He sped him thence, home to his habitation :
Sophronia stood not griev'd nor discontented,
By all that saw her, but herself, lamented.

XXXVIII.

The lovers, standing in this doleful wise,
A warrior bold unwares approached near,
In uncouth arms yclad, and strange disguise,
From countries far but new arrived there ;
A savage tigress on her helmet lies,
The famous badge Clorinda us'd to bear ;
That wons in every warlike stour to win,
By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

XXXIX.

She scorn'd the arts these seely women use,
Another thought her nobler humour fed ;
Her lofty hand would of itself refuse
To touch the dainty needle, or nice thread ;
She hated chambers, closets, secret mews,
And in broad fields preserv'd her maidenhead :
Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout,
Her dame a dove thus brought an eagle out.

XL.

While she was young, she us'd with tender hand
The foaming steed with froarie bit to steer ;
To tilt and tournay, wrestle in the sand,
To leave with speed Atlanta swift arreare ;
Through forests wild and unfrequented land
To chace the lion, boar, or rugged bear ;
The satyrs rough, the fawns and fairies wild,
She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguil'd.

XLI.

This lusty lady came from Persia late,
She with the Christians had encountered eft,
And in their flesh had opened many a gate
By which their faithful souls their bodies left ;
Her eye at first presented her the state
Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft,
Greedy to know, as is the mind of man,
Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran.

XLII.

The people made her room, and on them twain
Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart ;
Silent she saw the one, the other plain,
The weaker body lodg'd the nobler heart :
Yet him she saw lament, as if his pain
Were grief and sorrow for another's smart ;
And her keep silence so, as if her eyes
Dumb orators were to entreat the skies

XLIII.

Clorinda chang'd to ruth her warlike mood,
Few silver drops her vermeil cheeks depaint,
Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood,
Her silence more prevail'd than his complaint ;
She ask'd an aged man, seem'd grave and good,
Come say me sire, quoth she, what hard constraint
Would murder here love's queen, and beauty's king ?
What fault or fate doth to this death them bring ?

XLIV.

Thus she inquir'd, and answer short he gave,
But such as all the chance at large disclosed ;
She wondered at the case, the virgin brave
That both were guiltless of the fault supposed ;
Her noble thought cast how she might them save,
The means on suit or battle she reposed ;
Quick to the fire she ran, and quench'd it out,
And thus bespake the serjeants and the rout :

XLV.

Be there not one among you all that dare
In this your hateful office aught proceed,
Till I return from court, nor take you care
To reap displeasure for not making speed :
To do her will the men themselves prepare,
In their faint hearts her looks such terror breed ;
To court she went, their pardon would she get,
But on the way the courteous king she met.

XLVI.

Sir king, quoth she, my name Clorinda hight,
My fame perchance hath pierc'd your ears ere now,
I come to try my wonted power and might,
And will defend this land, this town, and you ;
All hard assays esteem I eath and light,
Great acts I reach to, to small things I bow,
To fight in field, or to defend this wall,
Point what you list, I nought refuse at all.

XLVII.

To whom the king : What land so far remote,
From Asia's coasts, or Phœbus' glist'ring rays,
O glorious virgin, that recordeth not
Thy fame, thine honour, worth, renown and praise ?
Since on my side I have thy succours got,
I need not fear in these mine aged days ;
For in thine aid more hope, more trust, I have,
'Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave.

XLVIII.

Now Godfrey stays too long, he fears I ween ;
Thy courage great keeps all our foes in awe ;
For thee all actions far unworthy been,
But such as greatest danger with them draw ;
Be you commandress therefore, princess, queen,
Of all our forces, be thy word a law.
This said, the virgin 'gan her beavoir vale,
And thank'd him first, and thus began her tale :

XLIX.

A thing unus'd, great monarch, may it seem,
To ask reward for service yet to come ;
But so your virtuous bounty I esteem,
That I presume for to entreat, this groom
And seely maid from danger to redeem,
Condemn'd to burn by your impartial doom,
I not excuse, but pity much their youth,
And come to you for mercy and for ruth.

L.

Yet give me leave to tell your highness this,
You blame the Christians, them my thoughts acquite,
Nor be displeas'd, I say you judge amiss,
At every shot look not to hit the white ;
All what th' enchanter did persuade you is
Against the lore of Macon's sacred right ;
For us commandeth mighty Mahomet,
No idols in his temples pure to set.

LI.

To him therefore this wonder done refer,
Give him the praise and honour of the thing ;
Of us the gods benign so careful are,
Lest customs strange into their church we bring :
Let Ismen with his squares and trigons war,
His weapons be the staff, the glass, the ring ;
But let us manage war with blows, like knights,
Our praise in arms, our honour lies in fights.

LII.

The virgin held her peace when this was said :
And though to pity never fram'd his thought,
Yet, for the king admir'd the noble maid,
His purpose was not to deny her aught ;
I grant them life, quoth he ; your promis'd aid
Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought ;
Nor further seek what their offences be,
Guiltless I quite ; guilty, I set them free.

LIII.

Thus were they loos'd, happiest of human kind ;
Olindo, blessed be this act of thine ;
True witness of thy great and heav'nly mind ;
Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.
So forth they went, and left pale death behind,
To joy the bliss of marriage-rites divine ;
With her he would have died, with him content
Was she to live, that would with her have brent.

LIV.

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious,
Suppos'd too fast this tree of virtue grew ;
O blessed Lord ! why should this Pharaoh vicious
Thus tyrannize upon thy Hebrews true ?
Who to perform his will, vile and malicious,
Exiled these, and all the faithful crew,
All that were strong of body, stout of mind ;
But kept their wives and children pledge behind.

LV.

A hard division, when the harmless sheep
Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,
But labour's virtue's watching, ease her sleep,
Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge;
The Christians fled, whither they took no keep,
Some strayed wild among the forests large,
Some to Emmaus, to the Christian host,
And conquer would again their houses lost.

LVI.

Emmaus is a city small, that lies
From Sion's walls distant a little way;
A man that early on the morn doth rise,
May thither walk ere third hour of the day.
Oh! when the Christian lords this town espies,
How merry were their hearts, how fresh, how gay
But, for the sun inclined fast to west,
That night there would their chieftain take his rest.

LVII.

Their canvas castles up they quickly rear,
And build a city in an hour's space;
When lo! disguised in unusual gear,
Two barons bold approachen 'gan the place;
Their semblance kind, and mild their gestures were,
Peace in their hands, and friendship in their face;
From Egypt's king ambassadors they come,
Them many a 'squire attends, and many a groom.

LVIII.

The first Aletes, born in lowly shed
Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier,
That now his branches over Egypt spread,
No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher;
With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,
A flatterer, a pickthank, and a liar;
Curst be estate got with so many a crime,
Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb.

LIX.

Argantes called is that other knight,
A stranger came he late to Egypt's land,
And there advanced was to honour's height,
For he was stout of courage, strong of hand ;
Bold was his heart, and restless was his sprite,
Fierce, stern, outrageous, keen as sharpen'd brand,
Scorner of God, scant to himself a friend,
And prick'd his reason on his weapon's end.

LX.

These two entreatance made they might be heard,
Nor was their just petition long denied ;
The gallants quickly made their court of guard,
And brought them in where sat their famous guide ;
Whose kingly look his princely mind declared,
Where noblesse, virtue, troth, and valour bide :
A slender courtesie made Argantes bold,
So as one prince salute another would.

LXI.

Aletes laid his right hand on his heart,
Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low ;
And rev'rence made with courtly grace and art,
For all that humble lore to him was know ;
His sober lips then did he softly part,
Whence of pure rhetoric whole streams outflow,
And thus he said, while on the Christian lords
Down fell the mildew of his sugar'd words :

LXII.

O, only worthy, whom the earth all fears !
High God defend thee, with his heav'nly shield ;
And humble so the hearts of all thy peers,
That their stiff necks to thy sweet yoke may yield ;
These be the sheaves that honour's harvest bears,
The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field,
Egypt the headland is, where heaped lies
Thy fame, worth, justice, wisdom, victories.

LXIII.

These, altogether, doth our sovereign hide
In secret storehouse of his princely thought,
And prays he may in long accordance bide
With that great worthy, which such wonders wrought,
Nor that oppose against the coming tide
Of proffered love, for that he is not taught
Your Christian faith, for, though of divers kind,
The loving vine about her elm is twin'd.

LXIV.

Receive, therefore, in that unconquered hand,
The precious handle of this cup of love,
If not religion, virtue be the band
'Twixt you to fasten friendship, not to move :
But, for our mighty king doth understand,
You mean your power 'gainst Judah land to prove,
He would, before this threat'ned tempest fell,
I should his mind and princely will first tell.

LXV.

His mind is this ; he prays thee be contented
To joy in peace the conquests thou hast got,
Be not thy death, or Sion's fall lamented,
Forbear this land, Judea trouble not ;
Things done in haste at leisure be repented ;
Withdraw thine arms, trust not uncertain lot,
For oft we see what least we think betide ;
He is thy friend 'gainst all the world beside.

LXVI.

True labour in the vineyard of thy Lord,
Ere prime thou hast th' imposed day-work done ;
What armies conquer'd, perish'd with thy sword !
What cities sack'd ! what kingdoms hast thou won ?
All ears are maz'd, while tongues thine acts record,
Hands quake for fear, all feet for dread do run ;
And though new realms you may to thralldom bring,
No higher can your praise, your glory spring.

LXVII.

Thy sun is in his Apogæon placed,
And when it moveth next must needs descend ;
Chance is uncertain, fortune double-faced,
Smiling at first, she frowneth in the end ;
Beware thine honour be not then disgraced,
Take heed thou mar not, when thou think'st to mend,
For this the folly is of fortune's play,
'Gainst doubtful, certain ; much, 'gainst small, to lay.

LXVIII.

Yet still we sail, while prosp'rous blows the wind,
Till on some secret rock unwares we light ;
The sea of glory hath no banks assign'd ;
They who are wont to win in every fight,
Still feed the fire that so enflames thy mind,
To bring mo nations subject to thy might ;
This makes thee, blessed peace, so light to hold,
Like summer's flies that fear not winter's cold.

LXIX.

They bid thee follow on the path, now made
So plain and easy, enter fortune's gate,
Nor in thy scabbard sheathe that famous blade,
Till settled be thy kingdom, and estate,
Till Macon's sacred doctrine fall and fade,
Till woeful Asia all lie desolate ;
Sweet words, I grant, baits and allurements sweet,
But greatest hopes oft greatest crosses meet.

LXX.

For, if thy courage do not blind thine eyes,
If clouds of fury hide not reason's beams,
Then may'st thou see this desp'rate enterprize,
The field of death water'd with danger's streams :
High state the bed is where misfortune lies,
Mars most unfriendly when most kind he seems ;
Who climbeth high on earth he hardest lights,
And lowest falls attend the highest flights.

LXXI.

Tell me, if, great in counsel, arms, and gold,
The Prince of Egypt war 'gainst you prepare;
What if the valiant Turks and Persians bold
Unite their forces with Cassano's heir?
Oh! then, what marble pillar shall uphold
The falling trophies of your conquests fair?
'Trust you the monarch of the Greekish land?
'That reed will break; and breaking, wound your hand.

LXXII.

The Greekish faith is like that half-cut tree,
By which men take wild elephants in Ind,
A thousand times it hath beguiled thee,
As firm as waves in seas, or leaves in wind.
Will they, who erst denied you passage free,
(Passage to all men free, by use and kind)
Fight for your sake? or on them do you trust
To spend their blood, that could scarce spare their dust?

LXXIII.

But all your hope and trust perchance is laid
In these strong troops, which thee environ round;
Yet foes unite are not so soon dismay'd,
As when their strength you erst divided found:
Besides, each hour thy bands are weaker made,
With hunger, slaughter, lodging on cold ground;
Meanwhile the Turks seek succours from our king;
Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumbers spring.

LXXIV.

Suppose no weapon can thy valour's pride
Subdue, that by no force thou may'st be won;
Admit no steel can hurt or wound thy side,
And be it heav'n hath thee such favour done;
'Gainst famine yet what shield canst thou provide?
What strength resist? what sleight her wrath can shun?
Go, shake thy spear, and draw thy flaming blade,
And try if hunger so be weaker made.

LXXV.

Th' inhabitants each pasture and each plain
Destroyed have, each field to waste is laid,
In fenced towers bestowed is their grain,
Before thou cam'st this kingdom to invade ;
These horse and foot how canst thou then sustain ?
Whence comes thy store ? whence thy provision made ?
Thy ships to bring it are, perchance, assign'd,
Oh ! that you live so long as please the wind !

LXXVI.

• Perhaps thy fortune doth controul the wind,
Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave ;
The sea, pardie, cruel, and deaf by kind,
Will hear thy call, and still her raging wave :
But if our armed gallies be assign'd
To aid those ships, which Turks and Persians have,
Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet ?
Dare flocks of crows a flight of eagles meet ?

LXXVII.

My lord, a double conquest must you make,
If you achieve renown by this emprise :
For if our fleet your navy chase or take,
For want of victuals all your camp then dies ;
Or if by land the field you once forsake,
Then vain by sea were hope of victories :
Nor could your ships restore your lost estate ;
For steed once stolen, we shut the door too late.

LXXVIII.

In this estate, if thou esteemest light
The proffer'd kindness of th' Egyptian king,
Then give me leave to say, this oversight
Besems thee not, in whom such virtues spring :
But heav'n's vouchsafe to guide thy mind aright
To gentle thoughts, that peace and quiet bring ;
So that poor Asia her complaints may cease,
And you enjoy your conquest got, in peace.

LXXXIX.

Nor ye that part in these adventures have,
Part in his glory, partners in his harms,
Let not blind fortune so your minds desave,
To stir him more to try these fierce alarms ;
But, like the sailor, 'scaped from the wave,
From further peril, that his person arms
By staying safe at home, so stay you all ;
Better sit still, men say, than rise to fall.

LXXX.

This said Aletes : and a murmur rose
That show'd dislike among the Christian peers,
Their angry gestures with mislike disclose
How much his speech offends their noble ears.
Lord Godfrey's eye three times environ goes,
To view what count'nance every warrior bears,
And lastly on th' Egyptian baron staid,
To whom the duke thus, for his answer, said :

LXXXI.

Ambassador, full both of threats and praise,
Thy doubtful message hast thou wisely told,
And, if thy sovereign love us, as he says,
Tell him he sows to reap an hundred-fold ;
But where thy talk the coming storm displays
Of threat'ned warfare, from the Pagans bold,
To that I answer, as my custom is,
In plainest phrase, lest mine intent thou miss.

LXXXII.

Know, that till now, we suff'red have much pain,
By lands and seas, where storms and tempests fall,
To make the passage easy, safe and plain,
That leads us to this venerable wall ;
That so we might reward from heav'n obtain,
And free this town, from being longer thrall ;
Nor is it grievous to so good an end,
Our honours, kingdoms, lives, and goods to spend.

LXXXIII.

Not hope of praise, nor thirst of worldly good,
Enticed us to follow this emprise :
The heav'nly father keep his sacred brood
From foul infection of so great a vice :
But by our zeal aye be that plague withstood,
Let not those pleasures us to sin entice ;
His grace, his mercy, and his powerful hand
Will keep us safe from hurt, by sea and land.

LXXXIV.

This is the spur that makes our coursers run ;
This is our harbour, safe from danger's floods ;
This is our beild, the blust'ring winds to shun ;
This is our guide, through deserts, forests, woods ;
This is our summer's shade, our winter's sun ;
This is our wealth, our treasure, and our goods ;
This is our engine, towers that overthrows ;
Our spear that hurts, our sword that wounds our foes.

LXXXV.

Our courage hence, our hope, our valour springs,
Not from the trust we have in shield or spear ;
Not from the succours France or Grecia brings,
On such weak posts we list no buildings rear :
He can defend us from the power of kings,
From chance of war, that makes weak hearts to fear ;
He can these hungry troops with manna feed,
And make the seas—land, if we passage need.

LXXXVI.

But if our sins us of his help deprive,
Or his high justice let no mercy fall ;
Yet should our deaths us some contentment give,
To die, where Christ receiv'd his burial ;
So might we die, not envying them that live ;
So would we die, not unrevenged all :
Nor Turks, nor Christians, if we perish such,
Have cause to joy, or to complain too much.

LXXXVII.

Think not that wars we love, and strife affect ;
Or that we hate sweet peace, or rest deny ;
Think not your sovereign's friendship we reject,
Because we list not in our conquests stay :
But, for it seems he would the Jews protect,
Pray him from us that thought aside to lay,
Nor us forbid this town and realm to gain,
And hé in peace, rest, joy, long mote he reign.

LXXXVIII.

This answer given, Argantes wild drew nar,
Trembling for ire, and waxing pale for rage,
Nor could he hold, his wrath encreas'd so far,
But thus, inflam'd, bespake the captain sage :
Who scorneth peace shall have his fill of war ;
I thought thy wisdom should thy fury 'swage,
But well you show what joy you take in fight,
Which makes you prize our love and friendship light.

LXXXIX.

This said, he took his mantle's foremost part,
And 'gan the same together fold and wrap ;
Then spake again, with fell and spiteful heart :
(So lions roar, enclos'd in train or trap,)
Thou proud despiser of inconstant Mart,
I bring thee war and peace clos'd in this lap,
Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse ;
If peace, we rest ; we fight, if war thou chuse.

XC.

His semblant fierce and speeches proud provoke
The soldiers all, War, war, at once to cry ;
Nor could they tarry till their chieftain spoke ;
But, for the knight was more inflam'd hereby,
His lap he open'd, and spread forth his cloak :
To mortal wars, he says, I you defy ;
And this he utter'd with fell rage and hate,
And seem'd of Janus' church t' undo the gate.

XCI.

It seemed fury, discord, madness fell,
Flew from his lap, when he unfolds the same ;
His glaring eyes with anger's venom swell,
And like the brand of foul Alecto flame,
He look'd like huge Typhœus loos'd from hell
Again to shake heav'n's everlasting frame ;
Or him that built the tower on Shinaar,
Which threat'neth battle 'gainst the morning star.

XCII.

Godfredo then : depart, and bid your king
Haste hitherward, or else, within short while,
(For gladly we accept the war you bring,)
Let him expect us on the banks of Nile.
He entertain'd them then with banqueting,
And gifts presented to those Pagans vile ;
Aletes had a helmet, rich and gay,
Late found at Nice, among the conquer'd prey ;

XCIII.

Argant a sword, whereof the web was steel,
Pummel, rich stone ; hilts, gold, approv'd by touch,
With rarest workmanship all forged weel,
The curious art excell'd the substance much :
Thus fair, rich, sharp, to see, to have, to feel,
Glad was the Painim to enjoy it such,
And said, How I this gift can use and wield
Soon shall you see, when first we meet in field.

XCIV.

Thus took they congee, and the angry knight
Thus to his fellow parlied on their way,
Go thou by day, but let me walk by night,
Go thou to Egypt, I at Sion stay,
The answer given thou canst unfold aright ;
No need of me, what I can do or say ;
Among these arms I will go wreak my spite,
Let Paris court it, Hector lov'd to fight.

XCV.

Thus he, who late arriv'd a messenger,
Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought ;
The law of nations, or the lore of war,
If he transgress, or no, he recketh nought.
Thus parted they, and ere he wandered far
The friendly star-light to the walls him brought :
Yet his fell heart thought long that little way,
Griev'd with each stop, tormented with each stay.

XCVI.

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,
And summon'd every restless eye to sleep :
On beds of tender grass the beasts down lye,
The fishes slumb' red in the silent deep,
Unheard was serpent's hiss, and dragon's cry,
Birds left to sing, and Philomene to weep,
Only that noise heav'n's rolling circles kest,
Sung lullaby, to bring the world to rest.

XCVII.

Yet neither sleep, nor ease, nor shadows dark,
Could make the faithful camp or captain rest,
They long'd to see the day, to hear the lark
Record her hymns and chaunt her carols blest,
They yearn'd to view the walls, the wished mark
To which their journies long they had address'd ;
Each heart attends, each longing eye beholds
What beam the eastern window first unfolds.

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I.

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,
 And don'd her robes of pure vermilion hue ;
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
 In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new ;
 When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread ;
 Arm, arm, they cried ; arm, arm, the trumpets blew ;
 Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,
 So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

II.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
 Their forwardness he staid with gentle rein ;
 And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
 To stop the current near Charybdis' main,
 Or calm the blust'ring winds on mountains great,
 Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain ;
 He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
 For well he knows disord'ed speed makes waste.

III.

Feath'ed their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tir'd thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light ;
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appear'd in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

IV.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new found land and country to descry ;
Through dang'rous seas and under stars unknow,
Thrall to the faithless waves, and trothless sky ;
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other shew the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

V.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That rev'rend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suff'ered pain,
There where he died, and where he liv'd again.

VI.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt ;
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears,
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt :
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt ;
Or as the wind in hoults and shady greaves
A murmur makes, among the boughs and leaves.

VII.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide ;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside ;
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride alay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,
And then such secret speech as this, they us'd,
While to himself, each one himself accused :

VIII.

Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood
That flowed here, to cleanse the foul amiss
Of sinful man, behold this brinish flood,
That from my melting heart distilled is ;
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good,
For never wretch with sin so overgone,
Had fitter time, or greater cause to moan.

IX.

This while the wary watchman looked over,
From tops of Sion's towers, the hills and dales,
And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,
As when thick mists arise from moory vales :
At last the sun-bright shields he 'gan discover,
And glist'ring helms, for violence none that fails ;
The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,
And man and horse amid the dust descries.

X.

Then loud he cries, Oh, what a dust ariseth !
Oh, how it shines with shields and targets clear !
Up, up, to arms, for valiant heart despiseth
The threat'ned storm of death, and danger near ;
Behold your foes : then further thus deviseth ;
Haste, haste, for vain delay encreaseth fear,
These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly,
Your coming foes do hide, and hide the sky.

XI.

The tender children; and the fathers old,
The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,
That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,
Themselves devoutly in their temples plac'd ;
The rest, of members strong and courage bold,
On hardy breasts their harness don'd in haste,
Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight ;
Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

XII.

All things well ord'red, he withdrew with speed
Up to a turret high, two ports between,
That so he might be near at every need,
And overlook the lands and furrows green ;
Thither he did the sweet Erminia lead,
That in his court had entertained been,
Since Christians Antioch did to bondage bring,
And slew her father, who thereof was king.

XIII.

Against their foes Clorinda sallied out,
And many a baron bold was by her side ;
Within the postern stood Argantes stout
To rescue her, if ill mote here betide :
With speeches brave she cheer'd her warlike rout,
And with bold words them heart'ned as they ride,
Let us by some brave act, quoth she, this day
Of Asia's hopes the ground-work found and lay.

XIV.

While to her folk thus spake the virgin brave,
Thereby, behold, forth past a Christian band,
Towards the camp that herds of cattle drave ;
For they that morn had forraid all the land ;
The fierce virago would that booty save,
Whom their commander singled hand for hand,
A mighty man at arms, who Guardo hight,
But far too weak to match with her in fight.

XV.

They met, and low in dust was Guatdo laid,
'Twixt either army, from his sell down kest;
The Pagans shout for joy, and hopeful said,
Those good beginnings would have endings blest:
Against the rest on went the noble maid,
She broke the helm, and pierc'd the armed breast;
Her men the paths rode through made by her sword,
They pass the stream where she had found the ford.

XVI.

Soon was the prey out of their hands recov'rd;
By step and step the Frenchmen 'gan retire,
Till on a little hill at last they hov'rd,
Whose strength preserv'd them from Clorinda's ire:
When, as a tempest that hath long been cov'rd
In watery clouds, breaks out with sparkling fire,
With his strong squadron Lord Tancredie came;
His heart with rage, his eyes with courage flame:

XVII.

Mast-great the spear was which the gallant bore,
That in his warlike pride he made to shake,
As winds tall cedars toss on mountains hoar;
The king, that wond'rd at his brav'ry, spake
To her, that near him seated was before,
Who felt her heart with love's hot fever quake,
Well should'st thou know, quoth he, each Christian knight
By long acquaintance, though in armour dight.

XVIII.

Say, who is he shows so great worthiness,
That rides so rank, and bends his lance so fell?
To this the princess said nor more nor less,
Her heart with sighs, her eyes with tears did swell:
But sighs and tears she wisely could suppress,
Her love and passion she dissembled well,
And strove her love and hot desire to cover,
Till heart with sighs, and eyes with tears ran over.

XIX.

At last she spake, and with a crafty sleight
Her secret love disguis'd in clothes of hate ;
Alas, too well, she says, I know that knight,
I saw his force and courage proved late ;
Too late I viewed when his power and might
Shook down the pillar of Cassano's state ;
Alas, what wounds he gives ! how fierce, how fell !
No physic helps them cure, nor magic's spell.

XX.

Tancred he hight ; O Macon, would he wear
My thrall, ere fates him of this life deprive !
For to his hateful head such spite I bear,
I would him reave his cruel heart on live.
Thus said she ; they, that her complainings hear,
In other sense her wishes credit give.
She sigh'd withall, they construed all amiss,
And thought she wish'd to kill, who long'd to kiss.

XXI.

This while forth prick'd Clorinda from the throng,
And 'gainst Tancredie set her spear in rest ;
Upon their helms they crack'd their lances long,
And from her head her gilden casque he kest,
For every lace he broke and every thong,
And in the dust threw down her plumed crest,
About her shoulders shone her golden locks,
Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.

XXII.

Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze,
Sweet was her wrath, what then would be her smile ?
Tancred, whereon think'st thou ? what dost thou gaze ?
Hast thou forget her in so short a while ?
The same is she, the shape of whose sweet face
The god of love did in thy heart compile :
The same that left thee by the cooling stream,
Safe from sun's heat, but scorch'd with beauty's beam.

XXIII.

The prince well knew her, though her painted shield
And golden helm he had not mark'd before ;
She sav'd her head, and with her axe, well steel'd,
Assail'd the knight : but her the knight forbore ;
'Gainst other foes he prov'd him through the field,
Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,
But following, Turn thee, cried, in ireful wise ;
And so at once she threats to kill him twice.

XXIV.

Not once the baron lift his armed hand
To strike the maid, but gazing on her eyes,
Where lordly Cupid seem'd in arms to stand,
No way to ward or shun her blows he tries ;
But softly says, No stroke of thy strong hand
Can vanquish Tancred, but thy conquest lies
In those fair eyes, which fiery weapons dart,
That find no lighting-place except this heart.

XXV.

At last resolv'd, although he hop'd small grace,
Yet ere he died to tell how much he loved,
For pleasing words in women's ears find place,
And gentle hearts with humble suit are moved :
O thou, quoth he, withhold thy wrath a space,
For if thou long to see my valour proved,
Were it not better, from this warlike rout
Withdrawn, somewhere, alone to fight it out ?

XXVI.

So singled, may we both our courage try.
Clorinda to that motion yielded glad,
And helmless to the forestward 'gan hie,
Whither the prince right pensive went and sad,
And there the virgin 'gan him soon defy,
One blow she stricken and he warded had,
When he cried, Hold, and ere we prove our might,
First hear thou some conditions of the fight.

XXVII.

She staid, and desp'rate love had made him bold :
Since from the fight thou wilt no respite give,
The cov'nants be, he said, that thou unfold
This wretched bosom, and my heart out rive,
Giv'n thee long since, and if thou, cruel, would
I should be dead, let me no longer live,
But pierce this breast, that all the world may say,
The eagle made the turtle-dove her prey.

XXVIII.

Save with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,
Love hath disarm'd my life of all defence ;
An easy labour harmless blood to spill,
Strike then, and punish where is none offence.
This said the prince, and more perchance had will
To have declar'd, to move her cruel sense ;
But, in ill time, of Pagans thither came
A troop, and Christians that pursu'd the same.

XXIX.

The Pagans fled before their valiant foes,
For dread or craft, it skills not that we knew ;
A soldier wild, careless to win or lose,
Saw where her locks about the damsel flew,
And at her back he proffereth, as he goes,
To strike where her he did disarmed view :
But Tancred cry'd, Oh, stay thy cursed hand,
And, for to ward the blow, lift up his brand.

XXX.

But yet the cutting steel arrived there,
Where her fair neck adjoin'd her noble head ;
Light was the wound, but through her amber hair,
The purple drops down railed bloody red ;
So rubies set in flaming gold appear :
But Lord Tancredie pale with rage, as lead,
Flew on the villain, who to flight him bound ;
The smart was his, though she receiv'd the wound :

XXXI.

The villain flies ; he, full of rage and ire,
Pursues, she stood and wond' red on them both,
But yet to follow them shew'd no desire ;
To stray so far she would perchance be loth,
But quickly turn'd her, fierce as flaming fire,
And on her foes wreaked her anger wroth ;
On every side she kills them down amain,
And now she flies, and now she turns again :

XXXII.

As the swift ure, by Volga's rolling flood,
Chas'd through the plains the mastiff curs toforn,
Flies to the succour of some neighbour wood,
And often turns again his dreadful horn,
Against the dogs imbru'd in sweat and blood,
That bite not, till the beast to flight return ;
Or as the Moors at their strange tennis run
Defenc'd, the flying balls unhurt to shun :

XXXIII.

So ran Clorinda, so her foes pursued,
Until they both approach'd the city's wall ;
When, lo, the Pagans their fierce wrath renewed,
Cast in a ring, about they wheeled all,
And 'gainst the Christians' backs and sides they shewed
Their courage fierce, and to new combat fall ;
When down the hill Argantes came to fight,
Like angry Mars to aid the Trojan knight ;

XXXIV.

Furious, tofore the foremost of his rank,
In sturdy steel forth stept the warrior bold ;
The first he smote down from his saddle sank,
The next, under his steed, lay on the mould ;
Under the Sar'cen's spear the worthies shrank,
No breast-plate could that cursed tree outhold,
When that was broke, his precious sword he drew,
And whom he hit, he felled, hurt, or slew.

XXXV.

Clorinda slew Ardelio, aged knight,
Whose graver years would for no labour yield ;
His age was full of puissance and might,
Two sons he had to guard his noble eild ;
The first, far from his father's care and sight,
Call'd Alicandro, wounded lay in field,
And Poliphern, the younger, by his side
Had he not nobly fought, had surely died.

XXXVI.

Tancred by this, that strove to overtake
The villain that had hurt his only dear,
From vain pursuit at last returned back,
And his brave troop discomfit saw well near ;
Thither he spurr'd, and 'gan huge slaughter make,
His shock no steed, his blow no knight could bear ;
For dead he strikes him whom he lights upon,
So thunders break high trees on Libanon.

XXXVII.

Dudon his squadron of adventurers brings,
To aid the worthy and his tired crew ;
Before the res'due young Rinaldo flings,
As swift as fiery lightning kindled new :
His argent eagle with her silver wings
In field of azure, fair Erminia knew ;
See there, sir king, she says, a knight as bold
And brave, as was the son of Peleus old.

XXXVIII.

He wins the prize in just and tournament,
His acts are numberless, though few his years ;
If Europe six like him to war had sent
Among these thousands strong of Christian peers,
Syria were lost, lost were the Orient,
And all the lands the southern Ocean wears ;
Conquer'd were all hot Afric's tawny kings,
And all that dwell by Nilus' unknown springs.

XXXIX.

Rinaldo is his name ; his armed fist

Breaks down stone walls, when rams and engines fail ;

But turn your eyes, because I would you wist

What lord that is, in green and golden mail ;

Dudon he hight, who guideth as him list

Th' adventurers' troop, whose prowess seld doth fail ;

High birth, grave years, and practice long in war,

And fearless heart, make him renowned far.

XL.

See that big man, that all in brown is bound,

Gernando call'd, the king of Norway's son,

A prouder knight treads not on grass or ground,

His pride hath lost the praise his prowess won ;

And that kind pair in white all armed round,

Is Edward and Gildippes, who begone

Through love the hazard of fierce war to prove,

Famous for arms, but famous more for love.

XLI.

While thus they tell their foemen's worthiness,

The slaughter rageth in the plain at large ;

Tancred and young Rinaldo break the press,

They bruise the helm, and pierce the sevenfold targe ;

The troop by Dudon led perform'd no less,

But in they come and give a furious charge :

Argantes self, fell'd at one single blow,

Inglorious, bleeding, lay on earth full low.

XLII.

Nor had the boaster ever risen more,

But that Rinaldo's horse ev'n then down fell,

And with the fall his leg oppress'd so sore,

That for a space there must he algates dwell.

Meanwhile the pagan troops were nigh forlore,

Swiftly they fled, glad they escap'd so well ;

Argantes, and with him Clorinda stout,

For bank and bulwark serv'd to save the rout.

XLIII.

These fled the last, and with their force sustained
The Christians' rage, that followed them so near ;
Their scatt' red troops to safety well they trained,
And while the res'due fled the brunt these bear ;
Dudon pursu'd the victory he gained,
And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,
Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,
So gard'ners branches lop that spring too fast.

XLIV.

Algazer's breastplate, of fine temper made,
Nor Corban's helmet, forg'd by magic art,
Could save their owners, for Lord Dudon's blade
Cleft Corban's head, and pierc'd Algazer's heart ;
And their proud souls down to th' infernal shade,
From Amurath and Mahomet depart ;
Nor strong Argantes thought his life was sure,
He could not safely fly, nor fight secure.

XLV.

The angry pagan bit his lips for teen ;
He ran, he stay'd, he fled, he turn'd again ;
Until at last unmark'd, unview'd, unseen,
When Dudon had Almansor newly slain,
Within his side he sheath'd his weapon keen,
Down fell the worthy on the dusty plain,
And lifted up his feeble eyes unneath,
Oppress'd with leaden sleep of iron death.

XLVI.

Three times he strove to view heav'n's golden ray,
And rais'd him on his feeble elbow thrice,
And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,
And three times clos'd again his dying eyes ;
He speaks no word, yet makes he signs to pray ;
He sighs, he faints, he groans, and then he dies :
Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdain'd,
But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stain'd.

XLVII.

And turning to the Christian knights, he cried,
Lordings, behold, this bloody reeking blade
Last night was given me by your noble guide ;
Tell him what proof thereof this day is made ;
Needs must this please him well that is betide,
That I so well can use this martial trade,
To whom so rare a gift he did present ;
Tell him the workman fits the instrument.

XLVIII.

If further proof hereof he long to see,
Say it still thirsts, and would his heart-blood drink ;
And if he haste not to encounter me,
Say I will find him when he least doth think :
The Christians at his words enraged be,
But he to shun their ire doth safely shrink
Under the shelter of the neighbour wall,
Well guarded with his troops and soldiers all.

XLIX.

Like storms of hail the stones fell down from high,
Cast from the bulwarks, flankers, ports, and towers,
The shafts and quarries from their engines fly,
As thick as falling drops in April showers :
The French withdrew, they list not press too nigh,
The Saracens escaped all the powers.
But now Rinaldo from the earth up-lept,
Where by the leg his steed had long him kept.

L.

He came and breathed vengeance from his breast,
'Gainst him that noble Dudon late had slain,
And being come, thus spake he to the rest :
Warriors, why stand you gazing here in vain ?
Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress'd,
Come wreak his loss, whom bootless you complain.
These walls are weak, they keep but cowards out,
No rampier can withstand a courage stout.

LI.

Of double iron, brass, or adamant,
Or, if this wall were built of flaming fire,
Yet should the pagan vile a fortress want,
To shroud his coward head safe from mine ire :
Come follow then, and bid base fear avaunt,
The harder work deserves the greater hire :
And with that word close to the walls he starts,
Nor fears he arrows, quarries, stones, or darts.

LII.

Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes
To chide the winds, that Trojan ships oppress'd,
And with his count'nance calm'd seas, winds, and skies,
So look'd Rinaldo, when he shook his crest
Before those walls ; each pagan fears and flies
His dreadful sight, or trembling stay'd at lest :
Such dread his awful visage on them cast,
So seem poor doves at goshawks' sight aghast.

LIII.

The herald Sigier now from Godfrey came,
To will them stay and calm their courage hot ;
Retire, quoth he, Godfrey commands the same,
To wreak your ire this season fitteth not :
Though loth, Rinaldo stay'd and stopt the flame
That boiled in his hardy stomach hot ;
His bridled fury grew thereby more fell,
So rivers stopp'd above their banks do swell.

LIV.

The bands retire, not dang'red by their foes
In their retreat, so wise were they and wary ;
To murder'd Dudon each lamenting goes,
From wonted use of ruth they list not vary ;
Upon their friendly arms they soft impose
The noble burden of his corpse to carry :
Meanwhile Godfredo from a mountain great
Beheld the sacred city and her seat.

LV.

Jerusalem is seated on two hills

Of height unlike, and turned side to side,
The space between a gentle valley fills,
From mount to mount expanded fair and wide ;
Three sides are sure imbar'd, with crags and hills,
The rest is easy, scant to rise espied :
But mighty bulwarks fence that plainer part,
So art helps nature, nature strengtheneth art.

LVI.

The town is stor'd of troughs and cisterns, made
To keep fresh water, but the country seems
Devoid of grass, unfit for ploughmen's trade,
Not fertile, moist with rivers, wells, and streams.
There grow few trees, to make the summer's shade,
To shield the parched land from scorching beams,
Save that a wood stands six mile from the town,
With aged cedars dark, and shadows brown.

LVII.

By east, among the dusty valleys, glide
The silver streams of Jordan's crystal flood ;
By west, the midland sea, with bounders tied
Of sandy shores, where Joppa whilom stood ;
By north, Samaria stands, and on that side
The golden calf was rear'd in Bethel wood ;
Bethlem by south, where Christ incarnate was,
A pearl in steel, a diamond set in brass.

LVIII.

While thus the Duke on every side descried
The city's strength, the walls and gates about,
And saw where least the same was fortified,
Where weakest seem'd the walls to keep him out ;
Erminia, as he armed rode, him spied,
And thus bespake the heathen tyrant stout :
See Godfrey there, in purple clad and gold,
His stately port, and princely look behold :

LIX.

Well seems he born to be with honour crown'd,
So well the lore he knows of regiment;
Peerless in fight, in counsel grave and sound,
The double gift of glory excellent;
Among these armies is no warrior found
Graver in speech, bolder in tournament;
Raimond pardie in counsel match him might;
Tancred and young Rinaldo like in fight.

LX.

To whom the king; he likes me well therefore,
I knew him whilom in the court of France;
When I from Egypt went ambassador,
I saw him there break many a sturdy lance;
And yet his chin no sign of manhood bore,
His youth was forward, but with governance;
His words, his actions, and his portance brave,
Of future virtue timely tokens gave.

LXI.

Presages, ah, too true; with that a space
He sigh'd for grief, then said, Fain would I know
The man in red, with such a knightly grace,
A worthy lord he seemeth by his show;
How like to Godfrey looks he in the face!
How like in person! but some deal more low.
Baldwin, quoth she, that noble baron hight,
By birth his brother, and his match in might.

LXII.

Next look on him that seems for council fit,
Whose silver locks bewray his store of days;
Raimond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,
Of Tholouse lord, his wisdom is his praise,
What he forethinks doth (as he looks for) hit,
His stratagems have good success always:
With gilden helm beyond him rides the mild
And good Prince William, England's king's dear child.

LXIII.

With him is Guelpho as his noble mate,
In birth, in acts, in arms alike the rest,
I know him well, since I beheld him late,
By his broad shoulders and his squared breast ;
But my proud foe that quite hath ruinate
My high estate, and Antioch opprest,
I see not, Boemond, that to death did bring
Mine aged lord, my father, and my king.

LXIV.

Thus talked they : meanwhile Godfredo went
Down to the troops that in the valley staid,
And, for in vain he thought the labour spent,
T' assail those parts that to the mountains laid,
Against the northern gate his force he bent,
'Gainst it he camp'd, 'gainst it his engines play'd ;
All felt the fury of his angry power,
That from those gates lies to the corner tower.

LXV.

The town's third part was this, or little less,
'Fore which the Duke his glorious ensigns spread,
For so great compass had that fortoreas,
That round it could not be environed,
With narrow siege (nor Habel's king, I guess,
That whilome took it, such an army led ;) 121
But all the ways he kept, by which his foe
Might to or from the city come or go.

LXVI.

His care was next to cast the trenches deep,
So to preserve his resting camp by night,
Lest from the city, while his soldiers sleep,
They might assail them with untimely fight.
This done, he went where lords and princes weep,
With dire complaints, about the murder'd knight,
Where Dudon dead lay slaughter'd on the ground,
And all the soldiers sate lamenting round.

LXVII.

His wailing friends adorn'd the mournful bier
With woeful pomp, whercon his corpse they laid ;
And when they saw the Bulloigne princee draw near,
All felt new grief, and each new sorrow made ;
But he, withouten show or echange of cheer,
His springing tears within their fountains staid ;
His rueful looks upon the corpse he cast
Awhile, and thus bespake the same at last :

LXVIII.

We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave ; the skies
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest,
There live, for here thy glory never dies :
For like a Christian knight and champion blest,
Thou didst both live and die ; now feed thine eyes
With thy Redeemer's sight, where crown'd with bliss
Thy faith, zeal, merit, well deserving is.

LXIX.

Our loss, not thine, provokes these plaints and tears,
For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,
Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,
The bird of conquest her chief feather cast :
But though thy death far from our army bears
Her chiefest earthly aid, in heav'n yet plac'd
Thou wilt procure us help divine ; so reaps
He, that sows godly sorrow, joy by heaps.

LXX.

For if our God the Lord Armipotent
Those armed angels in our aid down send,
That were at Dothan to his prophet sent,
Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend
Our host, and with thy sacred weapons bent
'Gainst Sion's fort, these gates and bulwarks rend,
That so thy hand may win this hold, and we
May in these temples praise our Christ for thee.

LXXI.

Thus he complain'd ; but now the sable shade
Ycleped night, had thick enveloped
The sun, in veil of double darkness made :
Sleep eased care ; rest brought complaint to bed.
All night the wary Duke devising laid
How that high wall should best be battered ;
How his strong engines he might aptly frame,
And whence get timber fit to build the same.

LXXII.

Up with the lark the sorrowful Duke arose,
A mourner chief at Dudon's burial ;
Of cypress sad a pile his friends compose
Under a hill, o'ergrown with cedars tall ;
Beside the hearse a fruitful palm-tree grows,
Ennobled since by this great funeral,
Where Dudon's corpse they softly laid in ground ;
The priests sung hymns, the soldiers wept around.

LXXIII.

Among the boughs they here and there bestow
Ensigns and arms, as witness of his praise,
Which he from pagan lords, that did them owe,
Had won in prosp'rous fights and happy frays :
His shield they fixed on the bole below,
And there this distich under-writ, which says—
This palm with stretched arms doth overspread
The champion Dudon's glorious carcase dead.

LXXIV.

This work performed with advisement good,
Godfrey his carpenters, and men of skill
In all the camp, sent to an aged wood,
With convoy meet to guard them safe from ill :
Within a valley deep this forest stood,
To Christian eyes unseen, unknown, until
A Syrian told the Duke, who thither sent
Those chosen workmen that for timber went.

LXXV.

And now the axe rag'd in the forest wild,
The echo sighed in the groves unseen,
The weeping nymphs fled from their bowers exil'd,
Down fell the shady tops of shaking treen ;
Down came the sacred palms, the ashes wild,
The funeral cypress, holly ever green,
The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine,
The married elm fell with his fruitful vine.

LXXVI.

The shooter yew, the broad-leav'd sycamore,
The barren plantain, and the walnut sound,
The myrrh that her foul sin doth still deplore,
The alder owner of all wat'rish ground,
Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,
Proud cedar, oak the king of forests crown'd.
Thus fell the trees, with noise the deserts roar,
The beasts their caves, the birds their nests forlore

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan his fiends and sprites assembleth all,	
And sends them forth to work the Christians' woe;	
False Hidraort their aid from hell doth call,	20
And sends Armida to entrap his foe:	23
She tells her birth, her fortune, and her fall,	39
Asks aid, allures and wins the worthies so,	
That they consent her enterprize to prove;	82
She wins them with deceit, craft, beauty, love.	

I.

WHILE thus their work went on with lucky speed,
 And reared rams their horned fronts advance,
 The ancient foe to man and mortal seed
 His wannish eyes upon them bent askance;
 And when he saw their labours well succeed,
 He wept for rage, and threat'ned dire mischance,
 He chok'd his curses, to himself he spake,
 Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make.

II.

At last, resolving in his damned thought
 To find some let to stop their warlike feat,
 He gave command his princes should be brought
 Before the throne of his infernal seat.
 O fool! as if it were a thing of nought
 God to resist, or change his purpose great,
 Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,
 Whose arrows hail-stones be and coals of fire.

III.

The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,
Through wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,
And fill'd the deep with horror, fear, and wonder ;
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,
That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder,
Nor half so loud the whistling winds do sing,
Broke from the earthen prisons of their king.

IV.

The Peers of Pluto's realm assembled been
Amid the palace of their angry king,
In hideous forms and shapes 'tore unseen,
That fear, death, terror, and amazement bring ;
With ugly paws some trample on the green,
Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hing,
And some their forked tails stretch forth on high,
And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky.

V.

There were Sileno's foul and loathsome rout,
There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,
There howling Scyllas yawling round about,
There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,
Chimera there spews fire and brimstone out,
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell ;
Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwells,
Mis-shap'd, unlike themselves, and like nought else.

VI.

About their Prince each took his wonted seat
On thrones red hot, ybuilt of burning brass,
Pluto in midst heav'd his trident great,
Of rusty iron huge that forged was ;
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,
And Atlas tops the clouds in height that pass,
Compar'd to his huge person, mole-hills be,
So his rough front, his horns so lifted he.

VII.

The tyrant proud frown'd from his lofty cell,
And with his looks made all his monsters tremble,
His eyes, that full of rage and venom swell,
Two beacons seem, that men to arms assemble,
His feltred locks, that on his bosom fell,
On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble,
His yawning mouth that foamed clotted blood,
Gap'd like a whirlpool wide in Stygian flood.

VIII.

And as mount *Ætna* vomits sulphur out,
With cliffs of burning crags, and fire, and smoke,
So from his mouth flew kindled coals about,
Hot sparks and smells that man and beast would choke
The gnarring porter durst not whine for doubt,
Still were the Furies while their Sovereign spoke,
And swift *Cocytus* staid his murmur shrill,
While thus the murderer thund' red out his will :

IX.

Ye powers infernal, worthier far to sit
Above the sun, whence you your offspring take,
With me that whilome through the welkin flit,
Down tumbled headlong to this empty lake,
Our former glory still remember it,
Our bold attempts and war we once did make
'Gainst Him that rules above the starry sphere,
For which like traitors we lie damned here.

X.

And now, instead of clear and gladsome sky,
Of *Titan's* brightness that so glorious is,
In this deep darkness, lo ! we helpless lie,
Hopeless again to joy our former bliss ;
And more, which makes my griefs to multiply,
That sinful creature man elected is,
And in our place the heavens possess he must,
Vile man ! begot of clay, and born of dust.

XI.

Nor this suffic'd, but that he also gave
His only Son, his darling, to be slain,
To conquer so hell, death, sin, and the grave,
And man condemned to restore again;
He brake our prisons, and would algates save
The souls that here should dwell in woe and pain,
And now in Heav'n with Him they live always,
With endless glory crown'd and lasting praise.

XII.

But why recount I thus our passed harms?
Remembrance fresh makes weak'ned sorrows strong,
Expulsed were we with injurious arms,
From those due honours us of right belong.
But let us leave to speak of these alarms,
And bend our forces 'gainst our present wrong;
Ah! see you not how He attempted hath
To bring all lands, all nations to his faith!

XIII.

Then let us careless spend the day and night,
Without regard what haps, what comes or goes;
Let Asia subject be to Christians' might,
A prey be Sion to her conquering foes;
Let her adore again her Christ aright,
Who her before all nations whilome chose,
In brazen tables be his lore ywrit,
And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it.

XIV.

So shall our sacred altars all be his,
Our holy idols tumbled in the mold,
To him the wretched man, that sinful is,
Shall pray, and offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
Our temples shall their costly deckings miss,
With naked walls and pillars freezing cold,
Tribute of souls shall end and our estate,
Or Pluto reign in kingdoms desolate.

XV.

Oh ! be not then the courage perish'd clean
That whilome dwelt within your haughty thought.
When, arm'd with shining fire and weapons keen,
Against the angels of proud heav'n we fought :
I grant we fell on the Phlegrean green,
Yet good our cause was, though our fortune nought ;
For chance assisteth oft th' ignobler part,
We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart.

XVI.

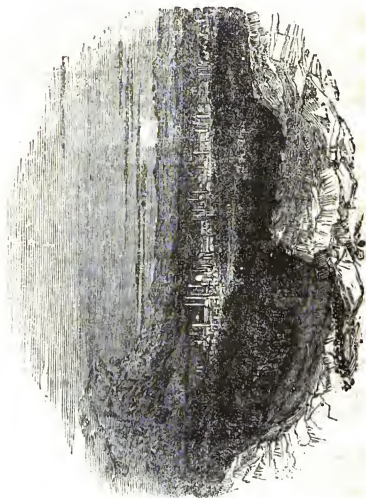
Go then, my strength, my hope, my spirits, go,
These western rebels with your power withstand,
Pluck up these weeds, before they overgrow
The gentle garden of the Hebrews' land ;
Quench out this spark before it kindle so
That Asia burn, consumed with the brand.
Use open force, or secret guile unspied ;
For craft is virtue 'gainst a foe defied.

XVII.

Among the knights and worthies of their train,
Let some like out-laws wander uneouth ways,
Let some be slain in field, let some again
Make oracles of women's yeas and nays,
And pine in foolish love ; let some complain
On Godfrey's rule, and mutines 'gainst him raise ;
Turn each one's sword against his fellow's heart ;
Thus kill them all, or spoil the greatest part.

XVIII.

Before his words the tyrant ended had,
The lesser devils arose with ghastly roar,
And thronged forth about the world to gad ;
Each land they filled, river, stream, and shore,
The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flow'ry dales, and mountains hoar,
And under every trembling leaf they sit,
Between the solid earth and welkin flit.



[Damascus.]

XIX.

About the world they spread both far and wide,
Filling the thoughts of each ungodly heart
With secret mischief, anger, hate, and pride,
Wounding lost souls with sin's empoison'd dart.
But say, my Muse, recount whence first they tried
To hurt the Christian lords, and from what part;
Thou know'st of things perform'd so long ago,
This latter age hears little troth or none.

XX.

The town Damascus and the lands about
Rul'd Hidraort, a wizard grave and sage,
Acquainted well with all the damned rout
Of Pluto's reign, ev'n from his tender age;
Yet of this war he could not figure out
The wished ending, or success presage;
For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,
Nor skill, nor art, nor charm, nor devil could tell.

XXI.

And yet he thought, O vain conceit of man!
Which as thou wishest judgest things to come,
That the French host to sure destruction ran,
Condemned quite by heav'n's eternal doom:
He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can
Th' Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some
Both of the prey and glory of the fight,
Upon his Syrian folk should haply light.

XXII.

But for he held the Frenchmen's worth in prise,
And fear'd the doubtful gain of bloody war,
He, that was closely false and sliely wise,
Cast how he might annoy them most from far:
And as he 'gan upon this point devise,
(As counsellors in ill still nearest are,)
At hand was Satan, ready ere men need,
If once they think to make them do the deed.

XXIII.

He counsel'd him how best to hunt his game,
What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch :
A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,
Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,
To all deceit she could her beauty frame,
False, fair, and young, a virgin and a witch ;
To her he told the sum of this emprise,
And prais'd her thus, for she was fair and wise :

XXIV.

My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,
And native brightness of thy lovely hue,
Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,
More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,
'To thee my purpose great I must unfold,
This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,
Weave thou to end this web which I begin,
I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin.

XXV.

Go to the Christians' host, and there assay
All subtle sleights that women use in love,
Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat, and pray,
Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,
For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,
The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move ;
Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,
In seeming troth thy lies will soonest frame.

XXVI.

Take with the bait Lord Godfrey, if thou may'st,
Frame snares of looks, trains of alluring speech ;
For if he love, the conquest then thou hast :
Thus purpos'd war thou may'st with ease impeach ;
Else lead the other lords to deserts waste,
And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach.
Thus taught he her, and for conclusion saith,
All things are lawful for our lands and faith.

XXVII.

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,
A tender piece, for beauty, sex and age.
The sun was sunken underneath the land
When she began her wanton pilgrimage;
In silken weeds she trusteth to withstand,
And conquer knights in warlike equipage.
Of their night-ambling dame the Syrians prated,
Some good, some bad, as they her lov'd or hated.

XXVIII.

Within few days the nymph arrived there,
Where puissant Godfrey had his tents ypight;
Upon her strange attire, and visage clear,
Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight:
As when a comet doth in skies appear,
The people stand amazed at the light,
So wonder'd they, and each at other sought,
What mister wight she was, and whence ybrought.

XXIX.

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vow'd
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;
A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
That strove to cover what it could not hide;
The golden sun, behind a silver cloud,
So streameth out his beams on every side;
The marble goddess, set at Guido's, naked,
She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.

XXX.

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,
And curleth up those growing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,
But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;
The rose and lily on her cheek assays
To paint true fairness out in bravest sort;
Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,
Still blush, for still they kiss while still they close.

XXXI.

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,
Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling,
Between them lies a milken dale below, [dwelling ;
Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their
Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show ;
Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling :
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should please the eye, the rest unseen the touch.

XXXII.

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,
To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,
Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,
And in her gentle bosom wander'd bold :
It view'd the wondrous beauty virgins have,
And all to fond desire with vantage told :
Alas ! what hope is left to quench the fire,
That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

XXXIII.

Thus past she, praised, wish'd, and wond'ered at,
Among the troops who there encamped lay,
She smil'd for joy, but well dissembled that
Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey ;
On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
Towards th' imperial tent she ask'd the way :
With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace light.

XXXIV.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
He saw her fair, and hop'd to find her kind ;
The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with every wind,
The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.
With rev'rence meet the baron low inclin'd,
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold :

XXXV.

Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,
In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
For never yet did heav'n such grace bestow
On any daughter born of Adam's line,
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know
Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,
What honours due become thy high estate.

XXXVI.

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high
Above her merit you commenden so,
A hapless maid I am, both born to die,
And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,
My native soil and kingdom thus forego
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

XXXVII.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem.—
Content, quoth he; since of one womb ybore,
We brothers are, your fortune good esteem
T' encounter me, whose word prevaieth more
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem,
Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,
All that his sceptre, or my sword, can do.

XXXVIII.

He led her eas'ly forth when this was said,
Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers;
She rev'rence did, then blush'd as one dismay'd
To speak, for secret wants and inward fears;
It seem'd a bashful shame her speeches staid.
At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;
Silence was made, and she began her tale.
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale:

XXXIX.

Victorious prince, whose honourable name
Is held so great among our pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast won them some content it brings ;
Well known to all is thy immortal fame,
The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,
And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

XL.

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,
Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,
And repossess her in her father's right :
Others in their distress do aid implore
Of kin and friends ; but I in this sad plight
Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,
So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

XLI.

In thee I hope, thy succours I invoke,
To win the crown whence I am dispossess ;
For like renown awaiteth on the stroke
To cast the haughty down, or raise th' opprest ;
Nor greater glory brings a sceptre broke,
Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distress'd :
And since thou canst at will perform the thing,
More is thy praise to make than kill a king.

XLII.

But if thou wouldst thy succours due excuse,
Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,
Ah ! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use ;
Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust ?
Be witness, heav'n, if thou to grant refuse,
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

XLIII.

Prince Arbilan, that reigned in his life
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife
The queen Chariclia, such was the fire
Of her hot love ; but soon the fatal knife
Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,
My birth her death, my first day was her last.

XLIV.

And ere five years had fully come and gone
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,
My father also died, consum'd with moan,
And sought his love amid the Elysian field,
His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone.
Mine uncle govern'd in my tender cild ;
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

XLV.

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,
That through Damascus great report was blown
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,
And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,
Because he meant to match me with his son.

XLVI.

Which son, within short while, did undertake
Degree of knighthood, as bescem'd him well,
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake
Break sword or lance, advanc'd in lofty cell :
As fair he was as Citherea's make,
As proud as he that signoriseth hell,
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

XLVII.

This paragon should queen Armida wed,
A goodly swain to be a princess' pheer,
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,
A noble head a golden crown to wear!
His glosing sire his errand daily said,
And sugar'd speeches whisp'red in mine ear,
To make me take this darling in mine arms,
But still the adder stopp'd her ears from charms.

XLVIII.

At last he left me with a troubled grace,
Through which transparent was his inward spite;
Methought I read the story in his face
Of these mishaps that on me since have light.
Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,
And ghastly visions break my sleep by night;
Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,
For so my mind foreshow'd my coming ill.

XLIX.

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,
Pale, sad, dismay'd, to warn me in my dream:
Alas! how far transformed from the same,
Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam.—
Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy dame
Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,
Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides.—
This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

L.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,
Where fainting cowards have the preece to guard?
My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,
To undertake alone a work so hard;
To wander wild the desert woods among,
A banish'd maid, of wonted ease debarr'd,
So grievous seem'd, that leifer were my death,
And there t' expire where first I drew my breath.

LI.

I feared deadly evil if long I staid,
And yet to fly had neither will nor power ;
Nor durst my heart declare it wax'd afraid,
Lest so I hasten might my dying hour :
Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid !
What hand should first pluck up my springing flow'r ;
Even as the wretch, condemn'd to lose his life,
Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

LII.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would
Perchance preserve me to my further ill),
One of my noble father's servants old,
That for his goodness bore his child good will,
With store of tears this treason 'gan unfold,
And said, my guardian would his pupil kill ;
And that himself, if promise made he kept,
Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

LIII.

And further told me, if I wish'd to live,
I must convey myself by secret flight ;
And offer'd then all succours he could give
To aid his mistress, banish'd from her right.
His words of comfort fear to exile drive,
The dread of death made lesser dangers light :
So we concluded, when the shadows dim
Obscur'd the earth, I should depart with him.

LIV.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,
When with two trusty maids, in great distress,
Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.
Oft look'd I back, but hardly could suppress
Those streams of tears mine eyes uncessant shed ;
For when I looked on my kingdom lost,
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

LV.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast :
So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,
Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,
Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste
At last, nigh tir'd, a castle strong we fand,
The utmost border of my native land ;

LVI.

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight
Was call'd that my deliv'rance thus had wrought.
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight
I had escap'd the treasons of his thought,
The rage increased in the cursed wight,
'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought ;
And us accus'd, we would have poisoned
Him ; but descried, to save our lives we fled :

LVII.

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,
To poison him I hired had my guide ;
That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth
Might range at will, in no subjection tied,
And that each night I slept (O foul untruth !)
Mine honour lost, by this Arontes' side :—
But heav'n I pray send down revenging fire,
When so base love shall change my chaste desire !

LVIII.

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,
So grieveth me as this despite alone,
That my renown, which ever blameless stood,
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone.
With forged lies he makes his tale so good,
And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,
That none take armour for their queen's defence.

LIX.

And though he doth my regal throne possess,
Clothed in purple, crown'd with burnish'd gold ;
Yet is his hate, his rancour, ne'er the less,
Since nought assuageth malice when 'tis old :
He threats to burn Arontes' forteress,
And murder him unless he yield the hold ;
And me, and mine, threats not with war, but death ;
Thus causeless hatred endless is uneath.

LX.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain,
And hide his shameful fact with mine offence ;
And saith he will restore the throne again,
To its late honour and due excellence ;
And therefore would I should be algates slain,
For while I live his right is in suspense.—
This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,
For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

LXI.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,
Let him perform the cruelty he meant,
My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire,
On which my endless tears were bootless spent,
Unless thou help. To thee, renowned sire,
I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent ;
And let these tears that on thy feet distil,
Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

LXII.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,
By that right hand, and by those temples pure
Thou seek'st to free from Macon's lore, I crave
Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure ;
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save
From death and ruin : but in vain I prove thee,
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

LXIII.

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,
And never wiltst ought but what is right,
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill ;
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,
Appoint me ten approved most in fight,
Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,
May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

LXIV.

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,
A man of chiefest trust about his king,
Hath promised so to beguile the guard,
That me and mine he undertakes to bring
Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard.
He counsell'd me to undertake this thing,
Of thee some little succour to entreat,
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat.—

LXV.

This said, his answer did the nymph attend ;
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him ;
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him ;
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him :
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

LXVI.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,
The maiden's offer profit with it brought ;
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
That won, the way were easy which he sought,
To bring all Asia subject to his might ;
There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

LXVII.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying,
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fix'd,
As if her life and death lay on his saying ;
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mix'd,
As if her hope were dead through his delaying.
At last her earnest suit the Duke deny'd,
But with sweet words thus would content the maid :—

LXVIII.

If not in service of our God we fought,
In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
So fair a Princess should not be forsaken ;
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,
To free this sacred town have undertaken,
It were unfit we turn'd our strength away,
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

LXIX.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
The burden of thy wish and hope repose,
That when this chosen temple of the Lord
Her holy doors shall to his saints uncloze
In rest and peace, then this victorious sword
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes :
But if, for pity of a worldly dame,
I left this work, such pity were my shame.—

LXX.

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,
And stood unmov'd, though not unmark'd, a space ;
The secret bleeding of her inward wound
Shed heav'nly dew upon her angel's face.—
Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and sorrows drown'd,
Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting-place,
Since such thy hap, that, lest thou mercy find,
The gentlest heart on earth is prov'd unkind.

LXXI.

Where none attends what boots it to complain ?

Men's froward hearts are mov'd with women's tears,
As marble stones are pierc'd with drops of rain ;

No plaints find passage through unwilling ears.
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,

Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears ;
Yet not thy fault is this ; my chance, I see,
Hath made ev'n pity pitiless in thee.

LXXII.

So both thy goodness and good hap denay'd me,

Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me ;
The star that rul'd my birth-day hath betray'd me,

My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me ;
Of queen-like state my flight hath disarray'd me ;

My father died ere he five years had known me ;
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now ;
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

LXXIII.

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood

Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,
O ! whither shall I flie ? What secret wood

Shall hide me from the tyrant ? Or what den,
What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good ?

No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then
To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,
Armida liv'd, and di'd, both like a queen.—

LXXIV.

With that she look'd as if a proud disdain

Kindled displeasure in her noble mind ;

The way she came she turn'd her steps again,

With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind ;

A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,

With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind ;

The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,
And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads.

LXXV.

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,
'Still'd through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rory May-dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened paradise :
Thus sigh'd, thus mourn'd, thus wept, this lovely queen,
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen.

LXXVI.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew
To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,
And of each drop an arrow forged new ;
Else, as it came, snatch'd up the crystal ball,
And at rebellious hearts for wild-fire threw.
O wondrous love ! thou makest gain of all ;
For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,
She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

LXXVII.

This forged plaint drew forth unfeigned tears
From many eyes, and pierc'd each worthy's heart ;
Each one condoleth with her that her hears,
And of her grief would help her bear the smart :
If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears
Some tygress gave him suck, on roughest part,
'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft :
Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

LXXVIII.

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand
Of love and pity kindled had the flame,
While others softly whisper'd under hand,
Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came :—
Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand
In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid :
Thanks are half lost when good turns are delay'd.

LXXIX.

And think not that Eustace's talk assays
To turn these forces from this present war,
Or that I wish you should your armies raise
From Siou's walls; my speech tends not so far;
But we that venture all for fame and praise,
That to no charge nor service bounden are,
Forth of our troop may ten well spared be
To succour her, which nought can weaken thee.

LXXX.

And know they shall in God's high service fight,
That virgins innocent save and defend;
Dear will the spoils be in the heaven's sight,
That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:
Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,
With hope of gain or profit in the end;
But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,
To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

LXXXI.

Ah! be it not pardie declar'd in France,
Or elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,
That we forsook so fair a chevisance,
For doubt or fear that might from flight arise:
Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,
And swear no more to use this martial guise;
For ill deserves he to be term'd a knight,
That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right.—

LXXXII.

Thus parled he, and with confused sound
The rest approved what the gallant said.
Their general the knights encompass'd round;
With humble grace and earnest suit they pray'd.—
I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found
What I have granted; let her have your aid;
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is
If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss.

LXXXIII.

But, if with you my words may credit find,
Oh! temper then this heat misguides you so.—
Thus much he said: but they with fancy blind,
Accept his grant and let his counsel go.
What works not beauty! man's relenting mind
Is eath to move with complaints and shows of woe:
Her lips cast forth a chain of sugar'd words,
'That captive led most of the Christian lords.

LXXXIV.

Eustace recall'd her, and bespake her thus:—
Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,
For such assistance shall you find in us,
As with your need or will may best agree.—
With that she cheer'd her forehead dolorous,
And smil'd for joy, that Phœbus blush'd to see;
And had she deign'd her veil for to remove,
The god himself once more had fallen in love.

LXXXV.

With that she broke the silence once again,
And gave the knight great thanks in little speech;
She said she would his handmaid poor remain,
So far as honour's laws receiv'd no breach.
Her humble gestures made the res'due plain,
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.
This women know, and thus they use the guise
T' enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

LXXXVI.

And when she saw her enterprise had got
Some wished mean of quick and good proceeding,
She thought to strike the iron that was hot;
For every action hath its hour of speeding.
Medea or false Circe changed not
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreading
Alter'd their hearts, and with her siren's sound,
In lust their minds, their hearts in love, she drown'd.

LXXXVII.

All wily sleights that subtle women know,
Hourly she us'd to catch some lover new.
None ken'd the bent of her unsteadfast bow,
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew :
From some she cast her modest eyes below,
At some her gazing glances roving flew ;
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,
She spurr'd the slow, and rein'd the forward short.

LXXXVIII.

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,
Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,
As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her.
On ev'ry heart thus shone this lustful sun,
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her ;
And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,
Her eye's hot glance dissolv'd the frost of fear.

LXXXIX.

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay
To touch the softness of her tender skin,
She look'd as coy as if she list not play,
And made as things of worth were hard to win ;
Yet temper'd so her 'dainful looks away,
That outward scorn shew'd store of grace within :
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fir'd,
For hardest gotten things are most desir'd.

XC.

Alone sometimes she walk'd in secret, where
To ruminate upon her discontent ;
Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,
Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament ;
And with this craft a thousand souls well near
In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,
And kept as slaves ; by which we fitly prove,
That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

XCI.

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had

The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fetter'd,
Upon her minions look'd she blithe and glad ;

In that deceitful lore so was she letter'd ;

Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,

The sunshine of her face in lustre better'd ;

For when she list to cheer her beauties so,

She smil'd away the clouds of grief and woe.

XCII.

Her double charm of smiles and sugar'd words

Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses ;

Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,

Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offences ;

Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,

His griefs bring joys, his losses recompences ;

He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain ;

Achilles' lance, that wounds and heals again.

XCIII.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire,

'Twixt joy and grief, 'twixt hope and restless fear,

The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher ;

These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear :

But if some one durst utter his desire,

And by complaining make his griefs appear ;

He laboured hard rocks with plaints to move,

She had not learn'd the gamut then of love.

XCIV.

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,

And donn'd the weed of women's modest grace ;

Down from her eyes welled the pearles round

Upon the bright enamel of her face :

Such honey drops on springing flow'rs are found,

When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chace :

Full seem'd her looks of anger and of shame,

Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

XCV.

If she perceived by his outward cheer,
That any would his love by talk bewray,
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stop'd her ear,
And played fast and loose the live-long day :
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay ;
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fate,
That hunt all day and lose at night the hare.

XCVI.

These were the arts by which she captived
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights ;
These were the arms wherewith love conquered
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights.
What wonder if Achilles were misled,
Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,
Since these true champions of the Lord above
Were thralls to beauty, yielden slaves to love ?

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gernando scorns Rinaldo should aspire	
To rule that charge for which he seeks and strives,	15
And slanders him so far, that in his ire	26
The wronged knight his foe of life deprives.	31
Far from the camp the slayer doth retire,	40
Nor lets himself be bound in chains or gyves.	42
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I.

WHILE thus Armida false the knights misled
In wand'ring errors of deceitful love ;
And thought, besides the champions promised,
The other lordings in her aid to move ;
In Godfrey's thought a strong contention bred,
Who fittest were this hazard great to prove ;
For all the worthies of th' advent'ers' band
Were like in birth, in power, in strength of hand.

II.

But first the Prince, by grave advice, decreed,
They should some knight choose at their own election,
That in his charge Lord Dudon might succeed,
And of that glorious troop should take protection ;
So none should grieve, displeased with the deed,
Nor blame the causer of their new subjection :
Besides, Godfredo show'd by this device,
How much he held that regiment in price.

III.

He call'd the worthies then, and spake them so :—
Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,
And gave you licence with this dame to go,
To win her kingdom, and that tyrant kill :
But now again I let you further know,
In following her it may betide you ill ;
Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought,
For death unsent for, danger comes unsought.

IV.

But if to shun these perils, sought so far,
May seem disgraceful to the place you hold ;
If grave advice and prudent counsel are
Esteem'd detractors from your courage bold ;
Then know, I none against his will debar,
Nor what I granted erst I now withhold ;
But be mine empire, as it ought of right,
Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek, and light.

V.

Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,
Free pow'r I grant you on this enterprise ;
But first, in Dudon's place, now laid in chest,
Choose you some other captain stout and wise :
Then ten appoint among the worthiest,
But let no more attempt this hard emprise ;
In this my will content you that I have,
For pow'r constrain'd is but a glorious slave.—

VI.

Thus Godfrey said ; and thus his brother spake,
And answer'd for himself and all his peers :—
My Lord, as well it fitteth thee to make
These wise delays, and cast these doubts and fears ;
So 'tis our part at first to undertake,
Courage and haste beseem our might and years ;
And this proceeding with so grave advice,
Wisdom in you, in us were cowardice.

VII.

Since then the feat is easy, danger none,
All set in battle and in hardy fight,
Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone,
And aid the damsel.—Thus devis'd the knight,
To make men think the sun of honour shone
There where the lamp of Cupid gave the light.
The rest perceive his guile, and it approve,
And call that knighthood which was childish love.

VIII.

But loving Eustace, that with jealous eye
Beheld the worth of Sophia's noble child,
And his fair shape did secretly envie,
Besides the virtues in his breast compil'd ;
And, for in love he would no company,
He stor'd his mouth with speeches smoothly fil'd,
Drawing his rival to attend his word ;
Thus with fair sleight he laid the knight aboard :—

IX.

Of great Bertoldo thou far greater heir,
Thou star of knighthood, flow'r of chivalry,
Tell me who now shall lead this squadron fair,
Since our late guide in marble cold doth lie ?
I, that with famous Dudon might compare
In all but years, hoar locks, and gravity,
To whom should I, Duke Godfrey's brother, yield,
Unless to thee, the Christian army's shield ?

X.

Thee, whom high birth makes equal with the best,
Thine acts prefer both me and all before,
Nor that in fight thou both surpass the rest
And Godfrey's worthy self, I hold in scorn :
Thee to obey then am I only press'd ;
Before these worthies be thine eagle borne.
This honour haply thou esteemest light,
Whose day of glory never yet found night.

XI.

Yet may'st thou further, by this means, display
The spreading wings of thy immortal fame ;
I will procure it, if thou say'st not nay,
And all their wills to thine election frame :
But, for I scanty am resolv'd which way
To bend my force, or where employ the same,
Leave me, I pray, at my discretion free
To help Armida, or serve here with thee.—

XII.

This last request, for love is evil to hide,
Impurpled both his cheeks with scarlet red ;
Rinaldo soon his passions had descried,
And, gently smiling, turn'd aside his head ;
And, for weak Cupid was too feeble-ey'd
To strike him sure, the fire in him was dead ;
So that of rivals was he nought afraid,
Nor car'd he for the journey or the maid :

XIII.

But in his noble thought revolv'd he oft
Dudon's high prowess, death and burial ;
And how Argantes bore his plumes aloft,
Praising his fortune for that worthy's fall :
Besides, the knight's sweet words and praises soft
To his due honour did him fitly call,
And made his heart rejoice ; for well he knew,
Though much he prais'd him, all his words were true.—

XIV.

Degrees, quoth he, of honours high to hold,
I would them first deserve, and then desire ;
And were my valour such as you have told,
Would I for that to higher place aspire ;
But if to honours due raise me you would,
I will not of my works refuse the hire ;
And much it glads me that my pow'r and might
Ypraised is by such a valiant knight.

XV.

I neither seek it, nor refuse the place,
Which if I get, the praise and thanks be thine.—
Eustace, this spoken, hied thence apace
To know which way his fellows' hearts incline.
But Prince Gernando coveted the place,
Whom though Armida sought to undermine,
'Gainst him yet vain did all her engines prove,
His pride was such there was no place for love.

XVI.

Gernando was the King of Norway's son,
That many a realm and region had to guide,
And, for his elders lands and crowns had won,
His heart was puffed up with endless pride :
The other boasts more what himself had done
Than all his ancestors' great acts beside :
Yet his forefathers old before him were
Famous in war and peace five hundred year.

XVII.

This barb'rous Prince, who only vainly thought
That bliss in wealth and kingly pow'r doth lie,
And in respect esteem'd all virtue nought,
Unless it were adorn'd with titles high,
Could not endure that to the place he sought,
A simple knight should dare to prease so nigh ;
And in his breast so boiled fell despight,
That ire and wrath exiled reason quite.

XVIII.

The hidden devil that lies in close await
To win the fort of unbelieving man,
Found entry there where ire undid the gate,
And in his bosom unperceived ran ;
It fill'd his heart with malice, strife, and hate,
It made him rage, blaspheme, swear, curse, and ban,
Invisible it still attends him near,
And thus each minute whisp'reth in his ear :

XIX.

What, shall Rinaldo match thee ? Dares he tell
Those idle names of his vain pedigree ?
Then let him say, if thee he would excel,
What lands, what realms his tributaries be ;
If his forefathers, in the graves that dwell,
Were honoured like thine that live, let see :
Oh how dares one so mean aspire so high,
Born in that servile country Italy ?

XX.

Now, if he win, or if he lose the day,
Yet is his praise and glory hence derived,
For that the world will to his credit say,
Lo, this is he that with Gernando strived.
The charge some deal thee haply honour may,
That noble Dudon had while here he lived ;
But laid on him he would the office shame,
Let it suffice he durst desire the same.

XXI.

If when this breath from man's frail body flies,
The soul take keep, or know the things done here,
Oh ! how looks Dudon from the glorious skies !
What wrath, what anger in his face appear,
On this proud youngling while he bends his eyes,
Marking how high he doth his feathers rear,
Seeing his rash attempt, how soon he dare,
Though but a boy, with his great worth compare !

XXII.

He dares not only, but he strives, and proves,
Where chastisement were fit, there wins he praise :
One counsels him, his speech him forward moves ;
Another fool approveth all he says :
If Godfrey favour him more than behoves,
Why then he wrongeth thee an hundred ways ;
Nor let thy state so far disgraced be,
But what thou art, and can'st, let Godfrey see.—

XXIII.

With such false words the kindled fire began
To ev'ry vein its poison'd heat to reach,
It swell'd his scornful heart, and forth it ran
At his proud looks, and too audacious speech :
All that he thought blame-worthy in the man
To his disgrace, that would he each-where preach ;
He term'd him proud and vain, his worth in fight
He call'd fool-hardice, rashness, madness right :

XXIV.

All that in him was rare or excellent,
All that was good, all that was princely found,
With such sharp words as malice could invent,
He blam'd, such power hath wicked tongue to wound.
The youth (for everywhere those rumours went)
Of these reproaches heard sometimes the sound ;
Nor did for that his tongue the fault amend,
Until it brought him to his woeful end.

XXV.

The cursed fiend that set his tongue at large,
Still bred more fancies in his idle brain,
His heart with slanders new did overcharge,
And soothed him still in his angry vein.
Amid the camp a place was broad and large,
Where one fair regiment might eas'ly train ;
And there, in tilt and harmless tournament,
Their days of rest the youths and gallants spent :

XXVI.

There, as his fortune would it should betide,
Amid the prease Gernando 'gan retire,
To vomit out his venom unespy'd,
Wherewith foul envy did his heart inspire.
Rinaldo heard him as he stood beside,
And, as he could not bridle wrath and ire,—
Thou liest,—cried he loud ; and, with that word,
About his head he tost his flaming sword.

XXVII.

Thunder his voice, and lightning seem'd his brand,
So fell his look and furious was his cheare ;
Gernando trembled, for he saw at hand
Pale death, and neither help nor comfort near ;
Yet, for the soldiers all to witness stand,
He made proud sign as though he nought did fear,
But bravely drew his little-helping blade,
And valiant show of strong resistance made.

XXVIII.

With that a thousand blades of burnish'd steel
Glist'ed on heaps, like flames of fire in sight ;
Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarrel weel,
Ran thither, some to gaze and some to fight :
The empty air a sound confus'd did feel
Of murmurs low and outeries loud on height,
Like rolling waves and Boreas' angry blasts,
When roaring seas against the rocks he casts.

XXIX.

But not for this the wronged warrior staid
His just displeasure and incensed ire,
He car'd not what the vulgar did or said,
To vengeance did his courage fierce aspire :
Among the thickest weapons way he made,
His thund'ring sword made all on heaps retire,
So that of a near thousand stay'd not one,
But Prince Gernando bore the brunt alone.

XXX.

His hand, too quick to execute his wrath,
Performed all as pleas'd his eye and heart,
At head and breast oft-times he stricken hath,
Now at the right, now at the other part :
On ev'ry side thus did he harm and scath,
And oft beguil'd his sight with nimble art ;
That no defence the Prince of wounds acquits,
Where least he thinks or fears, there most he hits.

XXXI.

Nor ceased he till in Gernando's breast
He sheathed once or twice his furious blade ;
Down fell the hapless Prince with death oppress'd,
A double way to his weak soul was made.
His bloody sword the victor wip'd and dress'd,
Nor longer by the slaughter'd body staid,
But sped him thence, and soon appeased hath
His hate, his ire, his rancour, and his wrath.

XXXII.

Call'd by the tumult Godfrey drew him near,
And there beheld a sad and rueful sight,
The signs of death upon his face appear,
With dust and blood his locks were loathly dight :
Sighs and complaints on each side might he hear,
Made for the sudden death of that great knight.
Amaz'd, he ask'd who durst and did so much ;
For yet he knew not whom the fault would touch.

XXXIII.

Arnoldo, minion of the Prince thus slain,
Augments the fault in telling it ; and saith—
This prince is murder'd, for a quarrel vain,
By young Rinaldo in his desp'rate wrath ;
And with that sword, that should Christ's law maintain,
One of Christ's champions bold he killed hath ;
And this he did, in such a place and hour,
As if he scorn'd your rule, despis'd your power.—

XXXIV.

And further adds, that he deserved death
By law, and law should be inviolate ;
That none offence could greater be uneth,
And yet the place the fault did aggravate :
If he escap'd, that mischief would take breath,
And flourish bold in spite of rule and state ;
And that Gernando's friends would 'venge the wrong,
Although to justice that should first belong.

XXXV.

And by that means should discord, hate, and strife,
Raise mutinies, and what thereof ensu'th :
Lastly, he prais'd the dead, and still had rife
All words he thought could veng'ance move or ruth.
Against him Tancred argued for life,
With honest reasons to excuse the youth.
The Duke heard all, but with such sober cheer
As banish'd hope, and still increased fear.—

XXXVI.

Grave prince, quoth Tancred, set before thine eyes
Rinaldo's worth and courage, what it is,
How much our hope of conquest in him lies ;
Regard that princely house and race of his :
He that correcteth every fault he spies,
And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss ;
For faults, you know, are greater thought or less,
As is the person's self that doth transgress.—

XXXVII.

Godfredo answer'd him—If high and low
Of sov'reign power alike should feel the stroke,
Then, Tancred, ill you counsel us, I trow ;
If lords should know no law, as erst you spoke,
How vile and base our empire were, you know ;
If none but slaves and peasants bear the yoke,
Weak is the sceptre, and the pow'r is small,
That such provisoes brings annex'd withal ;

XXXVIII.

But mine was freely given ere it was sought,
Nor that it lessen'd be I now consent ;
Right well know I both when and where I ought
To give condign reward and punishment :
Since you are all in like subjection brought,
Both high and low, obey and be content.—
This heard, Tancredie wisely staid his words ;
Such weight the sayings have of kings and lords.

XXXIX.

Old Raymond prais'd his speech, for old men think
They ever wisest seem when most severe :—
'Tis best, quoth he, to make these great ones shrink,
The people love him whom the nobles fear :
There must the rule to all disorders sink,
Where pardons, more than punishments, appear ;
For feeble is each kingdom, frail and weak,
Unless its basis be this fear I speak.—

XL.

These words Tancredie heard and ponder'd well,
And by them wist how Godfrey's thoughts were bent ;
Nor list he longer with these old men dwell,
But turn'd his horse and to Rinaldo went ;
Who, when his noble foe death-wounded fell,
Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous tent ;
There Tancred found him, and at large declar'd
The words and speeches sharp which late he heard.

XLI.

And said,—Although I wot the outward show
Is not true witness of the secret thought,
For that some men so subtle are, I trow,
That when they purpose most, appeareth nought ;
Yet dare I say Godfredo means, I know,
Such knowledge hath his looks and speeches wrought,
You shall first pris'ner be, and then be tried,
As he shall deem it good, and law provide.—

XLII.

With that a bitter smile well might you see
Rinaldo cast, with scorn and high disdain.—
Let them in fetters plead their cause, quoth he,
That are base peasants, born of servile strain ;
I was free born, I live and will die free,
Before these feet be fetter'd in a chain :
These hands were made to shake sharp spears and swords,
Not to be tied in gyves and twisted cords.

XLIII.

If my good service reap this recompence,
To be clapp'd up in close and secret mew,
And as a thief be after dragg'd from thence,
To suffer punishment as law finds due ;
Let Godfrey come or send, I will not hence,
Until we know who shall this bargain rue ;
That of our tragedy, the late done fact
May be the first, and this the second act :

XLIV.

Give me mine arms, he cried :—His 'squire them brings,
And clad his head and breast in iron strong ;
About his neck his silver shield he flings,
Down by his side a cutting sword there hung.
Among this earth's brave lords, and mighty kings,
Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young.
God Mars he seem'd descending from his sphere,
Or one whose looks could make great Mars to fear.

XLV.

Tancredie labour'd with some pleasing speech
His spirits fierce and courage to appease :—
Young prince, thy valour (thus he 'gan to preach)
Can chastise all that do thee wrong, at ease ;
I know your virtue can your en'mies teach
That you can 'venge you when and where you please :
But God forbid this day you lift your arm
To do this camp, and us, your friends, such harm !

XLVI.

Tell me, what will you do ? why would you stain
Your noble hands in our unguilty blood ?
By wounding Christians, will you again
Pierce Christ, whose parts they are and members good ?
Will you destroy us for your glory vain,
Unstaid as rolling waves in ocean flood ?
Far be it from you so to prove your strength,
But let your zeal appease your rage at length ;

XLVII.

For God's love stay your heat and just displeasure,
Appease your wrath, your courage fierce assuage,
Patience a praise, forbearance is a treasure;
Suff'rance an angel is, a monster rage:
At least your actions by ensample measure,
And think how I, in mine unbridled age,
Was wronged; yet I nould revengement take
On all this camp, for one offender's sake.

XLVIII.

Cilicia conquer'd I, as all men wot,
And there the glorious cross on high I rear'd;
But Baldwin came, and what I nobly got
Bereft me falsely, when I least him fear'd;
He seem'd my friend, and I discover'd not
His secret covetise which since appear'd:
Yet strive I not to get mine own by fight,
Or civil war, although perchance I might.

XLIX.

If then you scorn to be in prison pent;
If bonds, as high disgrace, your hands refuse;
Or if your thoughts still to maintain are bent
Your liberty, as men of honour use;
To Antioch what if forthwith you went;
And leave me here your absence to excuse;
There with Prince Boemond live in ease and peace,
Until this storm of Godfrey's anger cease;

L.

For soon, if forces come from Egypt land,
Or other nations that us here confine,
Godfrey will beaten be with his own wand,
And feel he wants that valour great of thine;
Our camp may seem an arm without a hand,
Amid our troops unless thy eagle shine.—
With that came Guelpho, and these words approved,
And pray'd him go, if him he fear'd or loved.

LI.

Their speeches soften much the warrior's heart,
And make his wilful thoughts at last relent,
So that he yields, and saith he will depart,
And leave the Christian camp incontinent.
His friends, whose love did never shrink or start,
Proffer'd their aid, what way soe'er he went.
He thank'd them all, but left them all, besides
Two bold and trusty 'squires, and so he rides :

LII.

He rides, revolving in his noble spright
Such haughty thoughts as fill the glorious mind ;
On hard adventures was his whole delight,
And now to wondrous acts his will inclin'd ;
Alone against the pagans would he fight,
And kill their kings from Egypt unto Inde ;
From Cinthia's hills, and Nilus' unknown spring,
He would fetch praise, and glorious conquest bring.

LIII.

But Guelpho, when the prince his leave had take,
And now had spurr'd his courser on his way,
No longer tarriance with the rest would make,
But hastes to find Godfredo, if he may :
Who seeing him approaching, forthwith spake,—
Guelpho, quoth he, for thee I only stay,
For thee I sent my heralds all about,
In ev'ry tent to seek and find thee out.—

LIV.

This said, he softly drew the knight aside
Where none might hear, and then bespake him thus :
How chanceth it thy nephew's rage and pride
Makes him so far forget himself and us ?
Hardly could I believe what is betide,
A murder done for cause so frivolous !
How I have lov'd him thou and all can tell :
But Godfrey lov'd him but whilst he did well.

LV.

I must provide that ev'ry one have right,
That all be heard, each cause be well discuss'd ;
As far from partial love, as free from spight,
I hear complaints, yet nought but proofs I trust :
Now, if Rinaldo weigh our rule so light,
And have the sacred lore of war so brust,
Take you the charge that he before us come,
To clear himself and hear our upright doom :

LVI.

But let him come withouten bond or chain,
For still my thoughts to do him grace are framed :
But if our power he haply shall disdain,
As well I know his courage yet untamed,
To bring him by persuasion take some pain ;
Else, if I prove severe, both you be blamed,
That force my gentle nature ('gainst my thought)
To rigour, lest our laws return to nought.—

LVII.

Lord Guelpho answered thus :—What heart can bear
Such slanders false, devis'd by hate and spight ;
Or with staid patience reproaches hear,
And not revenge by battle and by fight ?
'The Norway prince hath bought his folly dear,
But who with words could stay the angry knight ?
A fool is he that comes to preach or prate,
When men with swords their right and wrong debate.

LVIII.

And where you wish he should himself submit
To hear the censure of your upright laws,
Alas ! that cannot be, for he is flit
Out of this camp, withouten stay or pause.
'There take my gage, behold I offer it
To him that first accus'd him in this cause,
Or any else that dare, and will maintain
That for his pride the prince was justly slain :

LIX.

I say with reason Lord Gerlando's pride
He hath abated : if he have offended
'Gainst your commands, who are his lord and guide,
Oh, pardon him, that fault shall be amended.—
If he be gone, quoth Godfrey, let him ride
And brawl elsewhere, here let all strife be ended :
And you, Lord Guelpho, for your nephew's sake,
Breed us no new, nor quarrels old awake.—

LX.

This while, the fair and false Armida striv'd
To get her promis'd aid in sure possession,
The day to end with endless plaint she driv'd ;
Wit, beauty, craft, for her made intercession :
But when the earth was once of light depriv'd,
And western seas felt Titan's hot impression,
'Twixt two old knights and matrons twain she went,
Where pitched was her fair and curious tent.

LXI.

But this false queen of craft and sly invention, [quivers ;
(Whose looks Love's arrows were ; whose eyes his
Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,
A wonder left by heav'n to after-livers,)
Among the Christian lords had bred contention,
Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers ;
With all her weapons and her darts rehears'd,
Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierc'd.

LXII.

To change his modest thought the dame procureth,
And proff'reth heaps of love's enticing treasure :
But as the falcon, newly gorg'd, endureth
Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure ;
So he, whom fulness of delight assureth
What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,
Her crafts, her arts, herself and all despiseth ;
So base affections fall when virtue riseth ;

LXIII.

And not one foot his stedfast foot was moved
Out of that heav'nly path wherein he paced,
Yet thousand wiles and thousand ways she proved,
To have that castle fair of goodness razed :
She used those looks and smiles that most behoved
To melt the frost which his hard heart embraced,
And 'gainst his breast a thousand shot she ventur'd,
Yet was the fort so strong it was not enter'd.

LXIV.

The dame, who thought that one blink of her eye
Could make the chastest heart feel love's sweet pain,
Oh, how her pride abated was hereby,
When all her sleights were void, her crafts were vain !
Some other where she would her forces try,
Where at more ease she might more vantage gain ;
As tired soldiers, whom some fort keeps out,
Thence raise their siege, and spoil the towns about.

LXV.

But yet all ways the wily witch could find
Could not Tancredie's heart to loveward move ;
His sails were filled with another wind,
He list no blast of new affection prove ;
For, as one poison doth exclude by kind
Another's force, so love excludeth love.
These two alone nor more nor less the dame
Could win, the rest all burnt in her sweet flame.

LXVI.

The princess, though her purpose would not frame
As late she hoped and as still she would,
Yet, for the lords and knights of greatest name
Became her prey, as erst you heard it told ;
She thought, ere truth-revealing time or fame
Bewray'd her act, to lead them to some hold,
Where chains and bands she meant to make them prove,
Compos'd by Vulcan, not by gentle Love.

LXVII.

The time prefix'd at length was come and past,
Which Godfrey had set down, to lend her aid,
When at his feet herself to earth she cast,—
The hour is come, my lord, she humbly said ;
And if the tyrant haply hear at last
His banish'd niece hath your assistance pray'd,
He will in arms to save his kingdom rise,
So shall we harder make this enterprise.

LXVIII.

Before report can bring the tyrant news,
Or his espials certify their king,
Oh let thy goodness these few champions chuse,
That to her kingdom should thy handmaid bring ;
Who, except heaven to aid the right refuse,
Recover shall her crown, from whence shall spring
Thy profit ; for betide thee peace or war,
Thine all her cities, all her subjects are.—

LXIX.

The captain sage the damsel fair assured
His word was past, and should not be recanted ;
And she with sweet and humble grace endured
To let him point those ten, which late he granted.
But to be one each one sought and procured,
No suit, entreaty, intercession wanted :
Their envy each at other's love exceeded,
And all importunate made more than needed.

LXX.

She, that well saw the secret of their hearts,
And knew how best to warm them in their blood,
Against them threw the cursed poison'd darts
Of jealousy, and grief at other's good ;
For love she wist was weak without those arts,
And slow ; for jealousy is Cupid's food ;
For the swift steed runs not so fast alone,
As when some strain, some strive him to outgone.

LXXI.

Her words in such alluring sort she framed,
Her looks enticing, and her wooing smiles,
That every one his fellow's favours blamed,
That of their mistress he receiv'd erewhiles :
This foolish crew of lovers, unashamed,
Mad with the poison of her secret wiles,
Ran forward still in this disorder'd sort,
Nor could Godfredo's bridle rein them short.

LXXII.

He, that would satisfy each good desire,
Withouten partial love, of ev'ry knight,
Although he swell'd with shame, with grief, and ire,
To see these follies and these fashions light ;
Yet since by no advice they would retire,
Another way he sought to set them right :—
Write all your names, quoth he, and see whom chance
Of lot to this exploit will first advance.—

LXXIII.

Their names were writ, and in a helmet shaken,
While each did Fortune's grace and aid implore ;
At last they drew them, and the foremost taken
The Earl of Pembroke was, Artemidore ;
Doubtless the County thought his bread well baken.
Next Gerrard fellow'd ; then, with tresses hoar,
Old Wenceslaus, that felt Cupid's rage
Now in his doting and his dying age.

LXXIV.

Oh how contentment in their foreheads shined,
Their looks with joy, thoughts swell'd with secret
These three it seemed good success designed [pleasure]
To make the lords of love and beauty's treasure.
Their doubtful fellows at their hap repined,
And with small patience wait fortune's leisure,
Upon his lips that read the scrolls attending,
As if their lives were on his words depending.

LXXV.

Guascar the fourth, Ridolpho him succeeds,
Then Uldericke whom love list so advance,
Lord William of Ronciglion next he reads,
Then Eberard, and Henry born in France ;
Rambaldo last, whom wicked lust so leads,
That he forsook his Saviour with mischance ;
This wretch the tenth was, who was thus deluded,
The rest to their huge grief were all excluded.

LXXVI.

O'ercome with envy, wrath, and jealousy,
The rest blind fortune curse, and all her laws,
And mad with love, yet out on love they cry,
That in his kingdom let her judge their cause :
And, for man's mind is such, that oft we try
Things most forbidden, without stay or pause,
In spite of fortune, purpos'd many a knight
To follow fair Armida when 't was night ;

LXXVII.

To follow her, by night or else by day,
And in her quarrel venture life and limb.
With sighs and tears she 'gan them softly play
To keep that promise when the skies were dim ;
To this and that knight did she plain, and say
What grief she felt to part withouten him.
Meanwhile the ten had don'd their armour best,
And taken leave of Godfrey and the rest.

LXXVIII.

The Duke advis'd them every one apart,
How light, how trustless was the pagans' faith ;
And told what policy, what wit, what art,
Avoids deceit, which heedless men betray'th.
His speeches pierce their ear, but not their heart ;
Love calls it folly, what so wisdom saith.
Thus warn'd he leaves them to their wanton guide,
Who parts that night ; such haste had she to ride.

LXXIX.

The conqueress departs, and with her led
These prisoners whom love would captive keep;
The hearts of those she left behind her bled,
With point of sorrow's arrow pierced deep.
But when the night her drowsy mantle spread,
And fill'd the earth with silence, shade, and sleep,
In secret sort then each forsook his tent,
And as blind Cupid led them, blind they went.

LXXX.

Eustatio first, who scantily could forbear
Till friendly night might hide his haste and shame,
He rode in post, and let his beast him bear
As his blind fancy would his journey frame:
All night he wand'red and he wist not where,
But with the morning he espied the dame,
That with her guard up from a village rode,
Where she and they that night had made abode.

LXXXI.

Thither he gallop'd fast, and drawing near,
Rambaldo knew the knight, and loudly cried—
Whence comes young Eustace, and what seeks he here?
I come (quoth he) to serve the queen Armide,
If she accept me; would we all were there
Where my goodwill and faith might best be tried.
Who (quoth the other) chooseth thee to prove
This high exploit of hers?—He answer'd, Love:

LXXXII.

Love hath Eustatio chosen, fortune thee;
In thy conceit which is the best election?—
Nay then these shifts are vain, replied he,
These titles false serve thee for no protection,
Thou canst not here for this admitted be,
Our fellow servant, in this sweet subjection.—
And who (quoth Eustace angry) dares deny
My fellowship?—Rambaldo answered, I.—

LXXXIII.

And with that word his cutting sword he drew,
That glist'ed bright and sparkled flaming fire :
Upon his foe the other champion flew,
With equal courage and with equal ire.
The gentle Princess (who the danger knew)
Between them stept and pray'd them both retire.—
Rambald (quoth she) why should you grudge or plain,
If I a champion, you an helper gain ?

LXXXIV.

If me you love, why wish you me deprived
(In so great need) of such a puissant knight ?
But welcome, Eustace, in good time arrived,
Defender of my state, my life, my right ;
I wish my hapless self no longer lived,
When I esteem such good assistance light.—
Thus talk'd they on and travell'd on their way,
Their fellowship increasing every day.

LXXXV.

From every side they come, yet wist there none
Of others' coming or of others' mind ;
She welcomes all, and telleth every one
What joy her thoughts in his arrival find.
But when Duke Godfrey wist his knights were gone,
Within his breast his wiser soul divin'd
Some hard mishap upon his friends should light,
For which he sigh'd all day, and wept all night.

LXXXVI.

A messenger (while thus he mus'd) drew near,
All soil'd with dust and sweat, quite out of breath ;
It seem'd the man did heavy tidings bear,
Upon his looks sat news of loss and death.—
My lord, quoth he, so many ships appear
At sea, that Neptune bears the load uneath ;
From Egypt come they all, this lets thee weet,
William, Lord Amiral of the Genoa fleet.

LXXXVII.

Besides, a convoy coming from the shore,
With vittaile for this noble camp of thine,
Surprised was, and lost is all that store,
Mules, horses, camels laden, corn and wine.
Thy servants fought till they could fight no more,
For all were slain or captives made in fine :
Th' Arabian outlaws them assail'd by night,
When least they fear'd, and least they look'd for fight.

LXXXVIII.

Their frantic boldness doth presume so far,
That many Christians have they falsely slain ;
And like a raging flood they 'spersed are,
And overflow each country, field and plain ;
Send therefore some strong troops of men of war,
To force them hence, and drive them home again ;
And keep the ways between these tents of thine
And those broad seas, the seas of Palestine.—

LXXXIX.

From mouth to mouth the heavy rumour spread
Of these misfortunes, which dispersed wide
Among the soldiers, great amazement bred ;
Famine they doubt, and new-come foes beside.
The Duke (that saw their wonted courage fled,
And in the place thereof weak fear espied),
With merry looks these cheerful words he spake,
To make them heart again and courage take.—

XC.

You champions bold, with me that 'scaped have
So many dangers, and such hard assays,
Whom still your God did keep, defend, and save.
In all your battailes, combats, fights, and frays ;
You that subdued the Turks and Persians brave,
That thirst and hunger held in scorn always,
And vanquish'd hills and seas, with heat and cold
Shall vain reports appal your courage bold ?

XCI.

That Lord, who help'd you out at every need,
When aught befel this glorious camp amiss,
Shall fortune all your actions well to speed,
On whom his mercy large extended is ;
Tofore his tomb when conquering hands you spread,
With what delight will you remember this !
Be strong therefore, and keep your valours high,
To honour, conquest, fame, and victory.—

XCII.

Their hopes half dead, and courage well-nigh lost,
Reviv'd, with these brave speeches of their guide ;
But in his breast a thousand cares he toss'd,
Although his sorrows he could wisely hide ;
He studied how to feed that mighty host,
In so great scarceness ; and what force provide
He should against th' Egyptian warriors sly,
And how subdue those thieves of Arabie.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

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And from the city armed rides by night.	89

I.

But better hopes had them recomforted
 That lay besieged in the sacred town ;
 With new supply late were they vittailed,
 When night obscur'd the earth with shadows brown ;
 Their arms and engines on the walls they spread,
 Their slings to cast, and stones to tumble down ;
 And all that side which to the northward lies,
 High rampires and strong bulwarks fortifies.

II.

Their wary king commands, now here, now there,
 To build this tower, to make that bulwark strong ;
 Whether the sun, the moon, or stars appear,
 To give them light, to work no time comes wrong :
 In every street new weapons forged were
 By cunning smiths, sweating with labour long.
 While thus the careful Prince provision made,
 To him Argantes came, and boasting said—

III.

How long shall we, like prisoners in chains,
Captived lie inclos'd within this wall ?
I see your workmen taking endless pains
To make new weapons, for no use at all ;
Meanwhile these western thieves destroy the plains,
Your towns are burnt, your forts and castles fall,
Yet none of us dares at these gates out-peep,
Or sound one trumpet shrill to break their sleep.

IV.

Their time in feasting and good cheer they spend,
Nor dare we once their banquets sweet molest ;
The days and nights they bring likewise to end,
In peace, assurance, quiet, ease, and rest :
But we must yield, whom hunger soon will shend,
And make for peace, to save our lives, request ;
Else, if th' Egyptian army stay too long,
Like cowards die within this fortress strong.

V.

Yet never shall my courage great consent
So vile a death should end my noble days ;
Nor on mine arms, within these walls ypent,
To-morrow's sun shall spread his timely rays :
Let sacred heavens dispose as they are bent
Of this frail life, yet not withouten praise
Of valour, prowess, might, Argantes shall
Inglorious die, or unrevenged fall.

VI.

But if the roots of wonted chivalry
Be not quite dead your princely breast within,
Devise not how with fame and praise to die,
But how to live, to conquer, and to win ;
Let us together at these gates out-fly,
And skirmish bold, and bloody fight begin ;
For when last need to desperation driveth,
Who dareth most he wisest counsel giveth.

VII.

But if in field your wisdom dare not venture
To hazard all your troops to doubtful fight,
Then bind yourself to Godfrey by indenture,
To end your quarrels by one single knight :
And, for the Christian this accord shall enter
With better will, say such you know your right,
That he the weapons, place, and time, shall chuse,
And let him for his best that 'vantage use.'

VIII.

For though your foe had hands like Hector strong,
With heart unfear'd and courage stern and stout,
Yet no misfortune can your justice wrong,
And what that wanteth shall this arm help out ;
In spite of fate shall this right hand ere long
Return victorious : if hereof you doubt,
Take it for pledge, wherein if trust you have,
It shall yourself defend and kingdom save.—

IX.

Bold youth (the tyrant thus began to speak),
Although I with'red seem with age and years,
Yet are not these old arms so faint and weak,
Nor this hoar head so full of doubts and fears ;
But when as death this vital thread shall break,
He shall my courage hear, my death who hears ;
And Aladine, that liv'd a king and knight,
To his fair morn will have an evening bright.

X.

But that (which yet I would have farther blais'd)
To thee in secret shall be told and spoken ;
Great Soliman of Nice, so far ypraised,
To be revenged for his sceptre broken,
The men of arms of Arabie hath raised,
From Inde to Afric ; and, when we give token,
Attends the favour of the friendly night,
To vittaile us and with our foes to fight.

XI.

Now, though Godfredo hold by warlike feat
Some castles poor and forts in vile oppression,
Care not for that ; for still our princely seat,
This stately town, we keep in our possession ;
But thou appease and calm that courage great
Which in thy bosom makes so hot impression,
And stay fit time, which will betide ere long
T' increase thy glory, and revenge our wrong.—

XII.

The Saracine at this was inly spited,
Who Soliman's great worth had long envied ;
To hear him praised thus he nought delighted,
Nor that the king upon his aid relied.—
Within your power, Sir King (he says), united
Are peace and war, nor shall that be denied ;
But for the Turk and his Arabian band,
He lost his own ; shall he defend your land ?

XIII.

Perchance he comes some heavenly messenger,
Sent down to set the Pagan people free ;
Then let Argantes for himself take care,
This sword, I trust, shall well safeconduct me ;
But while you rest and all your forces spare,
That I go forth to war at least agree,
Though not your champion, yet a private knight,
I will some Christian prove in single fight.—

XIV.

The king replied—Though thy force and might
Should be reserv'd to better time and use,
Yet that thou challenge some renowned knight
Among the Christians bold, I not refuse.
The warrior, breathing out desire of fight,
An herald call'd, and said—Go tell these news
To Godfrey's self, and to the Western Lords,
And in their hearings boldly say these words :

XV.

Say that a knight who holds in great disdain
To be thus closed up in secret mew,
Will with his sword in open field maintain,
If any dare deny his words for true ;
That no devotion, as they falsely feign,
Hath mov'd the French these countrys to subdue ;
But vile ambition, and pride's hateful vice,
Desire of rule and spoil, and covetice ;

XVI.

And that to fight I am not only prest
With one or two that dare defend the cause,
But come the fourth or fifth, come all the rest,
Come all that will, and all that weapons draws,
Let him that yields obey the victor's hest,
As wills the lore of mighty Mars his laws.—
This was the challenge that fierce Pagan sent ;
The herald don'd his coat of arms, and went.

XVII.

And when the man before the presence came
Of princely Godfrey and his captains bold ;—
My Lord, quoth he, may I withouten blame
Before your grace my message brave unfold ?—
Thou may'st, he answer'd, we approve the same,
Withouten fear be thine ambassage told.—
Then, quoth the herald, shall your Highness see
If this ambassage sharp or pleasing be.—

XVIII.

The challenge 'gan he then at large expose,
With mighty threats, high terms, and glorious words ;
On every side an angry murmur rose,
To wrath so moved were the knights and lords.
Then Godfrey spake and said—The man hath chose
An hard exploit, but when he feels our swords,
I trust we shall so fair entreat the knight
As to excuse the fourth or fifth of fight.

XIX.

But let him come and prove, the field I grant,
Nor wrong nor treason let him doubt or fear ;
Some here shall pay him for his glorious vaunt,
Without or guile or 'vantage, that I swear.—
The herald turn'd when he had ended scant,
And hasted back the way he came whilere ;
Nor staid he aught, nor once foreslow'd his pace,
Till he bespake Argantes face to face.—

XX.

Arm you, my Lord, he said, your bold defies
By your brave foes accepted boldly been ;
'This combat neither high nor low denies,
Ten thousand wish to meet you on the green ;
A thousand frown'd with angry flaming eyes,
And shak'd for rage their swords and weapons keen ;
'The field is safely granted by their guide.—
This said, the champion for his armour cried.

XXI.

While he was arm'd, his heart for ire nigh brake,
So yearn'd his courage hot his foe to find.
The King, to fair Clorinda present, spake :—
If he go forth, remain not you behind,
But of our soldiers best a thousand take,
To guard his person and your own assign'd ;
Yet let him meet alone the Christian knight,
And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight.—

XXII.

Thus spake the king, and soon without abode
The troop went forth in shining armour clad :
Before the rest the Pagan champion rode,
His wonted arms and ensigns all he had.
A goodly plain displayed wide and broad
Between the city and the camp was sprad ;
A place like that wherein proud Rome beheld
Her forward young men manage spear and shield.

XXIII.

There all alone Argantes took his stand,
Defying Christ and all his servants true,
In stature, stomach, and in strength of hand,
In pride, presumption, and in dreadful shew,
Encelade like, on the Phlegrean strand,
Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slew :
But his fierce semblance they esteemed light,
For most not knew, or else not fear'd his might.

XXIV.

As yet not one had Godfrey singled out
To undertake this hardy enterprise,
But on Prince Tancred saw he all the rout
Had fix'd their wishes and had cast their eyes ;
On him he spied them gazing round about,
As though their honour on his prowess lies ;
And now they whisper'd louder what they meant,
Which Godfrey heard and saw, and was content.

XXV.

The rest gave place, for every one descried
To whom their chieftain's will did most incline.—
Tancred (quoth he), I pray thee calm the pride,
Abate the rage of yonder Saracine.—
No longer would the chosen champion bide,
His face with joy, his eyes with gladness shine ;
His helm he took, and ready steed bestrode,
And, guarded with his trusty friends, forth rode.

XXVI.

But scantily had he spurr'd his courser swift
Near to that plain where proud Argantes staid,
When unawares his eyes he chanc'd to lift,
And on the hill beheld the warlike maid ;
As white as snow upon the Alpine clift
The virgin shone, in silver arms array'd,
Her ventail up so high that he descried
Her goodly visage and her beauty's pride.

XXVII.

He saw not where the Pagan stood, and stared,
As if with looks he would his foeman kill ;
But full of other thoughts he forward fared,
And sent his looks before him up the hill ;
His gesture such his troubled soul declared ;
At last as marble rock he standeth still ;
Stone-cold without, within burnt with love's flame ;
And quite forget himself and why he came.

XXVIII.

The challenger, that yet saw none appear
That made or sign or show he came to just—
How long, cried he, shall I attend you here ?
Dares none come forth ? Dares none his fortune trust ?
The other stood amaz'd, love stopp'd his ear ;
He thinks on Cupid, think of Mars who lust ;
But forth starts Otho bold, and took the field,
A gentle knight, whom God from danger shield !

XXIX.

This youth was one of those who late desired
With that vain-glorious boaster to have fought ;
But Tancred chosen, he and all retired ;
Yet to the field the valiant prince they brought :
Now, when his slackness he awhile admired,
And saw elsewhere employed was his thought,
Nor that to just (though chosen) once he proffer'd,
He boldly took that fit occasion offer'd.

XXX.

No tyger, panther, spotted leopard,
Runs half so swift the forests wild among,
As this young champion hasted thitherward,
Where he attending saw the Pagan strong.
Tancredie started with the noise he heard,
As wak'd from sleep where he had dreamed long :—
Oh stay, he cried, to me belongs this war :—
But cried too late, Otho was gone too far.

XXXI.

Then full of fury, anger, and despite,
He staid his horse, and waxed red for shame ;
The fight was his, but now disgraced quite
Himself he thought, another play'd his game.
Meanwhile the Saracine did hugely smite
On Otho's helm ; who, to requite the same,
His foe quite through his sev'n-fold targe did bear,
And in his breast-plate stuck and broke his spear.

XXXII.

Th' encounter such, upon the tender grass
Down from his steed the Christian backward fell ;
Yet his proud foe so strong and sturdy was,
That he nor shook nor stagger'd in his sell,
But to the knight, that lay full low, alas !
In high disdain his will thus 'gan he tell :—
Yield thee my slave, and this thine honour be,
'Thou may'st report thou hast encounter'd me.—

XXXIII.

Not so, quoth he, pardie it's not the guise
Of Christian knights, tho' fallen, so soon to yield ;
I can my fall excuse in better wise,
And will revenge this shame, or die in field.—
The great Circassian bent his frowning eyes,
Like that grim visage in Minerva's shield :—
Then learn, quoth he, what force Argantes useth
Against that fool that proffer'd grace refuseth.—

XXXIV.

With that he spurr'd his horse with speed and hastes
(Forgetting what good knights to virtue owe) :
Otho his fury shunn'd, and, as he pass'd,
At his right side he reach'd a noble blow :
Wide was the wound, the blood outstreamed fast,
And from his side fell to his stirrup low.
But what avails to hurt, if wounds augment
Our foe's fierce courage, strength, and hardiment ?

XXXV.

Argantes nimbly turn'd his ready steed,
And, ere his foe was wist or well aware,
Against his side he drove his courser's head;
What force could he 'gainst so great might prepare?
Weak were his feeble joints, his courage dead,
His heart amaz'd, his paleness shew'd his care;
His tender side 'gainst the hard earth he cast,
Sham'd with the first fall; bruised with the last.

XXXVI.

The victor spurr'd again his light-foot steed,
And made his passage over Otho's heart;
And cried—These fools thus under foot I tread,
That dare contend with me in equal mart.—
Tancred for anger shook his noble head,
So was he griev'd with that unknighly part:
The fault was his, he was so slow before,
With double valour would he salve that sore.

XXXVII.

Forward he gallop'd fast, and loudly cried—
Villain! (quoth he) thy conquest is thy shame;
What praise, what honour shall this fact betide?
What gain, what guerdon shall befall the same?
Among th' Arabian thieves thy face go hide,
Far from resort of men of worth and fame;
Or else in woods and mountains wild, by night,
On savage beasts employ thy savage might.—

XXXVIII.

The Pagan patience never knew, nor used;
Trembling for ire his sandy locks he tore,
Out from his lips flew such a sound confused
As lions make in deserts thick which roar;
Or as when clouds, together crush'd and bruised,
Pour down a tempest by the Caspian shore:
So was his speech imperfect, stop'd, and broken,
He roar'd and thund'red when he should have spoken.

XXXIX.

But when with threats they both had whetted keen
Their eager rage, their fury, spite, and ire,
They turn'd their steeds and left large space between,
To make their forces greater 'proaching nigher.
With terms that warlike and that worthy been,
O sacred muse !. my haughty thoughts inspire,
And make a trumpet of my slender quill,
To thunder out this furious combat shrill.

XL.

These sons of Mavors bore, instead of spears,
Two knotty masts, which none but they could lift ;
Each foaming steed so fast his master bears,
That never beast, bird, shaft, flew half so swift :
Such was their fury, as when Boreas tears
The shatter'd crags from Taurus' northern clift :
Upon their helms their lances long they broke,
And up to heav'n flew splinters, sparks, and smoke.

XLI.

The shock made all the towers and turrets quake,
And woods and mountains all nigh-hand resound ;
Yet could not all that force and fury shake
The valiant champions, nor their persons wound :
Together hurtled both their steeds, and brake
Each other's neck ; the riders lay on ground :
But they (great masters of war's dreadful art)
Pluck'd forth their swords, and soon from earth upstart.

XLII.

Close at his surest ward each warrior lieth ;
He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye ;
This blow he proveth, that defence he trieth ;
He traverseth, retireth, preaseth nigh ;
Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth ;
This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by ;
And for advantage oft he lets some part
Discover'd seem ; thus art deludeth art.

XLIII.

The Pagan, ill defenc'd with sword or targe
Tancredie's thigh, as he suppos'd, espied,
And reaching forth 'gainst it his weapon large,
Quite naked to his foe leaves his left side :
Tancred avoideth quick his furious charge,
And gave him eke a wound deep, sore, and wide ;
That done, himself safe to his ward retired,
His courage prais'd by all, his skill admired.

XLIV.

The proud Circassian saw his streaming blood
Down from his wound, as from a fountain, running ;
He sigh'd for rage, and trembled as he stood,
He blam'd his fortune, folly, want of cunning ;
He lift his sword aloft, for ire nigh wood,
And forward rush'd ;—Tancred, his fury shunning,
With a sharp thrust once more the Pagan hit,
To his broad shoulder where his arm is knit.

XLV.

Like as a bear through-pierced with a dart,
Within the secret woods no further fieth,
But bites the senseless weapon, mad with smart,
Seeking revenge till unreveng'd she dieth ;
So mad Argantes far'd, when his proud heart
Wound upon wound and shame on shame espieth ;
Desire of vengeance so o'ercame his senses,
That he forgot all dangers, all defences.

XLVI.

Uniting force extreme with endless wrath,
Supporting both with youth and strength untired ;
His thund'ring blows so fast about he la'th,
That skies and earth the flying sparkles fired :
His foe to strike one blow no leisure hath,
Scantly he breathed, though he oft desired ;
His warlike skill and cunning all was waste,
Such was Argantes' force, and such his haste.

XLVII.

Long time Tancredie had in vain attended
When this huge storm should overblow and pass ;
Some blows his mighty target well defended,
Some fell beside and wounded deep the grass ;
But when he saw the tempest never ended,
Nor that the Painim's force aught weaker was,
He high advanc'd his cutting sword at length,
And rage to rage oppos'd, and strength to strength.

XLVIII.

Wrath bore the sway, both art and reason fail,
Fury new force and courage new supplies ;
Their armours forged were of metal frail ;
On every side thereof huge cantles flies ;
The land was strewed all with plate and mail,
That on the earth, on that their warm blood lies,
And at each rush and every blow they smote,
Thunder the noise, the sparks seem'd lightning hote.

. XLIX.

The Christian people and the Pagans gazed,
On this fierce combat, wishing oft the end ;
'Twixt hope and fear they stood long time amazed,
To see the knights assail and eke defend :
Yet neither sign they made nor noise they raised,
But for the issue of the fight attend,
And stood as still as life and sense they wanted,
Save that their hearts within their bosoms panted.

L.

Now were they tired both, and well nigh spent,
Their blows shew'd greater will than power to wound ;
But nigh her gentle daughter, darkness, sent
With friendly shade to overspread the ground.
Two heralds to the fighting champions went,
To part the fray, as law of arms them bound ;
Aridens born in France, and wise Pindore,
The man that brought the challenge proud before.

LI.

These men their sceptres interpose between
The doubtful hazards of uncertain fight ;
For such their privilege hath ever been,
The law of nations doth defend their right ;
Pindore began—Stay, stay, you warriors k^een,
Equal your honour, equal is your might ;
Forbear this combat, so we deem it best.
Give night her due, and grant your persons rest :

LII.

Man goeth forth to labour with the sun,
But with the night all creatures draw to sleep ;
Nor yet of hidden praise, in darkness won,
The valiant heart of noble knight takes keep.—
Argantes answer'd him—The fight begun
Now to forbear doth wound my heart right deep :
Yet will I stay, so that this Christian swear,
Before you both, again to meet me here.—

LIII.

I swear, quoth Tancred ; but swear thou likewise
To make return thy pris'ner eke with thee,
Else for achievement of this enterprise
None other time but this expect of me.—
Thus sware they both ; the heralds both devise
What time for this exploit should fittest be ;
And, for their wounds of rest and cure had need,
To meet again the sixth day was decreed.

LIV.

This fight was deep imprinted in their hearts
That saw this bloody fray to ending brought,
An horror great possess their weaker parts,
Which made them shrink who on this combat thought :
Much speech was of the praise and high desarts
Of these brave champions that so nobly fought ;
But which for knightly worth was most ypraised,
Of that was doubt and disputation raised.

LV.

All long to see them end this doubtful fray,
And as they favour, so they wish success ;
These hope true virtue shall obtain the day ;
Those trust on fury, strength, and hardiness :
But on Erminia most this burthen lay,
Whose looks her trouble and her fear express ;
For on this dang'rous combat's doubtful end,
Her joy, her comfort, hope, and life, depend.

LVI.

Her, the sole daughter of that hapless king
That of proud Antioch late wore the crown,
The Christian soldiers to Tancredie bring,
When they had sack'd and spoil'd that glorious town :
But he, in whom all good and virtue spring,
The virgin's honour sav'd and her renown ;
And when her city and her state was lost,
Then was her person lov'd and honour'd most.

LVII.

He honour'd her, serv'd her, and leave her gave,
And will'd her go whither and when she list ;
Her gold and jewels had he care to save,
And them restored all ; she nothing miss'd :
She (that beheld his youth and person brave)
When, by this deed, his noble mind she wist,
Laid ope her heart for Cupid's shaft to hit,
Who never knots of love more surer knit.

LVIII.

Her body free, captived was her heart,
And love the keys did of that prison bear :
Prepar'd to go, it was a death to part
From that kind Lord, and from that prison dear :
But thou, O Honour, which esteemed art
The chiefest vesture noble ladies wear,
Enforcest her against her will to wend
To Aladine, her mother's dearest friend.

LIX.

At Sion was this princess entertained

By that old tyrant, and her mother dear,
Whose loss too soon the woeful damsel plained;
Her grief was such she liv'd not half the year;
Yet banishment nor loss of friends constrained
The hapless maid her passions to forbear;
For though exceeding were her woe and grief,
Of all her sorrows yet her love was chief.

LX.

The seely maid in secret longing pined,
Her hope a mote drawn up by Phœbus' rays;
Her love a mountain seem'd, whereon bright shined
Fresh memory of Tancred's worth and praise:
Within her closet if herself she shrined,
A hotter fire her tender heart assays:
Tancred at last, to raise her hope nigh dead,
Before those walls did his broad ensign spread.

LXI.

The rest to view the Christian army feared,
Such seem'd their number, such their power and might;
But she alone her troubled forehead cleared,
And on them spread her beauty shining bright;
In every squadron when it first appeared,
Her curious eye sought out her chosen knight;
And every gallant that the rest excels,
The same seems him; so love and fancy tells.

LXII.

Within the kingly palace, builded high,
A turret standeth near the city's wall,
From which Erminia might at ease descry
The western host, the plains and mountains all;
And there she stood all the long day to spy,
From Phœbus' rising to his evening fall;
And with her thoughts disputed of his praise,
And every thought a scalding sigh did raise.

LXIII.

From hence the furious combat she survey'd,
And felt her heart tremble with fear and pain ;
Her secret thought thus to her fancy said,
Behold thy dear in danger to be slain ;
So with suspect, with fear, and grief dismay'd,
Attended she her darling's loss or gain ;
And ever when the Pagan lift his blade,
The stroke a wound in her weak bosom made.

LXIV.

But when she saw the end, and wist withal
Their strong contention should eftsoons begin ;
Amazement strange her courage did appal,
Her vital blood was icy cold within ;
Sometimes she sighed, sometimes tears let fall,
To witness what distress her heart was in ;
Hopeless, dismay'd, pale, sad, astonished,
Her love her fear, her fear her torment bred.

LXV.

Her idle brain unto her soul presented
Death, in an hundred ugly fashions painted ;
And if she slept, then was her grief augmented,
With such sad visions were her thoughts acquainted ;
She saw her lord with wounds and hurts tormented,
How he complain'd, call'd for her help, and fainted ;
And found, awak'd from that unquiet sleeping,
Her heart with panting sore, eyes red with weeping.

LXVI.

Yet these presages of his coming ill
Not greatest cause of her discomfort were ;
She saw his blood from his deep wounds distil,
Nor what he suffer'd could she bide or bear :
Besides, report her longing ear did fill,
Doubling his danger, doubling so her fear,
That she concludes, so was her courage lost,
Her wounded lord was weak, faint, dead almost.

LXVII.

And, for her mother had her taught before
The secret virtue of each herb that springs,
Besides fit charms for every wound or sore
Corruption breedeth, or misfortune brings,
(An art esteemed in those times of yore
Beseeming daughters of great lords and kings,)
She would herself be surgeon to her knight,
And heal him with her skill, or with her sight.

LXVIII.

Thus would she cure her love, and cure her foe
She must, that had her friends and kinsfolk slain :
Some cursed weeds her cunning hand did know,
That could augment his harm, increase his pain ;
But she abhorr'd to be revenged so,
No treason should her spotless person stain,
And virtueless she wish'd all herbs and charms
Wherewith false men increase their patients' harms :

LXIX.

Nor feared she among the bands to stray
Of armed men, for often had she seen
The tragic end of many a bloody fray ;
Her life had full of haps and hazards been ;
This made her bold in every hard assay,
More than her feeble sex became, I ween ;
She feared not the shake of every reed,
So cowards are courageous made through need.

LXX.

Love,—fearless, hardy, and audacious love,—
Embold'ned had this tender damsel so,
That where wild beasts and serpents glide and move,
Through Afric's deserts durst she ride or go,
Save that her honour (she esteem'd above
Her life and body's safety) told her no ;
For in the secret of her troubled thought
A doubtful combat love and honour fought.—

LXXI.

O spotless virgin (Honour thus begon),
That my true lore observed firmly hast,
When with thy foes thou didst in bondage won,
Remember then I kept thee pure and chaste ;
At liberty, now whither wouldst thou ron,
To lay that field of princely virtue waste,
Or lose that jewel ladies hold so dear ?
Is maidenhood so great a load to bear ?

LXXII.

Or deem'st thou it a praise of little price
The glorious title of a virgin's name ?
That thou wilt gad by night in giglet-wise
Amid thine armed foes to seek thy shame ?
O fool ! a woman conquers when she flies,
Refusal kindleth, proffers quench the flame :
Thy lord will judge thou sinnest beyond measure,
If vainly thus thou waste so rich a treasure.—

LXXIII.

The sly deceiver, Cupid, thus beguil'd
The simple damsel with his filed tongue :—
Thou wert not born (quoth he) in deserts wild,
The cruel bears and savage beasts among,
That thou shouldst scorn fair Citherea's child,
Or hate those pleasures that to youth belong,
Nor did the gods thy heart of iron frame ;
To be in love is neither sin nor shame :

LXXIV.

Go then, go, whither sweet desire inviteth ;
How can thy gentle knight so cruel be ?
Love in his heart thy grief and sorrows writeth,
For thy laments how he complaineth see.
Oh cruel woman, whom no care exciteth
To save his life that sav'd and honour'd thee !
He languisheth, one foot thou wilt not move
To succour him, yet say'st thou art in love.

LXXV.

No, no, stay here Argantes' wounds to cure,
And make him strong to shed thy darling's blood ;
Of such reward he may himself assure,
That doth a thankless woman so much good :—
Ah, may it be thy patience can endure
To see the strength of this Circassian wood,
And not with horror and amazement shrink,
When on their future fight thou hap'st to think ?

LXXVI.

Besides the thanks and praises for the deed,
Suppose what joy, what comfort shalt thou win,
When thy soft hand doth wholesome plasters spread
Upon the breaches in his ivory skin ;
Thence to thy dearest lord may health succeed,
Strength to his limbs, blood to his cheeks so thin ;
And his rare beauties, now half dead and more,
Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore :

LXXVII.

So shall some part of his adventures bold
And valiant acts henceforth be held as thine ;
His dear embracements shall thee strait enfold,
Together join'd in marriage rites divine ;
Lastly, high place of honour shalt thou hold
Among the matrons sage and dames Latine,
In Italy, a land (as each one tells)
Where valour true and true religion dwells. —

LXXVIII.

With such vain hopes the seely maid abused,
Promis'd herself mountains and hills of gold
Yet were her thoughts with doubts and fears confused,
How to escape unseen out of that hold ;
Because the watchmen every minute used
To guard the walls against the Christians bold ;
And in such fury and such heat of war,
The gates or seld or never open'd are.

LXXIX.

With strong Clorinda was Erminia sweet
In surest links of dearest friendship bound ;
With her she us'd the rising sun to greet,
And her (when Phœbus glided under ground)
She made the lovely partner of her sheet ;
In both their hearts one will, one thought was found ;
Nor aught she hid from that virago bold,
Except her love ; that tale to none she told ;

LXXX.

That kept she secret ; if Clorinda heard
Her make complaints, or secretly lament,
To other cause her sorrow she referr'd ;
Matter enough she had of discontent :
Like as the bird, that having close imbarr'd
Her tender young ones in the springing bent,
To draw the searcher farther from her nest,
Cries and complains most, where she needeth least.

LXXXI.

Alone, within her chamber's secret part,
Sitting one day upon her heavy thought,
Devising by what means, what sleight, what art,
Her close departure should be safest wrought ;
Assembled in her unresolved heart,
A hundred passions strove and ceaseless fought ;
At last she saw high hanging on the wall
Clorinda's silver arms ; and sigh'd withal :—

LXXXII.

And sighing, softly to herself she said,
How blessed is this virgin in her might !
How envy I the glory of the maid,
Yet envy not her shape or beauty's light ;
Her steps are not with trailing garments staid,
Nor chambers hide her valour's shining bright ;
But arm'd she rides, and breaketh sword and spear,
Nor is her strength restrain'd by shame or fear.

LXXXIII.

Alas ! why did not heav'n these members frail
With lively force and vigour strengthen so,
That I this silken gown and slender veil
Might for a breastplate and an helm forego ?
Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,
Nor storms that fall, nor blust'ring winds that blow,
Withhold me, but I would both day and night
In pitched field or private combat fight.

LXXXIV.

Nor haddest thou, Argantes, first begun
With my dear lord that fierce and cruel fight,
But I to that encounter would have run,
And haply ta'en him captive by my might ;
Yet should he find (our furious combat done)
His thralldom easy, and his bondage light ;
For fetters mine embracements should he prove ;
For diet, kisses sweet ; for keeper, love :

LXXXV.

Or else my tender bosom opened wide,
And heart through-pierced with his cruel blade,
The bloody weapon in my wounded side
Might cure the wound, which love before had made ;
Then should my soul in rest and quiet slide
Down to the valleys of th' Elysian shade,
And my mishap the knight perchance would move
To shed some tears upon his murdered love.

LXXXVI.

Alas ! impossible are all these things ;
Such wishes vain afflict my woeful sprite.
Why yield I thus to plaints and sorrowings,
As if all hope and help were perish'd quite ?
My heart dares much, it soars with Cupid's wings.
Why use I not for once these armours bright ?
I may sustain awhile this shield aloft,
Though I be tender feeble, weak, and soft.

LXXXVII.

Love, strong, bold, mighty, never-tired love,
Supplieth force to all his servants true ;
The fearful stags he doth to battaile move,
Till each his horns in other's blood embrue ;
Yet mean not I the haps of war to prove,
A stratagem I have devised new ;
Clorinda-like, in this fair harness dight,
I will escape out of the town this night.

LXXXVIII.

I know the men that have the gate to ward,
If she command, dare not her will deny ;
In what sort else could I beguile the guard ?
This way is only left, this will I try.
O gentle love, in this adventure hard
Thine handmaid guide, assist, and fortify !
The time, the hour, now fitteth best the thing,
While stout Clorinda talketh with the king.—

LXXXIX.

Resolved thus, without delay she went,
As her strong passion did her rashly guide,
And those bright arms down from the rafter hent,
Within her closet did she closely hide :
That might she do unseen ; for she had sent
The rest on sleeveless errands from her side ;
And night her stealths brought to their wished end ;
Night, patroness of thieves, and lovers' friend.

XC.

Some sparkling fires on heav'n's bright visage shone,
His azure robe the orient blueness lost,
When she, whose wit and reason both were gone,
Call'd for a squire she lov'd and trusted most ;
To whom, and to a maid (a faithful one),
Part of her will she told ; how that in post
She would depart from Judah's king ; and feign'd
That other cause her sudden flight constrain'd.

XCI.

The trusty squire provided needments meet,
As for their journey fitting most should be ;
Meanwhile her vesture (pendent to her feet)
Erminia doft, as erst determin'd she :
Stript to her petticoat, the virgin sweet
So slender was, that wonder was to see ;
Her handmaid, ready at her mistress' will,
To arm her help'd, though simple were her skill.

XCII.

The rugged steel oppressed and offended
Her dainty neck and locks of shining gold ;
Her tender arm so feeble was, it bended
When that huge target it presum'd to hold ;
The burnish'd steel bright rays far off extended ;
She feigned courage, and appeared bold :
Fast by her side unseen smil'd Venus' son,
As erst he laugh'd when Alcides spun.

XCIII.

Oh, with what labour did her shoulders bear
That heavy burden, and how slow she went !
Her maid, to see that all the coasts were clear,
Before her mistress through the streets was sent.
Love gave her courage, love exiled fear,
Love to her tired limbs new vigour lent,
Till she approached where the squire abode,
There took they horse forthwith, and forward rode :

XCIV.

Disguis'd they went, and by unused ways
And secret paths they strove unseen to gone ;
Until the watch they meet, which sore affrays
These soldiers new, when swords and weapons shone ;
Yet none to stop their journey once assays,
But place and passage yielded every one ;
For that white armour and that helmet bright
Were known and feared in the darkest night.

XCV.

Erminia (though some deal she were dismay'd)
Yet went she on, and goodly count'nance bore;
She doubted lest her purpose were bewray'd;
Her too-much boldness she repented sore.
But now the gate her fear and passage staid,
The heedless porter she beguil'd therefore:—
I am Clorinda, ope the gates, she cried,
Whereas the king commands, thus late I ride.—

XCVI.

Her woman's voice and terms all framed been
Most like the speeches of the princess stout.
Who would have thought on horseback to have seen
That feeble damsel armed round about?
The porter her obey'd; and she (between
Her trusty squire and maiden) sallied out,
And through the secret dales they silent pass,
Where danger least, least fear, least peril was.

XCVII.

But when these fair advent'urers entered were
Deep in a vale, Erminia staid her haste;
To be recall'd she had no cause to fear,
This foremost hazard had she trimly past;
But dangers new (tofore unseen) appear,
New perils she descried, new doubts she cast;
The way that her desire to quiet brought
More difficult now seem'd than erst she thought.

XCVIII.

Armed to ride among her angry foes,
She now perceiv'd it were great oversight;
Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,
Until she came before her chosen knight;
To him she purpos'd to present the rose,
Pure, spotless, clean, untouch'd of mortal wight;
She staid therefore, and in her thoughts more wise,
She called her 'squire, whom thus she 'gan advise:—

XCIX.

Thou must, quoth she, be mine ambassador ;
Be wise, be careful, true, and diligent ;
Go to the camp, present thyself before
The prince Tancredie, wounded in his tent ;
Tell him thy mistress comes to cure his sore,
If he to grant her peace and rest consent,
'Gainst whom fierce love such cruel war hath raised ;
So shall his wound be cur'd, her torments eased :

O.

And say, in him such hope and trust she hath,
That in his powers she fears no shame nor scorn ;
Tell him thus much ; and whatsoe'er he saith,
Unfold no more, but make a quick return :
I (for this place is free from harm and scath)
Within this valley will meanwhile sojourn.—
Thus spake the princess ; and her servant true
To execute the charge imposed flew ;

CI.

And was receiv'd (he so discreetly wrought)
First of the watch that guarded in their place ;
Before the wounded prince then was he brought,
Who heard his message kind with gentle grace ;
Which told, he left him tossing in his thought
A thousand doubts, and turn'd his speedy pace
To bring his lady and his mistress word
She might be welcome to that courteous lord.

CII.

But she impatient, to whose desire
Grievous and harmful seem'd each little stay,
Recounts his steps, and thinks, now draws he nigher,
Now enters in, now speaks, now comes his way ;
And that which griev'd her most, the careful squire
Less speedy seem'd than e'er before that day :
Lastly she forward rode with love to guide,
Until the Christian tents at hand she spied.

CIII.

Invested in her starry veil, the night
In her kind arms embraced all this round ;
The silver moon from sea uprising bright,
Spread frosty pearl upon the candied ground :
And Cinthia-like for beauty's glorious light,
The love-sick nymph threw glist'ring beams around ;
And counsellors of her old love she made
Those valleys dumb, that silence, and that shade.

CIV.

Beholding then the camp, quoth she,—O fair
And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought,
From you how sweet methinketh blows the air,
How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought !
Through heav'n's fair grace, from gulf of sad despair
My tossed bark to port well nigh is brought ;
In you I seek redress for all my harms,
Rest 'midst your weapons, peace amongst your arms :

CV.

Receive me then, and let me mercy find,
As gentle love assureth me I shall ;
Among you had I entertainment kind,
When first I was the Prince Tancredie's thrall :
I covet not, led by ambition blind,
You should me in my father's throne instal ;
Might I but serve in you my lord so dear,
That my content, my joy, my comfort were.

CVI.

Thus parlied she (poor soul), and never feared
The sudden blow of fortune's cruel spite ;
She stood where Phœbe's splendent beam appeared
Upon her silver armour doubly bright ;
The place about her round the shining cleared
Of that pure white wherein the nymph was dight :
The tigress great that on her helmet laid,
Bore witness where she went, and where she staid.

CVII.

So, as her fortune would, a Christian band
Their secret ambush there had closely framed,
Let by two brothers of Italia land,
Young Polipherne and Alicandro named ;
These with their forces watched to withstand
Those that brought vittailles to their foes untamed,
And kept that passage ; them Erminia spied,
And fled as fast as her swift steed could ride.

CVIII.

But Polipherne, before whose watery eyes
His aged father strong Clorinda slew,
When that bright shield and silver helm he spies,
The championess he thought he saw and knew ;
Upon his hidden mates for aid he cries
'Gainst his supposed foe, and forth he flew ;
As he was rash and heedless in his wrath,
Bending his lance—'Thou art but dead, he saith.

CIX.

As when a chased hind her course doth bend
To seek by soil to find some ease or good,
Whether from craggy rock the spring descend,
Or softly glide within the shady wood,
If there the dogs she meet where late she wend
To comfort her weak limbs in cooling flood,
Again she flies swift as she fled at first,
Forgetting weakness, weariness, and thirst :

CX.

So she, that thought to rest her weary spright,
And quench the endless thirst of ardent love,
With dear embracements of her lord and knight,
But such as marriage rites should first approve ;
When she beheld her foe, with weapon bright,
Threat'ning her death, his hasty courser move,
Her love, her lord, herself abandoned,
She spur'd her speedy steed, and swift she fled.

CXI.

Erminia fled, scantly the tender grass
Her Pegasus with his light footsteps bent,
Her maiden's beast for speed did likewise pass ;
Yet divers ways (such was their fear) they went.
The squire, who all too late return'd, alas !
With tardy news from Prince Tancredie's tent,
Fled likewise, when he saw his mistress gone ;
It bootied not to sojourn there alone.

CXII.

But Alicandro, wiser than the rest,
Who this suppos'd Clorinda saw likewise,
To follow her yet was he nothing press'd,
But in his ambush still and close he lies ;
A messenger to Godfrey he address'd,
That should him of this accident advise ;
How that his brother chas'd with naked blade
Clorinda's self, or else Clorinda's shade ;

CXIII.

Yet that it was, or that it could be she,
He had small cause or reason to suppose,
Occasion great and weighty must it be
Should make her ride by night among her foes :
What Godfrey willed that observed he,
And with his soldiers lay in ambush close.
These news through all the Christian army went,
In every cabin talk'd, and every tent.

CXIV.

Tancred, whose thoughts the squire had filled with doubt,
By his sweet words, suppos'd now, hearing this—
Alas ! the virgin came to seek me out,
And for my sake her life in danger is.—
Himself forthwith he singled from the rout,
And rode in haste, though half his arms he miss ;
Among those sandy fields and valleys green,
To seek his love, he gallop'd fast unseen.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

A shepherd fair Erminia entertains,	6
Whom whilst Tancredie seeks in vain to find,	22
He is entrapp'd in Armida's trains.	27
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And hasty wrath turn to his loss and harm,	
Doth raise new tempest, uproar, and alarm.	99

I.

ERMINIA's steed this while his mistress bore
 Through forests thick among the shady treen,
 Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlore,
 Half in a swoon she was for fear, I ween;
 But her fleet courser spared ne'er the more
 To bear her through the desert woods unseen
 Of her strong foes, that chas'd her through the plain,
 And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vain.

II.

Like as the weary hounds at last retire,
 Windless, displeased, from the fruitless chace,
 When the sly beast tapish'd in bush and briar,
 No art nor pains can rouse out of his place;
 The Christian knights so full of shame and ire
 Returned back, with faint and weary pace;
 Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,
 Nor ever staid nor ever look'd behind.

III.

Through thick and thin all night, all day, she drove,
Withouten comfort, company, or guide ;
Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,
She heard and saw her griefs, but nought beside :
But when the sun his burning chariot dived
In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied,
On Jordan's sandy banks her course she staid
At last, there down she light, and down she laid.

IV.

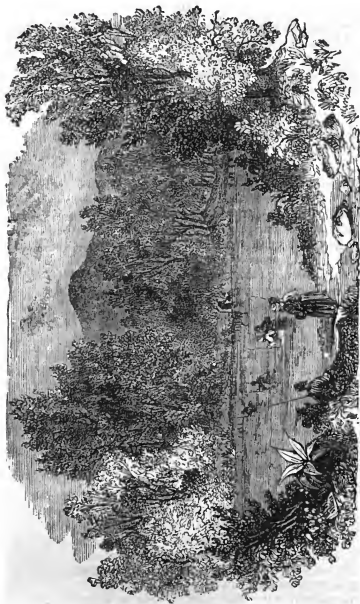
Her tears her drink, her food her sorrowings,
This was her diet that unhappy night :
But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings
To ease the griefs of discontented wight,
Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull arms folding the virgin bright ;
And love, his mother, and the graces kept
Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

V.

The birds awak'd her with their morning song,
Their warbling music pierc'd her tender ear ;
The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among
The rattling boughs and leaves their parts did bear ;
Her eyes unclos'd beheld the groves along
Of swains and shepherd grooms that dwellings were ;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Provok'd again the virgin to lament.

VI.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound
That seem'd from thickest bushes to proceed ;
Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,
And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed ;
Thither she went ; an old man there she found,
At whose right hand his little flock did feed,
Sat making baskets, his three sons among,
That learn'd their father's art, and learn'd his song.



[The Jordan.]

VII.

Beholding one in shining arms appear,
The seely man and his were sore dismay'd ;
But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,
Her ventail up, her visage open laid.—
You happy folk, of heav'n beloved dear,
Work on, quoth she, upon your harmless trade ;
These dreadful arms I bear no warfare bring
To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing :

VIII.

But, father, since this land, these towns and towers,
Destroyed are with sword, with fire, and spoil,
How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
In safety thus apply your harmless toil ?—
My son, quoth he, this poor estate of ours
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil ;
This wilderness doth us in safety keep,
No thund'ring drum, no trumpet breaks our sleep :

IX.

Haply just heav'ns, defence and shield of right,
Doth love the innocence of simple swains ;
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or never strike the lower plains ;
So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains,
Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed
By poverty, neglected and despised :

X.

O poverty ! chief of the heav'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown,
No wish for honour, thirst of other's good,
Can move my heart, contented with mine own :
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown ;
These little flocks of sheep and tender goats
Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats :

XI.

We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed ;
These are my sons, their care preserves from stealth
Their father's flocks, nor servants more I need :
Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensample take :

XII.

'Time was (for each one hath his doting time,
These silver locks were golden tresses then)
That country life I hated as a crime,
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran ;
To Memphis' stately palace would I climb,
And there became the mighty caliph's man,
And though I but a simple gardener were,
Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear :

XIII.

Enticed on with hope of future gain,
I suffer'd long what did my soul displease ;
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain ;
I felt my native strength at last decrease ;
I 'gan my loss of lusty years complain,
And wish'd I had enjoy'd the country's peace ;
I bade the court farewell, and with content
My later age here have I quiet spent.—

XIV.

While thus he spake, Erminia, hush'd and still,
His wise discourses heard with great attention ;
His speeches grave those idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension.
After much thought reformed was her will ;
Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
Till fortune should occasion new afford,
To turn her home to her desired lord.

XV.

She said therefore—O shepherd fortunate !
That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,
Yet livest now in this contented state,
Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,
To entertain me as a willing mate
In shepherd's life, which I admire and love ;
Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart
Of her discomforts may unload some part :

XVI.

If gold or wealth, of most esteemed dear,
If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,
Such store thereof, such plenty have I here,
As to a greedy mind might well suffice.—
With that down trickled many a silver tear,
Two crystal streams fell from her watery eyes ;
Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,
And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

XVII.

With speeches kind he 'gan the virgin dear
Towards his cottage gently home to guide ;
His aged wife there made her homely cheer,
Yet welcom'd her, and plac'd her by her side.
The princess don'd a poor pastora's gear,
A 'kerchief coarse upon her head she tied ;
But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,
Were such as ill beseem'd a shepherdess :

XVIII.

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide
The heav'nly beauty of her angel's face,
Nor was her princely offspring damnified
Or ought disparag'd by those labours base :
Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milk her goats, and in their folds them place ;
Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
Herself to please the shepherd and his dame.

XIX.

But oft, when underneath the green-wood shade
Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus' scorching rays,
Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,
And them engrav'd in bark of beech and bays ;
She told how Cupid did her first invade,
How conquer'd her, and ends with Tancred's praise :
And when her passion's writ she over read,
Again she mourn'd, again salt tears she shed.—

XX.

You happy trees, for ever keep (quoth she)
This woeful story in your tender rind ;
Another day under your shade, may be,
Will come to rest again some lover kind,
Who if these trophies of my griefs he see,
Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind.
With that she sigh'd, and said—Too late I prove
There is no truth in fortune, trust in love :

XXI.

Yet may it be (if gracious heav'ns attend
The earnest suit of a distressed wight)
At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send
To these huge deserts that unthankful knight ;
That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,
And see my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,
My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,
With tears and sorrows to reward my love :

XXII.

So, though my life hath most unhappy been,
At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest ;
My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,
Enjoy that good this body ne'er possest.—
Thus she complained to the senseless treen,
Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast ;
But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,
Wander'd far off, alas ! as chance him led.

XXIII.

He follow'd on the footsteps he had traced,
Till in high woods and forests old he came,
Where bushes, thorns, and trees so thick were placed,
And so obscure the shadows of the same,
That soon he lost the track wherein he paced ;
Yet went he on, which way he could not aim ;
But still attentive was his longing ear,
If noise of horse or noise of arms he hear :

XXIV.

If with the breathing of the gentle wind
An aspen leaf but shaken on the tree,
If bird or beast stirr'd in the bushes blind,
Thither he spurr'd, thither he rode to see ;
Out of the wood, by Cinthia's favour kind,
At last with travail great and pains got he,
And following on a little path, he heard
A rumbling sound, and hasted thitherward :

XXV.

It was a fountain from the living stone
That poured down clear streams in noble store,
Whose conduit pipes, united all in one,
Throughout a rocky channel ghastly roar :
Here Tancred staid, and call'd, yet answer'd none,
Save babbling echo from the crooked shore ;
And there the weary knight at last espies
The springing day-light red and white arise.

XXVI.

He sighed sore, and guiltless heaven 'gan blame,
That wish'd success to his desires deny'd,
And sharp revenge protested for the same,
If aught but good his mistress fair betide :
Then wish'd he to return the way he came,
Although he wist not by what path to ride ;
And time drew near when he again must fight
With proud Argantes, that vain-glorious knight.

XXVII.

His stallworth steed the champion stout bestrode,
And pricked fast to find the way he lost ;
But through a valley as he musing rode,
He saw a man, that seem'd for haste a post ;
His horn was hung between his shoulders broad,
As is the guise with us. Tancredie crost
His way, and gently pray'd the man to say,
To Godfrey's camp how he should find the way.—

XXVIII.

Sir, in the Italian language, answer'd he,
I ride where noble Boemond hath me sent.—
The Prince thought this his uncle's man should be,
And after him his course with speed he bent.
A fortress stately built at last they see,
'Bout which a muddy stinking lake there went ;
There they arriv'd when Titan went to rest
His weary limbs in night's untroubled nest.

XXIX.

The courier gave the fort a warning blast ;
The drawbridge was let down by them within.—
If thou a Christian be (quoth he) thou may'st
Till Phœbus shine again here take thine inn ;
The County of Cosenza (three days past)
This castle from the Turks did nobly win.
The Prince beheld the peece, which site and art
Impregnable had made on every part ;

XXX.

He fear'd within a pile so fortified
Some secret treason or enchantment lay ;
But had he known even there he should have died,
Yet should his looks no sign of fear bewray ;
For wheresoever will or chance him guide,
His strong victorious hand still made him way ;
Yet, for the combat he must shortly make,
No new adventures list he undertake.

XXXI.

Before the castle, in a meadow plain,
Beside the bridge's end he staid and stood,
Nor was entreated by the speeches vain
Of his false guide to pass beyond the flood.
Upon the bridge appear'd a warlike swain,
From top to toe all clad in armour good,
Who, brandishing a broad and cutting sword,
Thus threat'ned death with many an idle word :—

XXXII.

O thou, whom chance or will brings to the soil
Where fair Armida doth the sceptre guide,
Thou canst not fly, of arms thyself despoil,
And let thy hands with iron chains be tied ;
Enter and rest thee from thy weary toil ;
Within this dungeon shalt thou safe abide,
And never hope again to see the day,
Or that thy hair for age shall turn to grey,

XXXIII.

Except thou swear her valiant knights to aid
Against those traitors of the Christian crew.—
Tancred at this discourse a little staid,
His arms, his gesture, and his voice he knew ;
It was Rambaldo, who for that false maid
Forsook his country and religion true,
And of that fort defender chief became,
And those vile customs 'stablish'd in the same.

XXXIV.

The warrior answer'd (blushing red for shame)—
Cursed apostate and ungracious wight,
I am that Tancred, who defend the name
Of Christ, and have been aye his faithful knight ;
His rebel foes can I subdue and tame,
As thou shalt find before we end this fight ;
And thy false heart, cleft with this vengeful sword,
Shall feel the ire of thy forsaken Lord.—

XXXV.

When that great name Rambaldo's ears did fill,
He shook for fear and looked pale for dread,
Yet proudly said—Tancred, thy hap was ill
To wander hither where thou art but dead,
Where nought can help thy courage, strength, and skill ;
To Godfrey will I send thy cursed head,
That he may see how, for Armida's sake,
Of him and of his Christ a scorn I make.—

XXXVI.

This said, the day to sable night was turned,
That scant one could another's arms descry ;
But soon a hundred lamps and torches burned,
That cleared all the earth and all the sky ;
The castle seem'd a stage with lights adorned,
On which men-play some pompous tragedy :
Within a terrace sat on high the Queen,
And heard and saw, and kept herself unseen.

XXXVII.

The noble Baron whet his courage hot,
And busk'd him boldly to the dreadful fight ;
Upon his horse long while he tarried not,
Because on foot he saw the Pagan knight,
Who underneath his trusty shield was got,
His sword was drawn, clos'd was his helmet bright ;
'Gainst whom the Prince march'd on a stately pace,
Wrath in his voice, rage in his eyes and face.

XXXVIII.

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding,
Travers'd his ground, and started here and there,
But he (though faint and weary both with riding)
Yet followed fast, and still oppress'd him near,
And on what side he felt Rambaldo sliding,
On that his forces most employed were ;
Now at his helm, now at his hawberk bright,
He thundered blows, now at his face and sight ;

XXXIX.

Against those members battery chief he maketh
Wherein man's life keeps chiefest residence :
At his proud threats the Gascoine warrior quaketh,
An uncouth fear appalled every sense ;
To nimble shifts the knight himself betaketh,
And skippeth here and there for his defence ;
Now with his targe, now with his trusty blade,
Against his blows he good resistance made ;

XL.

Yet no such quickness for defence he used,
As did the Prince to work him harm and scaith ;
His shield was cleft in twain, his helmet bruised,
And in his blood his other arms did bathe ;
On him he heaped blows, with thrusts confused,
And more or less each stroke annoy'd him hath ;
He fear'd, and in his troubled bosom strove
Remorse of conscience, shame, disdain, and love :

XLI.

At last so careless foul despair him made,
He meant to prove his fortune ill or good ;
His shield cast down, he took his helpless blade
In both his hands, which yet had drawn no blood,
And with such force upon the Prince he laid,
That neither plate nor mail the blow withstood ;
The wicked steel scis'd deep in his right side,
And with his streaming blood his bases dyed.

XLII.

Another stroke he lent him on the brow,
So great that loudly rung the sounding steel ;
Yet pierc'd he not the helmet with the blow,
Although the owner twice or thrice did reel.
The Prince (whose looks his 'sdainful anger show)
Now meant to use his puissance every deal ;
He shak'd his head and crash'd his teeth for ire,
His lips breath'd wrath, eyes sparkled shining fire.

XLIII.

The Pagan wretch no longer could sustain
The dreadful terror of his fierce aspect,
Against the threat'ned blow he saw right plain
No temper'd armour could his life protect;
He leap'd aside, the stroke fell down in vain
Against a pillar near the bridge erect,
Thence flaming fire and thousand sparks out start,
And kill with fear the coward Pagan's heart.

XLIV.

Toward the bridge the fearful Painim fled,
And in swift flight his hope of life reposed;
Himself fast after Lord Tancredie sped,
And now in equal pace almost they closed,
When, all the burning lamps extinguished,
The shining fort his goodly splendour losed,
And all those stars on heaven's blue face that shone,
With Cinthia's self, dis'peared were and gone.

XLV.

Amid those witchcrafts and that ugly shade
No further could the Prince pursue the chace,
Nothing he saw, yet forward still he made,
With doubtful steps, and ill-assured pace;
At last his foot upon a threshold trade,
And ere he wish'd he entered had the place;
With ghastly noise the door-leaves shut behind,
And clos'd him fast in prison dark and blind.

XLVI.

As in our seas, in the Comachian bay,
A seely fish, with streams enclosed, striveth
To shun the fury and avoid the sway
Wherewith the current in that whirlpool driveth;
Yet seeketh all in vain, but finds no way
Out of that watery prison where she diveth;
For with such force there be the tides in-brought,
There entereth all that will, thence issueth nought:

XLVII.

This prison so entrapp'd that valiant knight,
Of which the gate was fram'd by subtle train,
To close, without the help of human wight,
So sure, none could undo the leaves again :
Against the doors he bended all his might,
But all his forces were employ'd in vain :
At last a voice 'gan to him loudly call—
Yield thee (quoth it), thou art Armida's thrall ;

XLVIII.

Within this dungeon buried shalt thou spend
The res'due of thy woeful days and years.—
The champion list not more with words contend,
But in his heart kept close his griefs and fears ;
He blamed love, chance 'gan he reprehend,
And 'gainst enchantments huge complaints he rears :
It were small loss (softly he thus begun)
To lose the brightness of the shining sun ;

XLIX.

But I, alas ! the golden beam forego
Of my far brighter sun ; nor can I say
If these poor eyes shall ere be blessed so,
As once again to view that shining ray.—
Then thought he on his proud Circassian foe,
And said—Ah ! how shall I perform that fray ?
He (and the world with him) will Tancred blame ;
This is my grief, my fault, my endless shame.—

L.

While those high spirits of this champion good
With love and honour's care are thus oppress'd,
While he torments himself, Argantes wood
Wax'd weary of his bed and of his rest ;
Such hate of peace, and such desire of blood,
Such thirst of glory, boiled in his breast,
That though he scant could stir or stand upright,
Yet long'd he for th' appointed day to fight.

LI.

The night, which that expected day fore-went,
Scantly the Pagan clos'd his eyes to sleep,
He told how night her sliding hours spent,
And rose ere springing day began to peep ;
He call'd for armour, which incontinent
Was brought by him that used the same to keep ;
That harness rich old Aladine him gave,
A worthy present for a champion brave.

LII.

He don'd them on, nor long their riches ey'd,
Nor did he aught with so great weight incline,
His wonted sword upon his thigh he tied,
The blade was old and tough, of temper fine.
As when a comet, far and wide descried,
In scorn of Phœbus 'midst bright heav'n doth shine,
And tidings sad of death and mischief brings
To mighty lords, to monarchs, and to kings ;

LIII.

So shone the Pagan in bright armour clad,
And roll'd his eyes great swell'd with ire and blood,
His dreadful gestures threat'ned horror sad,
And ugly death upon his forehead stood ;
Not one of all his squires the courage had
T' approach their master in his angry mood ;
Above his head he shook his naked blade,
And 'gainst the subtile air vain battle made.—

LIV.

That Christian thief (quoeth he) that was so bold
To combat me in hard and single fight,
Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mould,
His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,
And living shall with wat'ry eyes behold
How from his back I tear his harness bright,
Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,
But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat.

LV.

Like as a bull, when prick'd with jealousy
He spies the rival of his hot desire,
Through all the fields doth bellow, roar, and cry,
And with his thund'ring voice augments his ire,
And threat'ning battle to the empty sky,
Tears with his horn each tree, plant, bush and briar,
And with his foot casts up the sand on height,
Defying his strong foe to deadly fight :

LVI.

Such was the Pagan's fury, such his cry ;
An herald call'd he then, and thus he spake :—
Go to the camp, and in my name defy
The man that combats for his Jesus' sake.—
This said, upon his steed he mounted high,
And with him did his noble prisoner take,
The town he thus forsook, and on the green
He ran as mad or frantic he had been.

LVII.

A bugle small he winded loud and shrill,
That made resound the fields and valleys near ;
Louder than thunder from Olympus' hill
Seemed that dreadful blast to all that hear.
The Christian lords of prowess, strength, and skill,
Within th' imperial tent assembled were,
The herald there in boasting terms defied
Tancredie first, and all that durst beside.

LVIII.

With sober cheer Godfredo look'd about,
And view'd at leisure every lord and knight,
But yet for all his looks not one stept out
With courage bold to undertake the fight :
Absent were all the Christian champions stout,
No news of Tancred since his secret flight ;
Boemond far off, and banished from the crew
Was that strong Prince who proud Gernando slew :

LIX.

And eke those ten which chosen were by lot,
And all the worthies of the camp beside,
After Armida false were follow'd hot,
When night was come their secret flight to hide;
The rest their hands and hearts that trusted not
Blushed for shame, yet silent still abide;
For none there was that sought to purchase fame
In so great peril; fear exiled shame.

LX.

The angry Duke their fear discovered plain,
By their pale looks and silence, from each part,
And as he moved was with just disdain,
These words he said and from his seat upstart:—
Unworthy life I judge that coward swain
To hazard it e'en now that wants the heart,
When this vile Pagan with his glorious boast
Dishonours and defies Christ's sacred host.

LXI.

But let my camp sit still in peace and rest,
And my life's hazard at their ease behold,
Come bring me here my fairest arms and best;—
And they were brought sooner than could be told.
But gentle Raymond, in his aged breast
Who had mature advice and counsel old,
Than whom in all the camp were none or few
Of greater might, before Godfredo drew,

LXII.

And gravely said—Ah let it not betide
On one man's hand to venture all this host!
No private soldier thou, thou art our guide,
If thou miscarry all our hope were lost;
By thee must Babel fall and all her pride,
Of our true faith thou art the prop and post;
Rule with thy sceptre, conquer with thy word,
Let others combat make with spear and sword.

LXIII.

Let me this Pagan's glorious pride assuage,
These aged arms can yet their weapons use,
Let others shun Bellona's dreadful rage,
These silver locks shall not Raymondo 'scuse.
Oh that I were in prime of lusty age,
Like you that this adventure brave refuse,
And dare not once lift up your coward eyes
'Gainst him that you and Christ himself defies !

LXIV.

Or as I was, when all the lords of fame
And German princes great stood by to view,
In Conrad's court (the second of that name)
When Leopold in single fight I slew ;
A greater praise I reaped by the same,
So strong a foe in combat to subdue,
Than he should do who all alone should chase
Or kill a thousand of these Pagans base.

LXV.

Within these arms had I that strength again,
This boasting Painim had not liv'd till now ;
Yet in this breast doth courage still remain,
For age or years these members shall not bow ;
And if I be in this encounter slain,
Scotfree Argantes shall not 'scape, I vow ;
Give me mine arms, this battle shall with praise
Augment mine honour got in younger days.—

LXVI.

The jolly Baron old thus bravely spake,
His words are spurs to virtue : every knight
That seem'd before to tremble and to quake,
Now talked bold, ensample hath such might ;
Each one the battle fierce would undertake,
Now strove they all who should begin the fight ;
Baldwin and Roger both would combat fain,
Stephen, Guelpho, Gernier, and the Gerrards twain :

LXVII.

And Pyrrhus, who, with help of Boemond's sword,
Proud Antioch by cunning sleight oppress'd ;
The battle eke, with many a lowly word,
Ralph, Rosimond, and Eberard request,
A Scotch, an Irish, and an English lord,
Whose lands the sea divides far from the rest ;
*And for the fight did likewise humbly sue,
Edward and his Gildippes, lovers true.

LXVIII.

But Raymond more than all the rest doth sue
Upon that Pagan fierce to wreak his ire :
Now wants he nought of all his armours due
Except his helm, that shone like flaming fire.
To whom Godfredo thus :—O mirror true
Of antique worth ! thy courage doth inspire
New strength in us ; of Mars in thee doth shine
The art, the honour, and the discipline.

LXIX.

If ten like thee of valour and of age
Among these legions I could haply find,
I should the heat of Babel's pride assuage,
And spread our faith from Thule to furthest Inde ;
But now I pray thee calm thy valiant rage,
Reserve thyself till greater need us bind,
And let the rest each one write down his name,
And see whom fortune chooseth to this game ;

LXX.

Or rather see whom God's high judgment taketh,
To whom is chance and fate and fortune slave.—
Raymond his earnest suit not yet forsaketh,
His name writ with the res'due would he have.
Godfrey himself in his bright helmet shaketh
The scrolls, with names of all the champions brave.
They drew, and read the first whereon they hit,
Wherein was Raymond, Earl of Tholouse, writ.

LXXI.

His name with joy and mighty shouts they bliss ;
The rest allow his choice, and fortune praise :
New vigour blushed through those looks of his,
It seem'd he now, resum'd his youthful days :
Like to a snake whose slough new changed is,
That shines like gold against the sunny rays :
But Godfrey most approv'd his fortune high,
And wish'd him honour, conquest, victory.

LXXII.

Then from his side he took his noble brand,
And giving it to Raymond, thus he spake :—
This is the sword wherewith, in Saxon land,
The great Rubello battle used to make ;
From him I took it fighting hand to hand,
And took his life with it ; and many a lake
Of blood with it I have shed since that day :
With thee God grant it prove as happy may.—

LXXIII.

Of these delays meanwhile impatient,
Argantes threat'neth loud, and sternly cries—
O glorious people of the Occident !
Behold him here that all your host defies :
Why comes not Tancred, whose great hardiment
With you is priz'd so dear ? pardie he lies
Still on his pillow, and presumes the night
Again may shield him from my power and might.

LXXIV.

Why then some other come, by band and band
Come all, come forth on horseback, come on foot,
If not one man dares combat hand to hand,
In all the thousands of so great a rout :
See where the tomb of Mary's Son doth stand,
March thither warriors bold, what makes you doubt ?
Why run you not, there for your sins to weep,
Or to what greater need these forces keep ?—

LXXV.

Thus scorned by that heathen Saracine
Were all the soldiers of Christ's sacred name.
Raymond (while others at his words repine)
Burst forth in rage, he could not bear this shame ;
For fire of courage brighter far doth shine,
If challenges and threats augment the same ;
So that upon his steed he mounted light,
Which Aquilino for his swiftness hight.

LXXVI.

This jennet was by Tagus bred ; for oft
The breeder of those beasts to war assign'd,
When first on trees bourgeon the blossoms soft,
Prick'd forward with the sting of fertile kind,
Against the air casts up her head aloft,
And gathereth seed so from the fruitful wind ;
And thus conceiving of the gentle blast,
(A wonder strange and rare), she foals at last !

LXXVII.

And had you seen the beast you would have said
The light and subtle wind his father was ;
For if his course upon the sands he made,
No sign was left what way the beast did pass ;
Or if he manag'd were, or if he play'd,
He scantily bended down the tender grass.
Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went,
Thus pray'd, to heaven his zealous looks up-bent :—

LXXVIII.

O Lord ! that diddest save, keep, and defend
Thy servant David from Goliah's rage,
And broughtest that huge giant to his end,
Slain by a faithful child of tender age ;
Like grace, O Lord ! like mercy now extend,
Let me this vile blasphemous pride assuage,
That all the world may to thy glory know,
Old men and babes thy foes can overthrow —

LXXIX.

Thus pray'd the County, and his prayers dear,
Strength'ned with zeal, with godliness and faith,
Before the throne of that great Lord appear,
In whose sweet grace is life, death in his wrath ;
Among his armies bright and legions clear,
The Lord an angel good selected hath,
To whom the charge was given to guard the knight,
And keep him safe from that fierce Pagan's might.

LXXX.

The angel good, appointed for the guard
Of noble Raymond from his tender eild,
That kept him then, and kept him afterward,
When spear and sword he able was to wield ;
Now when his great Creator's will he heard,
That in this fight he should him chiefly shield,
Up to a tower set on a rock did fly,
Where all the heav'nly arms and weapons lie.

LXXXI.

There stands the lance wherewith great Michael slew
The aged dragon in a bloody fight ;
There are the dreadful thunders forged new,
With storms and plagues that on poor sinners light ;
The massy trident mayst thou pendent view,
There on a golden pin hung up on height,
Wherewith sometimes he smites this solid land,
And throws down towns and towers thereon which stand.

LXXXII.

Among the blessed weapons there which stand,
Upon a diamond shield his looks he bended,
So great that it might cover all the land
Twixt Caucasus and Atlas hills extended ;
With it the Lord's dear flocks and faithful bands,
The holy kings and cities are defended ;
The sacred angel took this target sheen,
And by the Christian champion stood unseen.

LXXXIII.

But now the walls and turrets round about
Both young and old with many thousands fill;
The king Clorinda sent and her brave rout
To keep the field; she staid upon the hill:—
Godfrey likewise some Christian bands sent out,
Which arm'd and rank'd in good array stood still;
And to their champions empty let remain
'Twixt either troop a large and spacious plain.

LXXXIV.

Argantes looked for Tancredie bold,
But saw an uncouth foe at last appear;
Raymond rode on, and what he ask'd him told:—
Better thy chance, Tancred is now elsewhere,
Yet glory not of that, myself behold
Am come prepar'd, and bid thee battle here,
And in his place, or for myself, to fight,
Lo here I am, who scorn thy heath'nish might.—

LXXXV.

The Pagan cast a scornful smile, and said—
But where is Tancred, is he still in bed?
His looks late seem'd to make high heav'n afraid,
But now for dread he is or dead or fled;
But were earth's centre or the deep sea made
His lurking hole, it should not save his head.—
Thou liest, he says, to say so brave a knight
Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in might.—

LXXXVI.

The angry Pagan said—I have not spilt
My labour then if thou his place supply;
Go, take the field, and let's see how thou wilt
Maintain thy foolish words and that brave lie.—
Thus parlied they to meet in equal tilt,
Each took his aim at other's helm on high;
Even in the sight his foe good Raymond hit,
But shak'd him not, he did so firmly sit.

LXXXVII.

The fierce Circassian missed of his blow,
A thing which seld befell the man before ;
The angel by unseen his force did know,
And far awry the poignant weapon bore ;
He burst his lance against the sand below,
And bit his lips for rage, and curst and swore ;
Against his foe return'd he swift as wind,
Half mad in arms a second match to find.

LXXXVIII.

Like to a ram that butts with horned head,
So spurr'd he forth his horse with desp'rate race :
Raymond at his right hand let slide his steed,
And as he pass'd struck at the Pagan's face ;
Who turn'd again ; the brave Earl nothing dread,
Yet stepp'd aside and to his rage gave place,
And on his helm with all his strength 'gan snite,
Which was so hard his courtlax could not bite.

LXXXIX.

The Saracine employ'd his art and force
To gripe his foe within his mighty arms ;
But he avoided nimbly with his horse ;
He was no 'prentice in those fierce alarms ;
About him made he many a winding course,
No strength, no sleight the subtil warrior harms ;
His nimble steed obey'd his ready hand,
And where he stept no print left in the sand.

XC.

As when a captain doth besiege some hold,
Set in a marish or high on a hill,
And trieth ways and wiles a thousand fold
To bring the peece subjected to his will ;
So far'd the County with the Pagan bold ;
And when he did his head and breast none ill,
His weaker parts he wisely 'gan assail,
And entrance searched oft 'twixt mail and mail.

XCI.

At last he hit him on a place or twain,
That on his arms the red blood trickled down,
And yet himself untouched did remain,
No nail was broke, no plume cut from his crown.
Argantes raging spent his strength in vain,
Waste were his strokes, his thrusts were idle thrown,
Yet press'd he on, and doubled still his blows,
And where he hits he neither cares nor knows.

XCII.

Among a thousand blows the Saracine
At last struck one, when Raymond was so near
That not the swiftness of his Aquiline
Could his dear lord from that huge danger bear :
But lo ! at hand unseen was help divine,
Which saves when worldly comforts none appear ;
The angel on his targe receiv'd that stroke,
And on that shield Argantes' sword was broke :

XCIII.

The sword was broke, therein no wonder lies
If earthly temper'd metal could not hold
Against that target forg'd above the skies.
Down fell the blade in pieces on the mould ;
The proud Circassian scant believ'd his eyes,
Though nought were left him but the hilts of gold ;
And full of thoughts amaz'd awhile he stood,
Wond'ring the Christian's armour was so good.

XCIV.

The brittle web of that rich sword he thought
Was broke through hardness of the County's shield ;
And so thought Raymond, who discovered nought
What succour heav'n did for his safety yield ;
But when he saw the man 'gainst whom he fought
Unweaponed, still stood he in the field ;
His noble heart esteem'd the glory light,
At such advantage if he slew the knight.

XCV.

Go fetch, he would have said, another blade,
When in his heart a better thought arose,
How for Christ's glory he was champion made,
How Godfrey had him to this combat chose,
The armies' honour on his shoulder laid ;
To hazards new he list not that expose ;
While thus his thoughts debated on the case,
The hilt Argantes hurled at his face ;

XCVI.

And forward spurr'd his mounter fierce withal,
Within his arms longing his foe to strain,
Upon whose helm the heavy blow did fall,
And bent well nigh the metal to his brain :
But he, whose courage was heroical,
Leap'd by and makes the Pagan's onset vain,
And wounds his hand, which he outstretched saw
Fiercer than eagle's talon, lion's paw.

XCVII.

Now here, now there, on every side he rode
With nimble speed, and spurr'd now out, now in ;
And as he went and came still laid on load
Where Lord Argantes' arms were weak and thin ;
All that huge force which in his arms abode,
His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,
Against his foe together all he bent,
And heav'n and fortune further'd his intent.

XCVIII.

But he, whose courage for no peril fails,
Well arm'd and better hearted, scorns his powers ;
Like a tall ship, when spent are all her sails,
Which still resists the rage of storm and shower,
Whose mighty ribs fast bound with bands and nails,
Withstand fierce Neptune's wrath for many an hour,
And yields not up her bruised keel to winds,
In whose stern blasts no ruth nor grace she finds :

XCIX.

Argantes such thy present danger was,
When Satan stirr'd to aid thee at thy need,
In human shape he forg'd an airy mass,
And made the shade a body seem indeed;
Well might the spirit for Clorinda pass,
Like her it was in armour and in weed,
In stature, beauty, countenance, and face,
In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace;

C.

And for the sprite should seem the same indeed,
From where she was whose show and shape it had,
Towards the wall it rode with feigned speed,
Where stood the people all dismay'd and sad
To see their knight of help have so great need,
And yet the law of arms all help forbad.
There in a turret sat a soldier stout
To watch, and at a loop-hole peeped out.

CI.

The spirit spake to him, called Oradine,
The noblest archer then that handled bow :—
O, Oradine, quoth she, who straight as line
Canst shoot, and hit each mark set high or low,
If yonder knight, alas ! be slain in fine,
As likest is, great ruth it were you know,
And greater shame if his victorious foe
Should with his spoils triumphant homeward go.

CII.

Now prove thy skill, thine arrow's sharp head dip
In yonder thievish Frenchman's guilty blood;
I promise thee thy sovereign shall not slip
To give thee large rewards for such a good ;—
Thus said the sprite : the man did laugh and skip
For hope of future gain, nor longer stood,
But from his quiver huge a shaft he hent,
And set it in his mighty bow new bent

CIII.

Twanged the string, out flew the quarel long,
And through the subtle air did singing pass ;
It hit the knight, the buekles rich among
Wherewith his precious girdle fasten'd was.
It bruised them and pierc'd his hauberk strong,
Some little blood down trickled on the grass ;
Light was the wound ; the angel by unseen
The sharp head blunted of the weapon keen.

CIV.

Raymond drew forth the shaft, as much behoved,
And with the steel his blood out streaming came ;
With bitter words his foe he then reproved,
For breaking faith, to his eternal shame.
Godfrey, whose careful eyes from his beloved
Were never turned, saw and mark'd the same ;
And when he view'd the wounded County bleed,
He sigh'd, and feared more perchance than need ;

CV.

And with his words and with his threat'ning eyes
He stirr'd his captains to revenge that wrong ;
Forthwith the spurred courser forward hies ;
Within their rests put were their lances long ;
From either side a squadron brave out flies,
And boldly made a fierce encounter strong ;
The raised dust to overspread begun
Their shining arms, and far more shining sun.

CVI.

Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield,
A dreadful rumour roar'd on every side ;
There lay a horse, another through the field
Ran masterless, dismounted was his guide :
Here one lay dead, there did another yield,
Some sigh'd, some sobb'd, some prayed, and some cried :
Fierce was the fight, and longer still it lasted,
Fiercer and fewer, still themselves they wasted.

CVII.

Argantes nimbly leap'd amid the throng,
And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,
And breaking through the ranks and ranges long,
Therewith he passage made himself and place;
Raymond he sought the thickest prease among,
To take revenge for late receiv'd disgrace,
A greedy wolf he seem'd, and would assuage
With Raymond's blood his hunger and his rage.

CVIII.

The way he found not easy as he would,
But fierce encounters put him oft to pain;
He met Ormanno and Rogero bold,
Of Balnavile Guy, and the Gerards twain;
Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhold,
These worthies strove to stop him but in vain;
With these strong lets increased still his ire,
Like rivers stopp'd, or closely smould'ed fire.

CIX.

He slew Ormanno, wounded Guy, and laid
Rogero low among the people slain;
On every side new troops the man invade,
Yet all their blows were waste, their onsets vain.
But while Argantes thus his prizes play'd,
And seem'd alone this skirmish to sustain,
The Duke his brother call'd, and thus he spake—
Go with thy troop, fight for thy Saviour's sake;

CX.

There enter in where hottest is the fight,
Thy force against the left wing strongly bend.—
This said, so brave an onset gave the knight,
That many a Painim bold there made his end.
The Turks too weak seem'd to sustain his might,
And could not from his power their lines defend;
Their ensigus rent, and broke was their array,
And men and horse on heaps together lay.

CXI.

O'erthrown likewise away the right wing ran,
Nor was there one again that turn'd his face
Save bold Argantes, else fled every man,
Fear drove them thence on heaps with headlong chace.
He stay'd alone, and battle new began;
Five hundred men, weapon'd with sword and mace,
So great resistance never could have made,
As did Argantes with his single blade.

CXII.

The strokes of swords and thrusts of many a spear,
The shock of many a just, he long sustained;
He seem'd of strength enough this charge to bear,
And time to strike now here now there he gained;
His armours broke, his members bruised were,
He sweat and bled, yet courage still he feigned;
But now his foes upon him press'd so fast,
That with their weight they bore him back at last.

CXIII.

His back against this storm at length he turned,
Whose headlong fury bore him backward still,
Not like to one that fled, but one that mourned
Because he did his foes no greater ill;
His threat'ning eyes like flaming torches burned,
His courage thirsted yet more blood to spill;
And every way and every mean he sought
To stay his flying mates, but all for nought.

CXIV.

This good he did, while thus he play'd his part,
His bands and troops at ease and safe retired;
Yet coward dread lacks order, fear wants art,
Deaf to attend, commanded or desired.
But Godfrey, that perceiv'd in his wise heart
How his bold knights to victory aspired,
Fresh soldiers sent to make more quick pursuit,
And help to gather conquest's precious fruit.

CXY.

But this (alas!) was not th' appointed day
Set down by heav'n to end this mortal war;
The Western lords this time had borne away
The prize for which they travell'd had so far,
Had not the devils (that saw the sure decay
Of their false kingdom by this bloody war)
At once made heav'n and earth with darkness blind,
And stirr'd up tempests, storms, and blust'ring wind.

CXVI.

Heav'n's glorious lamp, wrapp'd in an ugly veil
Of shadows dark, was hid from mortal eye,
And hell's grim blackness did bright skies assail;
On every side the fiery light'nings fly,
The thunders roar, the streaming rain and hail
Pour down, and make that sea which erst was dry;
The tempests rend the oaks, and cedars brake,
And make not trees, but rocks and mountains shake.

CXVII.

The rain, the light'ning, and the raging wind,
Beat in the Frenchmen's eyes with hideous force;
The soldiers staid amaz'd in heart and mind,
The terror such stopped both man and horse:
Surprised with this ill, no way they find
Whither for succour to direct their course:
But wise Clorinda soon th' advantage spied,
And spurring forth, thus to her soldiers cried:—

CXVIII.

You hardy men at arms, behold (quoth she)
How heav'n, how justice in our aid doth fight,
Our visages are from this tempest free,
Our hands at will may wield our weapons bright;
The fury of this friendly storm you see
Upon the foreheads of our foes doth light,
And blinds their eyes; then let us take the tide;
Come, follow me, good fortune be our guide.—

CXX.

This said, against her foes on rode the dame,
And turn'd their backs against the wind and rain;
Upon the French with furious rage she came,
And scorn'd those idle blows they struck in vain;
Argantes at the instant did the same,
And them who chased him now chas'd again:
Nought but his fearful back each Christian shows
Against the tempest and against their blows.

CXX.

The cruel hail and deadly wounding blade
Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled;
The blood new spilt, while thus they slaughter made,
The water fall'n from skies had dyed red.
Among the murder'd bodies Pyrrhus laid,
And valiant Ralph his heart-blood there out-bled;
The first subdu'd by strong Argantes' might,
The second conquer'd by that virgin knight.

CXXI.

Thus fled the French, and them pursu'd in chace
The wicked sprites and all the Syrian train;
But 'gainst their force, and 'gainst the fell menace
Of hail and wind, of tempest and of rain,
Godfrey alone turn'd his audacious face,
Blaming his barons for their fear so vain;
Himself the camp-gate boldly stood to keep,
And sav'd his men within his trenches deep;

CXXII.

And twice upon Argantes proud he flew,
And beat him backward maugre all his might,
And twice his thirsty sword he did embrue
In Pagans' blood where thickest was the fight.
At last himself with all his folk withdrew,
And that day's conquest gave the virgin bright;
Which got, she home retir'd and all her men,
And thus she chas'd this lion to his den.

CXXIII.

Yet ceased not the fury and the ire
Of these huge storms of wind, of rain, and hail ;
Now was it dark, now shone the light'ning fire,
The wind and water every place assail,
No bank was safe, no rampire left entire,
No tent could stand when beam and cordage fail ;
Wind, thunder, rain, all gave a dreadful sound,
And with that music deaf'd the trembling ground.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

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And calms their fury with his look and word.	78

I.

Now were the skies of storms and tempests cleared,
 Lord Æolus shut up his winds in hold ;
 The silver-mantled morning fresh appeared,
 With roses crown'd, and buskin'd high with gold :
 The spirits yet which had these tempests reared
 Their malice would still more and more unfold ;
 And one of them, that Astragor was named,
 His speeches thus to foul Alecto framed :—

II.

Alecto, see, we could not stop nor stay
 The knight that to our foes new tidings brings,
 Who from the hands escap'd with life away
 Of that great prince, chief of all Pagan kings,
 He comes, the fall of his slain lord to say,
 Of death and loss he tells, and such sad things,
 Great news he brings, and greatest danger is
 Bertoldo's son shall be call'd home for this.

III.

Thou know'st what would befall, bestir thee then,
Prevent with craft what force could not withstand,
Turn to their evil the speeches of the man,
With his own weapon wound Godfredo's hand ;
Kindle debate, infect with poison wan
The English, Switzer, and Italian band,
Great tumults move, make brawls and quarrels rife,
Set all the camp on uproar and at strife.

IV.

This act beseems thee well, and of the deed
Much may'st thou boast before our lord and king.—
Thus said the sprite : persuasion small did need,
The monster grants to undertake the thing.
Meanwhile the knight whose coming thus they dread,
Before the camp his weary limbs doth bring,
And well-nigh breathless—Warriors bold, he cried,
Who shall conduct me to your famous guide ?—

V.

An hundred strove the stranger's guide to be,
To hearken news the knights by heaps assemble ;
The man fell lowly down upon his knee,
And kiss'd the hand that made proud Babel tremble :—
Right puissant lord, whose valiant acts (quoth he)
The sands and stars in number best resemble,
Would God some gladder news I might unfold :—
And there he paus'd and sigh'd, then thus he told :—

VI.

Sweno, the King of Denmark's only heir,
The stay and staff of his declining eild,
Longed to be among these squadrons fair,
Who for Christ's faith here serve with spear and shield ;
No weariness, no storms of sea or air,
No such contents as crowns and sceptres yield,
No dear entreaties of so kind a sire,
Could in his bosom quench that glorious fire ;

VII.

He thirsted sore to learn this warlike art
Of thee, great lord and master of the same,
And was ashamed in his noble heart
That never act he did deserved fame;
Besides, the news and tidings from each part
Of young Rinaldo's worth and praises came;
But that which most his courage stirred hath
Is zeal, religion, godliness, and faith.

VIII.

He hasted forward then without delay,
And with him took of knights a chosen band,
Directly toward Thrace we took the way
To Bizance old, chief fortress of that land;
There the Greek monarch gently pray'd him stay,
And there an herald sent from you we fand,
How Antioch was won who first declar'd,
And how defended nobly afterward;

IX.

Defended 'gainst Corbana, valiant knight,
That all the Persian armies had to guide,
And brought so many soldiers bold to fight
That void of men he left that kingdom wide:
He told thine acts, thy wisdom, and thy might,
And told the deeds of many a lord beside;
His speech at length to young Rinaldo past,
And told his great achievements first and last;

X.

And how this noble camp of yours of late
Besieged had this town, and in what sort,
And how you pray'd him to participate
Of the last conquest of this noble fort.
In hardy Sweno opened was the gate
Of worthy anger, by this brave report;
So that each hour seemed five years long
Till he were fighting with these Pagans strong.

XI.

And while the herald told your fights and frays,
Himself of cowardice reprov'd he thought,
And him to stay that counsels him or prays
He hears not, or (else heard) regardeth nought ;
He fears no perils, but (whilst he delays)
Lest this last work without his help be wrought ;
In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,
No hazard else he fears, no peril spies.

XII.

Thus hasting on, he hasted on his death,
Death that to him and us was fatal guide :
The rising morn appeared yet uneath,
When he and we were arm'd, and fit to ride ;
The nearest way seem'd best, o'er hoults and heath
We went, through deserts waste, and forests wide ;
The straits and ways he openeth as he goes,
And sets each land free from intruding foes.

XIII.

Now want of food, now dang'rous ways we find,
Now open war, now ambush closely laid ;
Yet past we forth, all perils left behind,
Our foes or dead or run away afraid ;
Of victory so happy blew the wind,
That careless all, and heedless too, it made ;
Until one day his tents he hapt to rear,
To Palestine when we approached near ;

XIV.

There did our scouts return, and bring us news
That dreadful noise of horse and arms they hear,
And that they deem'd by sundry signs and shows
There was some mighty host of Pagans near :
At these sad tidings many chang'd their hues ;
Some looked pale for dread, some shook for fear ;
Only our noble lord was alter'd nought
In look, in face, in gesture, or in thought ;

XV.

But said—A crown prepare you to possess
Of martyrdom, or happy victory ;
For this I hope, for that I wish no less,
Of greater merit and of greater glory.
Brethren, this camp will shortly be, I guess,
A temple sacred to our memory,
To which the holy men of future age
To view our graves shall come in pilgrimage.—

XVI.

This said, he set the watch in order right,
To guard the camp, along the trenches deep ;
And as he armed was, so every knight
He willed on his back his arms to keep.
Now had the stillness of the quiet night
Drown'd all the world in silence and in sleep,
When suddenly we heard a dreadful sound,
Which deaf the earth and tremble made the ground.

XVII.

Arm, arm, they cry'd : Prince Sweno at the same,
Glist'ring in shining steel, leapt foremost out ;
His visage shone, his noble looks did flame,
With kindled brand of courage bold and stout :
When, lo, the Pagans to assault us came,
And with huge numbers hemm'd us round about ;
A forest thick of spears about us grew,
And over us a cloud of arrows flew.

XVIII.

Uneven the fight, unequal was the fray,
Our enemies were twenty men to one ;
On ev'ry side the slain and wounded lay,
Unseen, where nought but glist'ring weapons shone ;
The number of the dead could no man say,
So was the place with darkness overgone ;
The night her mantle black upon us spreads,
Hiding our losses and our valiant deeds.

XIX.

But hardy Sweno, 'midst the other train,
By his great acts was well descried I wote,
No darkness could his valour's daylight stain,
Such wond'rous blows on every side he smote ;
A stream of blood, a bank of bodies slain,
About him made a bulwark and a moat,
And whensoever he turn'd his fatal brand,
Dread in his looks and death sat in his hand.

XX.

Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared,
And strewed roses on the azure sky,
But when her lamp had night's thick darkness cleared,
Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,
Then our sad cries to heav'n for grief we reared,
Our loss apparent was, for we descry
How all our camp destroyed was almost,
And all our people well-nigh slain and lost.

XXI.

Of thousands twain an hundred scant survived :
When Sweno murder'd saw each valiant knight,
I know not if his heart in sunder rived,
For dear compassion of that woeful sight :
He shew'd no change, but said—Since so deprived
We are of all our friends by chance of fight,
Come, follow them, the path to heav'n their blood
Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good.—

XXII.

This said, and glad I think of death at hand,
The signs of heav'nly joy shone through his eyes,
Of Saracines against a mighty band
With fearless heart and constant breast he flies :
No steel could shield them from his cutting brand,
But whom he hits without recure he dies ;
He never struck but fell'd or kill'd his foe,
And wounded was himself from top to toe.

XXIII.

Not strength but courage now preserved on live
This hardy champion, fortress of our faith ;
Stricken he strikes, still stronger more they strive,
The more they hurt him, more he doth them scaith ;
When towards him a furious knight 'gan drive,
Of members huge, fierce looks, and full of wrath,
That with the aid of many a Pagan crew,
After long fight, at last Prince Sweno slew.

XXIV.

Ah, heavy chance ! down fell the valiant youth ;
Nor 'mongst us all did one so strong appear
As to revenge his death : that this is truth,
By his dear blood and noble bones I swear,
That of my life I had nor care nor ruth,
No wounds I shunn'd, no blows I would off bear,
And had not heav'n my wished end denied,
Ev'n there I should, and willing should, have died.

XXV.

Alive I fell among my fellows slain,
Yet wounded so that each one thought me dead,
Nor what our foes did since can I explain,
So sore amazed was my heart and head ;
But when I open'd first mine eyes again,
Night's curtain black upon the earth was spread,
And through the darkness to my feeble sight
Appear'd the twinkling of a slender light.

XXVI.

Not so much force or judgment in me lies
As to discern things seen and not mistake,
I saw like them who ope and shut their eyes
By turns, now half asleep, now half awake ;
My body eke another torment tries,
My wounds began to smart, my hurts to ache,
For every sore each member pinched was
With night's sharp air, heav'n's frost, and earth's cold grass.

XXVII.

But still the light approached near and near,
And with the same a whisp'ring murmur ran,
Till at my side arrived both they were,
When I to spread my feeble eyes began :
Two men behold in vestures long appear,
With each a lamp in hand, who said—O son,
In that dear Lord who helps his servants trust,
Who, ere they ask, grants all things to the just.—

XXVIII.

This said, each one his sacred blessing flings
Upon my corse, with broad outstretched hand,
And mumbled hymns and psalms and holy things,
Which I could neither hear nor understand.—
Arise (quoth they) :—With that, as I had wings,
All whole and sound I leap'd up from the land.
O miracle, sweet, gentle, strange, and true !
My limbs new strength receiv'd and vigour new.

XXIX.

I gaz'd on them like one whose heart denaith
To think that done he sees so strangely wrought ;
Till one said thus :—O thou of little faith,
What doubts perplex thy unbelieving thought ?
Each one of us a living body hath,
We are Christ's chosen servants, fear us nought,
Who to avoid the world's allurements vain,
In wilful penance hermits poor remain.—

XXX.

Us messengers to comfort thee elect
That Lord hath sent that rules both heav'n and hell,
Who often doth his blessed will effect
By such weak means as wonder is to tell ;
He will not that this body lie neglect,
Wherein so noble soul did lately dwell,
To which again, when it uprisen is,
It shall united be in lasting bliss ;

XXXI.

I say Lord Sweno's corpse, for which prepar'd
A tomb there is according to his worth,
By which his honour shall be far declar'd,
And his just praises spread from south to north :
But lift thine eyes up to the heavens-ward,
Mark yonder light that like the sun shines forth,
That shall direct thee with those beams so clear,
To find the body of thy master dear.—

XXXII.

With that I saw from Cinthia's silver face,
Like to a falling star, a beam down slide,
That bright as golden line mark'd out the place,
And lighten'd with clear streams the forest wide :
So Latmos shone when Phœbe left the chace,
And laid her down by her Endymion's side :
Such was the light, that well discern I could
His shape, his wounds, his face (though dead) yet bold.

XXXIII.

He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight
That ever had to heavenly things desire,
So towards heaven the prince lay bolt upright,
Like him that upward still sought to aspire ;
His right hand closed held his weapon bright,
Ready to strike and execute his ire ;
His left upon his breast was humbly laid,
That men might know that while he died he pray'd.

XXXIV.

While on his wounds with bootless tears I wept,
That neither helped him, nor eas'd my care,
One of those aged fathers to him slept,
And forc'd his hand that needless weapon spare :—
This sword (quoth he) hath yet good token kept
That of the Pagans' blood he drank his share,
And blusheth still he could not save his lord ;
Rich, strong, and sharp, was never better sword.

XXXV.

Heav'n therefore will not, though the prince be slain
Who used erst to wield this precious brand,
That so brave blade unused should remain,
But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,
Who with like force can wield the same again,
And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,
And with the same shall bitter vengeance take
On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake.

XXXVI.

Great Soliman kill'd Sweno, Soliman
For Sweno's sake upon this sword must die.
Here take the blade, and with it haste thee than
Thither where Godfrey doth encamped lie,
And fear not thou that any shall or can
Or stop thy way or lead thy steps awry,
For He that doth thee on this message send,
Thee with his hand shall guide, keep, and defend.

XXXVII.

Arrived there, it is His blessed will,
With true report that thou declare and tell
The zeal, the strength, the courage, and the skill
In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,
How for Christ's sake he came his blood to spill,
And sample left to all of doing well,
That future ages may admire his deed,
And courage take when his brave end they read.

XXXVIII.

It resteth now thou know that gentle knight
That of this sword shall be thy master's heir,
It is Rinaldo young, with whom in might
And martial skill no champion may compare;
Give it to him, and say, the heavens bright
Of this revenge to him commit the care.—
While thus I list'ned what this old man said,
A wonder new from further speech us staid;

XXXIX.

For there whereas the wounded body lay,
A stately tomb with curious work behold,
And wond'rous art, was built out of the clay,
Which rising round the carcass did enfold,
With words engraven in the marble grey,
The warrior's name, his worth and praise, that told ;
On which I gazing stood, and often read
That epitaph of my dear master dead.—

XL.

Among his soldiers (quoth the hermit) here
Must Sweno's corpse remain in marble chest,
While up to heav'n are flown their spirits dear,
To live in endless joy for ever blest ;
His funeral thou hast with many a tear
Accompanied, it 's now high time to rest ;
Come, be my guest until the morning ray
Shall light the world again, then take thy way.—

XLI.

This said, he led me over hoults and hags ;
Through thorns and bushes scant my legs I drew,
Till underneath a heap of stones and crags
At last he brought me to a secret mew ;
Among the bears, wild boars, the wolves, and stags,
There dwelt he safe with his disciple true,
And fear'd no treason, force, nor hurt at all,
His guiltless conscience was his castle's wall.

XLII.

My supper, roots ; my bed was moss and leaves ;
But weariness in little rest found ease :
But when the purple morning night bereaves
Of late usurped rule on lands and seas,
His loathed couch each wakeful hermit leaves :
To pray rose they ; and I, for so they please,
I congé took when ended was the same,
And hitherward as they advis'd me came.—

XLIII.

The Dane his woeful tale had done, when thus
The good Prince Godfrey answer'd him :—Sir knight,
Thou bringest tidings sad and dolorous,
For which our heavy camp laments of right,
Since so brave troops, and so dear friends to us,
One hour hath spent in one unlucky fight ;
And so appeared hath thy master stout,
As lightning doth, now kindled, now quench'd out :

XLIV.

But such a death and end exceedeth all
The conquests vain of realms, or spoils of gold ;
Nor aged Rome's proud stately capital
Did ever triumph yet like theirs behold ;
They sit in heav'n on thrones celestial,
Crowned with glory, for their conquest bold,
Where each his hurts I think to other shows,
And glories in those bloody wounds and blows.

XLV.

But thou who hast part of thy race to run,
With haps and hazards of this world ytoss'd,
Rejoice, for those high honours they have won,
Which cannot be by chance or fortune cross'd :
But for thou askest for Bertoldo's son,
Know that he wandereth, banish'd from this host,
And till of him new tidings some man tell,
Within this camp I deem it best thou dwell.

XLVI.

These words of theirs in many a soul renewed
The sweet remembrance of fair Sophia's child,
Some with salt tears for him their cheeks bedewed,
Lest evil betide him 'mongst the Pagans wild ;
And every one his valiant prowess shewed,
And of his battles stories long compil'd,
Telling the Dane his acts and conquests past,
Which made his ears amaz'd, his heart agast.

XLVII.

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought
A tender pity in each soften'd mind,
Behold returned home with all they caught
The bands that were to forage late assign'd,
And with them in abundance great they brought
Both flocks and herds of every sort and kind,
And corn, although not much, and hay to feed
Their noble steeds and coursers when they need :

XLVIII.

They also brought of misadventure sad
Tokens and signs, seem'd too apparent true ;
Rinaldo's armour frush'd and hack'd they had,
Oft pierced through, with blood besmeared new.
About the camp (for always rumours bad
Are farthest spread) these woeful tidings flew ;
Thither assembled straight both high and low,
Longing to see what they were loth to know.

XLIX.

His heavy hauberk was both seen and known,
And his broad shield, wherein displayed flies
The bird that proves her chickens for her own
By looking 'gainst the sun with open eyes :
That shield was to the Pagans often shown
In many a hard and hardy enterprise,
But now with many a gash and many a stroke
They see, and sigh to see, it frush'd and broke.

L.

While all his soldiers whisper'd under hand,
And here and there the fault and cause do lay,
Godfrey before him called Aliprand,
Captain of those that brought of late this prey ;
A man who did on points of virtue stand,
Blameless in words, and true whate'er he say.—
Say (quoth the Duke) where you this armour had,
Hide not the truth, but tell it good or bad.—

LI.

He answer'd him—As far from hence, think I,
As on two days a speedy post well rideth,
To Gaza-ward a little plain doth lie,
Itself among the steepy hills which hideth ;
Through it, slow falling from the mountains high,
A rolling brook 'twixt bush and bramble glideth,
Clad with thick shade of boughs of broad-leav'd treen,
Fit place for men to lie in wait unseen :

LII.

Thither, to seek some flocks or herds we went,
Perchance close hid under the greenwood shaw,
And found the springing grass with blood besprent,
A warrior tumbled in his blood we saw ;
His arms, though dusty, bloody, hack'd and rent,
Yet well we knew when near the corse we draw,
To which (to view his face) in vain I started,
For from his body his fair head was parted ;

LIII.

His right hand wanted eke, with many a wound
The trunk through pierced was from back to breast ;
A little by his empty helm we found
The silver eagle shining on his crest ;
To spy at whom to ask we gazed round,
A churle towards us his steps addrest,
But when us armed by the corse he spied,
He ran away his fearful face to hide :

LIV.

But we pursu'd him, took him, spake him fair,
Till comforted at last he answer made,
How that the day before he saw repair
A band of soldiers from that forest's shade,
Of whom one carried by the golden hair
A head but late cut off with murd'ring blade ;
The face was fair and young, and on the chin
No sign of beard to bud did yet begin,

LV.

And how in sendal wrapt away he bore
That head with him hung at his saddle-bow ;
And how the murd'ers, by the arms they wore,
For soldiers of our camp he well did know.
The carcass I disarm'd, and weeping sore,
Because I guess'd who should that harness owe,
Away I brought it, but first order gave
That noble body should be laid in grave.

LVI.

But if it be his trunk whom I believe,
A nobler tomb his worth deserveth well.—
This said, good Aliprando took his leave,
Of certain truth he had no more to tell.
Sore sigh'd the Duke, so did these news him grieve,
Fears in his heart, doubts in his bosom dwell,
He yearn'd to know, to find, and learn the truth,
And punish would them that had slain the youth.

LVII.

But now the night despread her lazy wings
O'er the broad fields of heav'n's bright wilderness ;
Sleep, the soul's rest and ease of careful things,
Buried in happy peace both more and less.
Thou, Argillan, alone, whom sorrow stings,
Still wakest, musing on great deeds I guess,
Nor suff'rest in thy watchful eyes to creep
The sweet repose of mild and gentle sleep.

LVIII.

This man was strong of limbs, and all his says
Were bold, of ready tongue and working spright,
Near Trento born, bred up in brawls and frays,
In jars, in quarrels, and in civil fight,
For which exil'd, the hills and public ways
He filled with blood and robb'ries day and night,
Until to Asia's wars at last he came,
And boldly there he serv'd and purchas'd fame.

LIX.

He clos'd his eyes at last when day drew near,
Yet slept he not, but senseless lay, oppress'd
With strange amazedness and sudden fear,
Which false Alecto breathed in his breast ;
His working powers within deluded were ;
Stone still he quiet lay, yet took no rest,
For to his thought the fiend herself presented,
And with strange visions his weak brain tormented.

LX.

A murder'd body huge beside him stood,
Of head and right hand both but lately spoiled,
His left hand bore the head, whose visage good
Both pale and wan with dust and gore defoiled,
Yet spake, though dead, with whose sad words the blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boiled :—
Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,
Whose guide a traitor, captains murderers are.

LXI.

Godfrey hath murder'd me by treason vile,
What favour then hope you, my trusty friends ?
His villain heart is full of fraud and guile,
To your destruction all his thoughts he bends ;
Yet if thou thirst for praise of noble style,
If in thy strength thou trust, thy strength that ends
All hard assays, fly not, first with his blood
Appease my ghost, wandering by Lethe's flood :

LXII.

I will thy weapon whet, inflame thine ire,
Arm thy right hand, and strengthen ev'ry part.—
This said, even while she spake she did inspire
With fury, rage, and wrath his troubled heart.
The man awak'd, and from his eyes like fire
The poison'd sparks of headstrong madness start,
And armed as he was, forth is he gone,
And gather'd all th' Italian bands in one.

LXIII.

He gather'd them where lay the arms that late
Were good Rinaldo's ; then with semblance stout,
And furious words, his fore-conceived hate
In bitter speeches thus he vomits out :—
Is not this people barb'rous and ingrate,
In whom truth finds no place, faith takes no root ;
Whose thirst unquenched is of blood and gold,
Whom no yoke boweth, bridle none can hold ?

LXIV.

So much we suffered have these seven years long
Under this servile and unworthy yoke,
'That thorough Rome and Italy our wrong
A thousand years hereafter shall be spoke :
I count not how Cilicia's kingdom strong
Subdued was by Prince Tancredie's stroke,
Nor how false Baldwin him that land bereaves
Of virtue's harvest, fraud there reap'd the sheaves :

LXV.

Nor speak I how each hour, at ev'ry need,
Quick, ready, resolute at all assays,
With fire and sword we hasted forth with speed,
And bore the brunt of all their fights and frays :
But when we had perform'd and done the deed,
At ease and leisure they divide the preys :
We reaped nought but travail for our toil,
Theirs was the praise, the realms, the gold, the spoil.

LXVI.

Yet all this season were we willing blind,
Offended, unreveng'd ; wrong'd, but unwroken ;
Light griefs could not provoke our quiet mind ;
But now, alas ! the mortal blow is stroken,
Rinaldo have they slain ; and law of kind,
Of arms, of nations, and of high heav'n broken ;
Why doth not heav'n kill them with fire and thunder ?
To swallow them why cleaves not earth asunder ?

LXVII.

They have Rinaldo slain, the sword and shield
Of Christ's true faith, and unreveng'd he lies,
Still unrevenged lieth in the field
His noble corpse, to feed the crows and pies.
Who murder'd him? who shall us certain yield?
Who sees not that although he wanted eyes?
Who knows not how th' Italian chivalry
Proud Godfrey and false Baldwin both envy?

LXVIII.

What need we further proof? Heav'n, heav'n, I swear,
Will not consent herein we be beguiled;
This night I saw his murder'd sprite appear,
Pale, sad, and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,
A spectacle full both of grief and fear;
Godfrey, for murd'ring him, the ghost reviled:
I saw it was no dream before mine eyes,
Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies.

LXIX.

What shall we do? Shall we be govern'd still
By this false hand, contaminate with blood?
Or else depart and travel forth, until
To Euphrates we come, that sacred flood;
Where dwells a people void of martial skill,
Whose cities rich, whose land is fat and good,
Where kingdoms great we may at ease provide,
Far from these Frenchmen's malice, from their pride?

LXX.

Then let us go, and no revengement take
For this brave knight, though lie it in our power;
No, no, that courage rather newly wake,
Which never sleeps in fear and dread one hour,
And this pestiferous serpent, poison'd snake,
Of all our knights that hath destroy'd the flow'r,
First let us slay, and his deserved end
Ensample make to him that kills his friend.

LXXI.

I will, I will, if your courageous force
Dareth so much as it can well perform,
Tear out his cursed heart without remorse,
The nest of treason false and guile enorme.—
Thus spake the angry knight; with headlong course
The rest him follow'd like a furious storm;
Arm, arm, they cried: to arms the soldiers ran,
And as they ran, Arm, arm, cried every man.

LXXII.

'Mongst them Alecto strewed wasteful fire,
Envenoming the hearts of most and least;
Folly, disdain, madness, strife, rancour, ire,
Thirst to shed blood, in every breast increas'd:
This ill spread far, and till it set on fire
With rage th' Italian lodgings, never ceas'd;
From thence unto the Switzers' camp it went,
And last infected every English tent.

LXXIII.

Not public loss of their beloved knight
Alone stirr'd up their rage and wrath untamed,
But fore-conceived griefs and quarrels light
Their ire still nourished and still enflamed;
Awaked was each former cause of spite;
The Frenchmen cruel and unjust they named,
And with bold threats they made their hatred known,
Hate seld kept clos'd, and oft unwisely shown:

LXXIV.

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot,
That fumeth, swelleth high, and bubbleth fast,
Till o'er the brims among the embers hot
Part of the broth and of the scum it cast,
Their rage and wrath those few appeased not,
In whom of wisdom yet remain'd some taste;
Camillo, William, Tancred, were away,
And all whose greatness might their madness stay.

LXXV.

Now headlong ran to harness in this heat
These furious people, all on heaps confused,
The roaring trumpets battle 'gan to threat,
As it in time of mortal war is used.
The messengers ran to Godfredo great,
And bade him arm while on this noise he mused ;
And Baldwin first, well clad in iron hard,
Stepp'd to his side, a sure and faithful guard.

LXXVI.

Their murmurs heard, to heav'n he lift his eyne,
As was his wont, to God for aid he fled :—
O Lord, thou knowest this right hand of mine
Abhorred ever civil blood to shed ;
Illumine their dark souls with light divine,
Repress their rage, by hellish fury bred ;
The innocency of my guiltless mind
'Thou knowest, and make these know, with fury blind.--

LXXVII.

This said, he felt infused in each vein
A sacred heat from heav'n above distilled,
A heat in man that courage could constrain,
That his grave look with awful boldness filled.
Well guarded, forth he went to meet the train
Of those that would revenge Rinaldo killed ;
And though their threats he heard, and saw them bent
To arms on every side, yet on he went.

LXXVIII.

Above his hauberk strong a coat he ware
Embroidered fair with pearl and rich stone,
His hands were naked, and his face was bare,
Wherein a lamp of majesty bright shone ;
He shook his golden mace, wherewith he dare
Resist the force of his rebellious fone.
Thus he appear'd, and thus he 'gan them teach,
In shape an angel, and a god in speech :—

LXXIX.

What foolish words, what threats be these I hear?

What noise of arms? Who dares these tumults move?

Am I so honour'd? stand you so in fear?

Where is your late obedience? where your love?

Of Godfrey's falsehood who can witness bear?

Who dare or will these accusations prove?

Perchance you look I should entreaties bring,

Sue for your favours, or excuse the thing:

LXXX.

Ah, God forbid these lands should hear or see

Him so disgrac'd, at whose great name they quake:

This sceptre and my noble acts for me

A true defence before the world can make;

Yet, for sharp justice governed shall be

With clemency, I will no vengeance take

For this offence, but, for Rinaldo's love,

I pardon you; hereafter wiser prove:

LXXXI.

But Argillano's guilty blood shall wash

This stain away, who kindled this debate,

And, led by hasty rage and fury rash,

To these disorders first undid the gate.—

While thus he spoke, the lightning beams did flash

Out of his eyes of majesty and state,

That Argillan (who would have thought it?) shook

For fear and terror, conquer'd with his look.

LXXXII.

The rest, with indiscreet and foolish wrath

Who threaten'd late with words of shame and pride,

Whose hands so ready were to harm and scaith,

And brandished bright swords on every side,

Now hush'd and still attend what Godfrey saith;

With shame and fear their bashful looks they hide,

And Argillan they let in chains be bound,

Although their weapons him environ'd round.

LXXXIII.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And beats his tail, with courage proud and wroth,
If his commander come, who first took pain
To tame his youth, his lofty crest down go'th,
His threats he feareth, and obeys the rein
Of thralldom base and serviceage, though loth ;
Nor can his sharp teeth nor his armed paws
Force him rebel against his ruler's laws.

LXXXIV.

Fame is, a winged warrior they beheil'd,
With semblant fierce and furious look that stood,
And in his left hand had a splendent shield,
Wherewith he covered safe their chieftain good ;
His other hand a naked sword did wield,
From which distilling fell the lukewarm blood,
The blood pardie of many a realm and town
Whereon the Lord his wrath had poured down.

LXXXV.

Thus was the tumult without bloodshed ended,
Their arms laid down, strife into exile sent ;
Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended,
And homeward to his rich pavilion went ;
For to assault the fortress he intended,
Before the second or third day were spent :
Meanwhile his timber wrought he oft survey'd,
Whereof his rams and engines great he made.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alecto false great Soliman doth move
By night the Christians in their tents to kill;
But God, who their intents saw from above,
Sends Michael down from his sacred hill: 55
The spirits foul to hell the angel drove; 63
The knights, deliver'd from the witch, at will
Destroy the Pagans, scatter all their host:
The Soldan flies when all his bands are lost.

I.

THE grisly child of Erebus the grim
(Who saw these tumults done and tempests spent,
'Gainst stream of grace who ever strove to swim,
And all her thoughts against heav'n's wisdom bent)
Departed now; bright Titan's beams were dim,
And fruitful lands wax'd barren as she went;
She sought the rest of her infernal crew,
New storms to raise, new broils, and tumults new.

II.

She (that well wist her sisters had enticed,
By their false arts, far from the Christian host,
Tancred, Rinaldo, and the rest, best prized
For martial skill, for might esteemed most)
Said—Of these discords and these strifes advised,
Great Soliman, when day his light hath lost,
These Christians shall assail with sudden war,
And kill them all, while thus they strive and jar.—

III.

With that, where Soliman remain'd she flew,
And found him out with his Arabian bands;
Great Soliman, of all Christ's foes untrue,
Boldest of courage, mightiest of his hands;
Like him was none of all that earth-bred crew
That heaped mountains on th' Æmonian sands;
Of Turks he sovereign was, and Nice his seat,
Where late he dwelt, and rul'd that kingdom great.

IV.

The lands forenrest the Greekish shore he held,
From Sangar's mouth to crook'd Meander's fall,
Where they of Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia dwell'd,
Bithynia's towns and Pontus' cities all:
But when the hearts of Christian princes swell'd,
And rose in arms to make proud Asia thrall,
Those lands were won where he did sceptre wield,
And he twice beaten was in pitched field.

V.

When fortune oft he had in vain assay'd,
And spent his forces, which avail'd him nought,
To Egypt's king himself he close convey'd,
Who welcom'd him as he could best have thought,
Glad in his heart and inly well appaid
That to his court so great a lord was brought,
For he decreed his armies huge to bring
To succour Judah's land and Judah's king.

VI.

But, ere he open war proclaim'd, he would
That Soliman should kindle first the fire,
And with huge sums of false enticing gold,
Th' Arabian thieves he sent him forth to hire,
While he the Asian lords and Morians bold
Unites.—The Soldan won to his desire
Those outlaws, ready aye for gold to fight;
The hope of gain hath such alluring might.

VII.

Thus made their captain, to destroy and burn
In Judah land he entered is so far,
That all the ways whereby he should return,
By Godfrey's people kept and stopped are ;
And now he 'gan his former losses mourn,
This wound had hit him on an elder scar ;
On great adventures ran his hardy thought,
But not assur'd, he yet resolv'd on nought.

VIII.

To him Alecto came, and semblant bore
Of one whose age was great, whose looks were grave,
Whose cheeks were bloodless, and whose locks were hoar,
Mustachios strouting long, and chin close shave,
A steepled turban on her head she wore,
Her garments long, and by her side her glaive,
Her gilded quiver at her shoulders hung,
And in her hand a bow was stiff and strong.—

IX.

We have (quoth she) through wildernesses gone,
Through sterile sands, strange paths, and uncouth ways,
Yet spoil or booty have we gotten none,
Nor victory deserving fame or praise ;
Godfrey meanwhile, to ruin stick and stone
Of this fair town, with battery sore assays ;
And if awhile we rest, we shall behold
This glorious city smoking lie in mould.

X.

Are sheep-cotes burnt, or prize of sheep or kine,
The cause why Soliman these bands did arm ?
Canst thou that kingdom lately lost of thine
Recover thus, or thus redress thy harm ?
No, no ; when heav'n's small candles next shall shine,
Within their tents give them a bold alarm ;
Believe Araspes old, whose grave advice
Thou hast in exile prov'd, and prov'd in Nice.

XI.

He feareth nought, he doubts no sudden broil,
From these ill-armed and worse-hearted bands ;
He thinks this people, us'd to rob and spoil,
To such exploit dare not lift up their hands :
Up then, and with their courage put to foil
This fearless camp, while thus secure it stands.—
This said, her poison in his breast she hides,
And then to shapeless air unscen she glides.

XII.

The Soldan cried—O thou, which in my thought
Increased hast my rage and fury so,
Nor seem'st a wight of mortal metal wrought,
I follow thee whereso thou list to go ;
Mountains of men, by dint of sword down brought,
Thou shalt behold, and seas of red blood flow,
Where'er I go ; only be thou my guide,
When sable night the azure skies shall hide.—

XIII.

When this was said, he muster'd all his crew,
Reprov'd the coward, and allow'd the bold ;
His forward camp, inspir'd with courage new,
Was ready dight to follow where he would :
Alecto's self the warning trumpet blew,
And to the wind his standard great unroll'd :
Thus on they marched, and thus on they went,
Of their approach their speed the news prevent.

XIV.

Alecto left them, and her person dight
Like one that came some tidings new to tell :
It was the time when first the rising night
Her sparkling diamonds poureth forth to sell :
When (into Sion come) she marched right
Where Judah's aged tyrant us'd to dwell,
To whom of Soliman's designment bold,
The place, the manner, and the time, she told.

XV.

Their mantle dark the grisly shadows spread,
Stained with spots of deepest sanguine hue ;
Warm drops of blood on earth's black visage shed,
Supplied the place of pure and precious dew ;
The moon and stars for fear of sprites were fled,
The shrieking goblins eachwhere howling flew,
The furies roar, the ghosts and fairies yell,
The earth was fill'd with devils, and empty hell.

XVI.

The Soldan fierce through all this horror went
Toward the camp of his redoubted foes ;
The night was more than half consum'd and spent,
Now headlong down the western hill she goes,
When distant scant a mile from Godfrey's tent,
He let his people there awhile repose,
And victualled them, and then he boldly spoke
These words, which rage and courage might provoke :

XVII.

See there a camp full stuff'd of spoils and preys,
Not half so strong as false report recordeth ;
See there the storehouse where their captain lays
Our treasures stolen, where Asia's wealth he hoardeth :
Now chance the ball unto our racket plays,
Take then the 'vantage which good luck affordeth,
For all their arms, their horses, gold, and treasure,
Are ours ; ours without loss, harm, or displeasure.

XVIII.

Nor is this camp that great victorious host
That slew the Persian lords, and Nice hath won ;
For those in this long war are spent and lost,
These are the dregs, the wine is all outrun,
And these few left are drown'd and dead almost
In heavy sleep, the labour half is done
To send them headlong to Avernus' deep,
For little differs death and heavy sleep.

XIX.

Come, come, this sword the passage open shall
Into their camp, and on their bodies slain
We will pass o'er their rampire and their wall ;
This blade, as scythes cut down the fields of grain,
Shall cut them so, Christ's kingdom now shall fall ;
Asia her freedom, you shall praise obtain.—
Thus he inflam'd his soldiers to the fight,
And led them on through silence of the night.

XX.

The sentinels by starlight (lo !) descried
This mighty Soldan and his host draw near,
Who found not as he hop'd the Christians' guide
Unware, ne yet unready was his gear ;
The scouts when this huge army they descried,
Ran back, and 'gan with shouts the larum rear :
The watch start up and draw their weapons bright,
And busk'd them bold to battle and to fight.

XXI.

Th' Arabians wist they could not come unseen,
And therefore loud their jarring trumpets sound,
Their yelling cries to heav'n up-heaved been,
The horses thunder'd on the solid ground,
The mountains roared, and the valleys green,
The echo sighed from the caves around,
Alecto with her brand (kindled in hell)
Token'd to them in David's tower that dwell.

XXII.

Before the rest forth prick'd the Soldan fast
Against the watch, not yet in order just,
As swift as hideous Boreas' hasty blast,
From hollow rocks when first his storms out burst,
The raging floods that trees and rocks downcast,
Thunders that towns and towers drive to dust,
Earthquakes to tear the world in twain that threat,
Are nought compared to his fury great.

XXIII.

He struck no blow but that his foe he hit,
And never hit but made a grievous wound,
And never wounded but death followed it ;
And yet no peril, hurt, or harm he found ;
No weapon on his harden'd helmet bit,
No puissant stroke his senses once astound,
Yet like a bell his tinkling helmet rong,
And thence flew flames of fire and sparks among.

XXIV.

Himself well nigh had put the watch to flight,
A jolly troop of Frenchmen strong and stout,
When his Arabians came by heaps to fight,
Covering like raging floods the fields about :
The beaten Christians ran away full light ;
The Pagans, mingled with the flying rout,
Enter'd their camp, and filled as they stood
Their tents with ruin, slaughter, death, and blood.

XXV.

High on the Soldan's helm enamell'd laid
A hideous dragon, arm'd with many a scale,
With iron paws, and leathern wings display'd,
Which twisted in a knot her forked tail ;
With triple tongue it seem'd she hiss'd and bray'd ;
About her jaws the froth and venom trail,
And as he stirr'd, and as his foes him hit,
So flames to cast and fire she seem'd to spit.

XXVI.

With this strange light the Soldan fierce appeared
Dreadful to those that round about him been,
As to poor sailors, when huge storms are reared,
With lightning flash the raging seas are seen ;
Some fled away because his strength they feared,
Some bolder 'gainst him bent their weapons keen ;
And froward night, in ills and mischiefs pleased,
Their dangers hid, and dangers still increased.

XXVII.

Among the rest that strove to merit praise
Was old Latinus, born by Tiber's bank,
To whose stout heart in fights and bloody frays,
For all his eild, base fear yet never sank :
Five sons he had, the comforts of his days,
That from his side in no adventure shrank,
But, long before their time, in iron strong
They clad their members, tender, soft, and young.

XXVIII.

The bold ensample of their father's might
Their weapons whetted and their wrath increas'd.—
Come, let us go (quoth he) where yonder knight
Upon our soldiers makes his bloody feast ;
Let not their slaughter once your hearts affright,
Where danger most appears there fear it least ;
For honour dwells in hard attempts, my sons,
And greatest praise in greatest peril won.—

XXIX.

Her tender brood the forest's savage queen
(Ere on their crests their rugged manes appear,
Before their mouths by nature armed been,
Or paws have strength a scely lamb to tear)
So leadeth forth to prey, and makes them keen,
And learns by her ensample nought to fear
The hunter in those desert woods that takes
The lesser beasts, whereon his feast he makes.

XXX.

The noble father and his hardy crew
Fierce Soliman on every side invade ;
At once all six upon the Soldan flew
With lances sharp, and strong encounters made :
His broken spear the eldest boy down threw,
And boldly (over boldly) drew his blade,
Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,
The Pagan's steed, unmarked, to have slain.

XXXI.

But as a mountain or a cape of land,
Assail'd with storms and seas on every side,
Doth unremoved, stedfast, still withstand
Storm, thunder, lightning, tempest, wind, and tide ;
The Soldan so withstood Latinus' band,
And unremov'd did all their jousts abide,
And of that hapless youth, who hurt his steed,
Down to the chin he cleft in twain the head.

XXXII.

Kind Aramante, who saw his brother slain,
To hold him up stretch'd forth his friendly arm ;
O foolish kindness, and O pity vain,
To add our proper loss to others' harm !
The Prince let fall his sword, and cut in twain
(About his brother twin'd) the child's weak arm :
Down from their saddles both together slide,
Together mourn'd they, and together died.

XXXIII.

That done, Sabino's lance with nimble force
He cut in twain, and 'gainst the stripling bold
He spurr'd his steed, that underneath his horse
The hardy infant tumbled on the mould,
Whose soul, out-squeezed from his bruised corse,
With ugly painfulness forsook her hold,
And deeply mourn'd that of so sweet a cage
She left the bliss and joys of youthful age.

XXXIV.

But Picus yet and Laurence were alive,
Whom at one birth their mother fair brought out,
A pair whose likeness made the parents strive
Oft which was which, and joyed in their doubt :
But what their birth did undistinguish'd give
The Soldan's rage made known, for Picus stout
Headless at one huge blow he laid in dust,
And through the breast his gentle brother thrust.

XXXV.

Their father (but no father now, alas!),
When all his noble sons at once were slain,
In their five deaths so often murder'd was,
I know not how his life could him sustain,
Except his heart were forg'd of steel or brass,
Yet still he liv'd, pardie he saw not plain
Their dying looks, although their deaths he knows;
It is some ease not to behold our woes.

XXXVI.

He wept not, for the night her curtain spread
Between his cause of weeping and his eyes,
But still he mourn'd, and on sharp vengeance fed,
And thinks he conquers if reveng'd he dies;
He thirsts the Soldan's heath'nish blood to shed,
And yet his own at less than nought doth prize,
Nor can he tell whether he liefer would
Or die himself, or kill the Pagan bold.

XXXVII.

At last—Is this right hand (quoth he) so weak
That thou disdain'st 'gainst me to use thy might?
Can it nought do? Can this tongue nothing speak
That may provoke thine ire, thy wrath, and spite?—
With that he struck, his anger great to wreak,
A blow that pierc'd the mail and metal bright,
And in his flank set ope a floodgate wide,
Whereat the blood outstreamed from his side.

XXXVIII.

Provoked with his cry, and with that blow,
The Turk upon him 'gan his blade discharge,
He cleft his breastplate, having first pierc'd thro'
(Lined with seven bulls' hides) his mighty targe,
And sheath'd his weapon in his guts below;
Wretched Latinus, at that issue large,
And at his mouth, pour'd out his vital blood,
And sprinkled with the same his murder'd brood.

XXXIX.

On Apennine, like as a sturdy tree,
Against the winds that makes resistance stout,
If with a storm it overturned be,
Falls down and breaks the trees and plants about ;
So Latine fell, and with him felled he
And slew the nearest of the Pagans' rout ;
A worthy end, fit for a man of fame,
That dying slew, and conquer'd overcame.

XL.

Meanwhile the Soldan strove his rage interne
To satisfy with blood of Christians spill'd ;
Th' Arabians, hearten'd by their captain stern,
With murder every tent and cabin fill'd :
Henry the English knight, and Olipherne,
O fierce Draguto ! by thy hands were kill'd ;
Gilbert and Philip were by Ariadene
Both slain, both born upon the banks of Rhene.

XLI.

Albazar with his mace Ernesto slew,
Under Algazell Engerlan down fell ;
But the huge murder of the meaner crew,
Or manner of their deaths, what tongue can tell ?
• Godfrey, when first the heathen trumpets blew,
Awak'd, which heard, no fear could make him dwell,
But he and his were up and arm'd ere long,
And marched forward with a squadron strong.

XLII.

He that well heard the rumour and the cry,
And mark'd the tumult still grow more and more,
Th' Arabian thieves he judged by and by
Against his soldiers made this battle sore ;
For that they forray'd all the countries nigh,
And spoil'd the fields, the Duke knew well before ;
Yet thought he not they had the hardiment
So to assail him in his armed tent.

XLIII.

All suddenly he heard, while on he went,
How to the city-ward Arm, arm, they cried,—
The noise upreared to the firmament
With dreadful howling fill'd the valleys wide :
This was Clorinda, whom the king forth sent
To battle, and Argantes by her side :
The Duke (this heard) to Guelpho turn'd, and pray'd
Him his lieutenant be, and to him said :—

XLIV.

You hear this new alarm from yonder part,
That from the town breaks out with so much rage,
Us needeth much your valour and your art
To calm their fury, and their heat to 'suage ;
Go thither then, and with you take some part
Of these brave soldiers of mine equipage,
While, with the res'due of my champions bold,
I drive these wolves again out of our fold.—

XLV.

They parted (this agreed on them between)
By divers paths, Lord Guelpho to the hill,
And Godfrey hasted where th' Arabians keen
His men like silly sheep destroy and kill ;
But as he went his troops increased been,
From every part the people flocked still,
That now grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh
Where the fierce Turk caus'd many a Christian die.

XLVI.

So, from the top of Vesulus the cold,
Down to the sandy valleys tumbleth Po,
Whose streams the farther from their fountain rolled,
Still stronger wax, and with more puissance go ;
And, horned like a bull, his forehead bold
He lifts, and o'er his broken banks doth flow,
And with his horns to pierce the sea assays,
To which he proffereth war, not tribute pays.

XLVII.

The Duke his men fast flying did espy,
And thither ran, and thus (displeased) spake :—
What fear is this ? O whither do you fly ?
See who they be that this pursuit do make,
A heartless band, that dare no battle try,
Who wounds before dare neither give nor take ;
Against them turn your stern eyes' threat'ning sight,
An angry look will put them all to flight.—

XLVIII.

This said, he spurred forth where Soliman
Destroy'd Christ's vineyard like a savage boar ;
Through streams of blood, through dust and dirt he ran,
O'er heaps of bodies wallowing in their gore ;
The squadrons close his sword to ope began,
He brake their ranks, behind, beside, before,
And where he goes under his feet he treads
The armed Saracens and barbed steeds.

XLIX.

This slaughter-house of angry Mars he past,
Where thousands dead, half dead, and dying were ;
The hardy Soldan saw him come in haste,
Yet neither stepp'd aside nor shrunk for fear,
But busk'd him bold to fight, aloft he cast
His blade, prepar'd to strike, and stepped near ;
These noble princes twain (so fortune wrought)
From the world's ends here met, and here they fought :

L.

With virtue fury, strength with courage strove,
For Asia's mighty empire : who can tell
With how strange force their cruel blows they drove,
How sore their combat was, how fierce, how fell ?
Great deeds they wrought, each other's harness clove ;
Yet still in darkness (more the ruth) they dwell :
The night their acts her black veil covered under,
Their acts whereat the sun, the world, might wonder.

LI.

The Christians (by their guide's ensample hearted)
Of their best armed made a squadron strong,
And to defend their chieftain forth they started :
The Pagans also sav'd their knight from wrong,
Fortune her favours 'twixt them ev'nly parted ;
Fierce was th' encounter, bloody, doubtful, long ;
These won, those lost ; these lost, those won again ;
The loss was equal, ev'n the numbers slain.

LII.

With equal rage as when the southern wind
Meeteth in battle strong the northern blast,
The sea and air to neither is resign'd,
But cloud 'gainst cloud, and wave 'gainst wave they cast :
So from this skirmish neither part declin'd,
But fought it out, and kept their footings fast,
And oft with furious shock together rush, [crush.
And shield 'gainst shield, and helm 'gainst helm they

LIII.

The battle eke to Sion-ward grew hot,
The soldiers slain, the hardy knights were kill'd ;
Legions of sprites from Limbo's prisons got,
The empty air, the hills and valleys fill'd,
Hearting the Pagans that they shrink'd not,
Till where they stood their dearest blood they spill'd ;
And with new rage Argantes they inspire,
Whose heat no flames, whose burning needs no fire ;

LIV.

Where he came in he put to shameful flight
The fearful watch, and o'er the trenches leap'd,
Even with the ground he made the rampire's height,
And murder'd bodies in the ditch up-heap'd ;
So that his greedy mates with labour light
Amid the tents a bloody harvest reap'd.
Clorinda went the proud Circassian by,
So from a piece two chained bullets fly.

LV.

Now fled the Frenchmen ; when in lucky hour
Arrived Guelpho and his helping band ;
He made them turn against this stormy show'r,
And with bold face their wicked foes withstand.
Sternly they fought, that from their wounds down pour
The streams of blood, and ran on either hand.
The Lord of heaven meanwhile upon this fight
From his high throne bent down his gracious sight ;

LVI.

From whence, with grace and goodness compass'd round,
He ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought,
Above the air, the fire, the sea, and ground,
Our sense, our wit, our reason, and our thought ;
Where persons three (with power and glory crown'd)
Are all one God, who made all things of nought,
Under whose feet (subjected to his grace)
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place :

LVII.

This is the place from whence, like smoke and dust,
Of this frail world the wealth, the pomp, and pow'r,
He tosseth, tumbleth, turneth as he lust,
And guides our life, our death, our end, and hour :
No eye (however virtuous, pure, and just)
Can view the brightness of that glorious bow'r ;
On every side the blessed spirits be
Equal in joys, though diff'ring in degree :

LVIII.

With harmony of their celestial song
The palace echoed from the chambers pure :
At last he Michael call'd (in harness strong
Of never-yielding diamonds armed sure)—
Behold (quoth he) to do despite and wrong
To that dear flock my mercy hath in cure,
How Satan from hell's loathsome prison sends
His ghosts, his sprites, his furies, and his fiends :

LIX.

Go, bid them all depart, and leave the care
Of war to soldiers, as doth best pertain;
Bid them forbear t' infect the earth and air,
To darken heav'n's fair light bid them refrain;
Bid them to Acheron's black flood repair,
Fit house for them, the house of grief and pain;
There let their king himself and them torment;
So I command, go tell them mine intent.—

LX.

This said, the winged warrior low inclin'd
At his Creator's feet with rev'rence due;
Then spread his golden feathers to the wind,
And swift as thought away the angel flew;
He past the light and shining fire assign'd
The glorious seat of his selected crew,
The mover first and circle crystalline,
The firmament where fixed stars all shine:

LXI.

Unlike in working, then, in shape and show,
At his left hand Saturn he left and Jove,
And those untruly errant called, I trow,
Since He errs not who them doth guide and move:
The fields he passed then whence hail and snow,
Thunder and rain, fall down from clouds above,
Where heat and cold, dryness and moisture strive,
Whose wars all creatures kill, and slain revive:

LXII.

The horrid darkness and the shadows dun
Dispersed he with his eternal wings,
The flames which from his heav'nly eyes outrun
Begild the earth and all her sable things:
After a storm so spreadeth forth the sun
His rays, and binds the clouds in golden strings;
Or in the stillness of a moonshine even,
A falling star so glideth down from heaven.

LXIII.

But when th' infernal troop he 'proached near,
That still the pagans' ire and rage provoke,
The angel on his wings himself did bear,
And shook his lance, and thus at last he spoke :—
Have you not learned yet to know and fear
The Lord's just wrath, and thunder's dreadful stroke ?
Or, in the torments of your endless ill,
Are you still fierce, still proud, rebellious still ?

LXIV.

The Lord hath sworn to break the iron bands
The brazen gates of Sion's fort which close,
Who is it that his sacred will withstands ?
Against his wrath who dares himself oppose ?
Go hence, you curs'd, to your appointed lands,
The realms of death, of torments, and of woes,
And in the depths of that infernal lake
Your battles fight, and there your triumphs make ;

LXV.

There tyrannize upon the souls you find
Condemn'd to woe, and double still their pains,
Where some complain, where some their teeth do grind,
Some howl and weep, some clink their iron chains.—
This said, they fled ; and those that staid behind
With his sharp lance he driveth and constrains ;
They sighing left the lands, his silver sheep
Where Hesperus doth lead, doth feed, doth keep ;

LXVI.

And towards hell their lazy wings display,
To wreak their malice on the damned ghosts :
The birds that follow Titan's hottest ray
Pass not by so great flocks to warmer coasts,
Nor leaves by so great numbers fall away
When winter nips them with his new-come frosts :
The earth (delivered from so foul annoy)
Recall'd her beauty and resum'd her joy.

LXVII.

But not for this in fierce Argantes' breast
Lessen'd the rancour or decay'd the ire ;
Although Alecto left him to infest
With the hot brands of her infernal fire,
His armed head with his sharp blade he blest,
And those thick ranks which seemed most entire
He broke ; the strong, the weak, the high, the low,
Were equalised by his murdering blow.

LXVIII.

Not far from him, amid the blood and dust,
Heads, arms, and legs Clorinda strewed wide ;
Her sword through Berengario's breast she thrust,
Quite through his heart where life doth chiefly bide,
And that fell blow she struck so sure and just,
That at his back his blood and life forth glide ;
Even in the mouth she smote Albinus then,
And cut in twain the visage of the man :

LXIX.

Gernier's right hand she from his arm divided,
Whereof but late she had receiv'd a wound ;
The hand his sword still held, although not guided,
The fingers, half alive, stirr'd on the ground ;
So from a serpent slain the tail divided
Moves in the grass, rolleth and tumbleth round :
The championess so wounded left the knight,
And 'gainst Achilles turn'd her weapon bright ;

LXX.

Upon his neck 'light that unhappy blow,
And cut the sinews and the throat in twain ;
The head fell down upon the earth below,
And soil'd with dust the visage on the plain ;
The headless trunk (a woeful thing to know !)
Still in the saddle seated did remain,
Until his steed (that felt the reins at large)
With leaps and flings that burden did discharge.

LXXI.

While thus this fair and fierce Bellona slew
The western lords, and put their troops to flight,
Gildippes raged 'mongst the Pagan crew,
And low in dust laid many a hardy knight :
Like was their sex, their beauty, and their hue,
Like was their youth, their courage, and their might ;
Yet fortune would they should the battle try
Of mightier foes, for both were fram'd to die :

LXXII.

Yet wish'd they oft, and strove in vain to meet,
So great betwixt them was the prease and throng.
But hardy Guelpho 'gainst Clorinda sweet
Ventur'd his sword, to work her harm and wrong,
And with a cutting blow so did her greet
That from her side the blood stream'd down along ;
But with a thrust an answer sharp she made,
And 'twixt his ribs colour'd some-deal her blade :

LXXIII.

Lord Guelpho struck again, but hit her not,
For strong Osmida haply passed by,
And, not meant him, another's wound he got,
That cleft his front in twain above his eye.
Near Guelpho now the battle waxed hot,
For all the troops he led 'gan thither hie,
And thither drew eke many a Painim knight,
That fierce, stern, bloody, deadly wax'd the fight.

LXXIV.

Meanwhile the purple morning peeped o'er
The eastern threshold to our half of land,
And Argillano in this great uproar
From prison loosed was, and what he fand
Those arms he hent, and to the field them bore,
Resolv'd to take his chance what came to hand ;
And with great acts amid the Pagan host
Would win again his reputation lost.

LXXV.

As a fierce steed 'scap'd from his stall at large,
Where he had long been kept for warlike need,
Runs through the fields unto the flow'ry marge
Of some green forest where he us'd to feed,
His curled main his shoulders broad doth charge,
And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread,
Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out,
And with his neigh the world resounds about :

LXXVI.

So Argillan rush'd forth, sparkled his eyes,
His front high lifted was, no fear therein ;
Lightly he leaps and skips, it seems he flies,
He left no sign in dust imprinted thin ;
And coming near his foes, he sternly cries,
As one that fear'd not all their strength a pin :—
You outcasts of the world, you men of nought,
What hath in you this boldness newly wrought ?

LXXVII.

Too weak are you to bear an helm or shield,
Unfit to arm your breast in iron bright,
You run half naked trembling through the field,
Your blows are feeble, and your hope in flight,
Your feats and all the actions that you wield
The darkness hides, your bulwark is the night,
Now she is gone, how will your fights succeed ?
Now better arms and better hearts you need.—

LXXVIII.

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel stroke
Against Algazell's throat with might and main,
And as he would have answer'd him and spoke,
He stopp'd his words and cut his jaws in twain ;
Upon his eyes death spread his misty cloak,
A chilling frost congealed every vein ;
He fell, and with his teeth the earth he tore,
Raging in death, and full of rage before :

LXXIX.

Then by his puissance mighty Saladine,
Proud Agrilt, and Muleasses died ;
And at one wond'rous blow his weapon fine
Did Adiazell in two parts divide ;
Then through the breast he wounded Ariadne,
Whom dying with sharp taunts he 'gan deride ;
He, lifting up uneath his feeble eyes,
To his proud scorns thus answereth ere he dies :—

LXXX.

Not thou (whoe'er thou art) shall glory long
Thy happy conquest in my death, I trow ;
Like chance awaits thee from a hand more strong,
Which by my side will shortly lay thee low.—
He smil'd, and said :—Of mine hour short or long
Let heav'n take care ; but here meanwhile die thou,
Pasture for wolves and crows.—On him his foot
He set, and drew his sword and life both out.

LXXXI.

Among this squadron rode a gentle page,
The Soldan's minion, darling, and delight,
On whose fair chin the spring-time of his age
Yet blossom'd not her flowers small or light ;
The sweat (spread on his cheeks with heat and rage)
Seem'd pearls or morning dewes on lilies white,
The dust therein uproll'd adorn'd his hair,
His face seem'd fierce and sweet, wrathful and fair :

LXXXII.

His steed was white, and white as purest snow
That falls on tops of aged Apennine,
Lightning and storm are not so swift, I trow,
As he, to run, to stop, to turn, and twine :
A dart his right hand shook, prest to throw,
His curtlex by his thigh short hooked ; fine
And braving in his Turkish pomp he shone,
In purple robe, o'erfret with gold and stone :

LXXXIII.

The hardy boy (while thirst of warlike praise
Bewitched so his unadvised thought)
'Gainst every band his childish strength assays,
And little danger found, though much he sought ;
Till Argillan (that watch'd fit time always
In his swift turns to strike him as he fought)
Did unawares his snow-white courser slay,
And under him his master tumbling lay ;

LXXXIV.

And 'gainst his face (where love and pity stand
To pray him that rich throne of beauty spare)
The cruel man stretch'd forth his murd'ring hand,
To spoil those gifts, whereof he had no share :
It seem'd remorse and sense was in his brand,
Which, lighting flat, to hurt the lad forbore ;
But all for nought, 'gainst him the point he bent,
That (what the edge had spar'd) pierced and rent.

LXXXV.

Fierce Soliman, that with Godfredo strived
Who first should enter conquest's glorious gate,
Left off the fray, and thither headlong drove,
When first he saw the lad in such estate ;
He brake the prease, and soon enough arrived
To take revenge, but to his aid too late,
Because he saw his Lesbine slain and lost,
Like a sweet flower nipp'd with untimely frost :

LXXXVI.

He saw wax dim the star-light of his eyes,
His ivory neck upon his shoulders fell,
In his pale looks kind pity's image lies,
That death e'en mourn'd to hear his passing-bell ;
His marble heart such soft impression tries,
That midst his wrath his manly tears outwell.
(Thou weepst, Soliman ! thou that beheld
Thy kingdoms lost, and not one tear couldst yield.)

LXXXVII.

But when the murd'rer's sword he happ'd to view
Dropping with blood of his Lesbino dead,
His pity vanish'd, ire and rage renew,
He had no leisure bootless tears to shed ;
But with his blade on Argillano flew,
And cleft his shield, his helmet, and his head
Down to his throat ; and worthy was that blow
Of Soliman, his strength and wrath to show ;

LXXXVIII.

And not content with this, down from his horse
He light, and that dead carcass rent and tore,
Like a fierce dog that takes his angry course
To bite the stone which had hit him before.
O comfort vain for grief of so great force,
To wound the senseless earth that feels no sore
But mighty Godfrey 'gainst the Soldan's train
Spent not this while his force and blows in vain :

LXXXIX.

A thousand hardy Turks in front he had,
In sturdy iron arm'd from head to foot,
Resolv'd in all adventures good or bad,
In actions wise, in execution stout,
Whom Soliman into Arabia lad,
When from his kingdom he was first cast out,
Where living wild with their exiled guide,
To him in all extremes they faithful bide :

XC.

All these in thickest order sure unite ;
From Godfrey's valour small or nothing shrank :
Corcutes first he on the face did smite,
Then wounded strong Rosteno in the flank,
At one blow Selim's head he struck off quite,
Then both Rossano's arms ; in every rank
The boldest knights of all that chosen crew
He felled, maimed, wounded, hurt, and sl  w.

XCI.

While thus he killed many a Saracine,
And all their fierce assaults unhurt sustain'd,
Ere fortune wholly from the 'Turks decline,
While still they hoped much, though small they gain'd,
Behold a cloud of dust, wherein doth shine
Lightning of war in midst thereof contain'd,
Whence unawares burst forth a storm of swords,
Which tremble made the Pagan knights and lords :

XCII.

These fifty champions were, 'mongst whom there stands
(In silver field) the ensign of Christ's death :
If I had mouths and tongues as Briareus hands,
If voice as iron tough, if iron breath,
What harm this troop wrought to the heathen bands,
What knights they slew, I could recount uneath :
In vain the 'Turks resist, th' Arabians fly ;
For if they fly, they're slain ; if fight, they die.

XCIII.

Fear, cruelty, grief, horror, sorrow, pain,
Ran through the field, disguis'd in divers shapes ;
Death might you see triumphant on the plain,
Drowning in blood him that from blows escapes.
The King meanwhile, with parcel of his train,
Comes hastily out, and for sure conquest gapes ;
And from a bank whereon he stood beheild
The doubtful hazard of that bloody field :

XCIV.

But when he saw the Pagans shrink away,
He sounded the retreat, and 'gan desire
His messengers in his behalf to pray
Argantes and Clorinda to retire :
The furious couple both at once said nay,
Ev'n drunk with shedding blood, and mad with ire.
At last they went, and to recomfort thought
And stay their troops from flight, but all for nought ;

XCV.

For who can govern cowardice or fear ?

Their host already was begun to fly,
They cast their shields and cutting swords a-rear,
As not defended, but made slow thereby.

A hollow dale, the city's bulwarks near,
From west to south outstretched long doth lie,
Thither they fled, and in a mist of dust,
Towards the walls they run, they throng, they thrust.

XCVI.

While down the bank disorder'd thus they ran,
The Christian knights huge slaughter on them made ;
But when to climb the other hill they 'gan,
Old Aladine came fiercely to their aid :
On that steep bray Lord Guelpho would not then
Hazard his folk, but there his soldiers stay'd ;
And safe within the city's walls the king
The reliques small of that sharp fight did bring.

XCVII.

Meanwhile the Soldan in this latest charge
Had done as much as human force was able,
All sweat and blood appear'd his members large,
His breath was short, his courage wax'd unstable,
His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe,
His hand to rule his heavy sword unable,
Which bruis'd, not cut, so blunted was the blade
It lost the use for which a sword was made.

XCVIII.

Feeling his weakness, he 'gan musing stand,
And in his troubled thought this question tost,
If he himself should murder with his hand,
(Because none else should of his conquest boast,)
Or he should save his life, when on the land
Lay slain the pride of his subdued host :
At last—To fortune's power (quoth he) I yield,
And on my flight let her her trophies bild.

XCIX.

Let Godfrey view my flight, and smile to see
This mine unworthy second banishment ;
For arm'd again soon shall he hear of me,
From his proud head the unsettled crown to rent ;
For, as my wrongs, my wrath eterne shall be,
And every hour, the bow of war new bent,
I will arise again, a foe, fierce, bold,
Though dead, though slain, though burnt to ashes cold.

END OF VOL. I.

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1466265

London : Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford Street.